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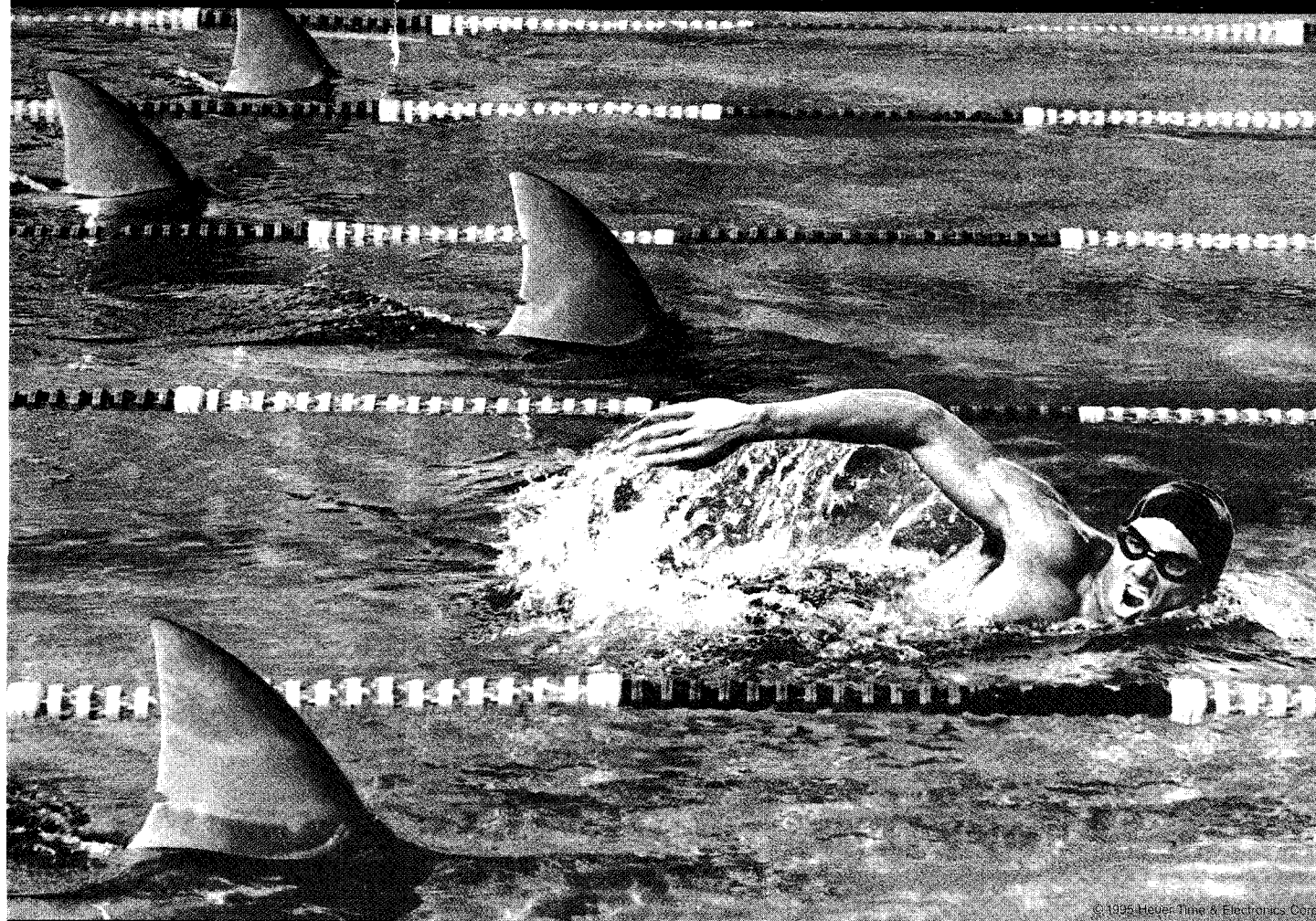


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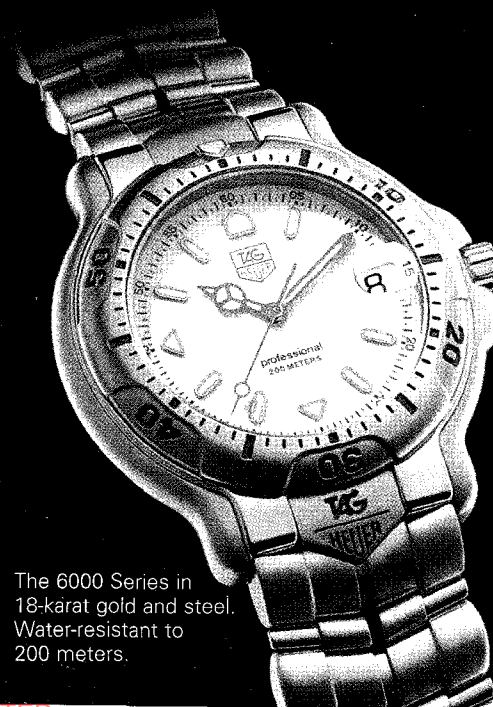


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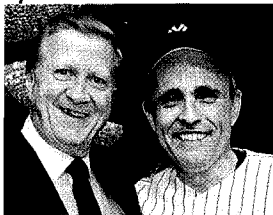


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"They {photos of the late Jackie Onassis's apartment} look like dioramas at the Museum of Natural History for habitats of vanished species."

WAYNE KOESTENBAUM, PAGE 26



20 Playing Ball By Craig Horowitz

Contrary to popular belief, it's possible to build a new stadium, keep the Yankees in New York, and renew the West Side waterfront without bankrupting our children. But it requires strategizing, leadership, and good old-fashioned hardball that the mayor hasn't—yet—provided.

26 The Auction By Barbara Lippert

This week's hyper-hyped disbursement of Jackie-ana is an eerie, more than vaguely tacky exploration of the detritus of fame. But that's not all; it's also a referendum on what fame, considered as a commodity, is worth.



32 Needful Things By Carol Prisant

Got a Giotto in your closet? The auction houses want to meet you. We surreptitiously took a nineteenth-century painting, a sapphire necklace, and a circa-1800 desk to three leading salesrooms. And, for each item, got three wildly different appraisals.



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To find out how 12-year-olds think, move, and goof around, the creators of the new musical *Big* hung out at Tower Records and New Jersey shopping malls. The result is Broadway's most original musical this season.

40 Pulling a Woody By Chris Smith

With his brilliantly funny film *Flirting With Disaster*, Westchesterite turned West Sider David O. Russell offers a fresh take on New York neuroses.

42 A Few Good Menus By Ross Wetzstein

After the death of James Beard in 1985, his friends banded together to make his West Village brownstone home a shrine to the art of eating. World-class chefs pay big bucks to strut their stuff in the master's kitchen; this week, they'll gather uptown for the Oscars of food.

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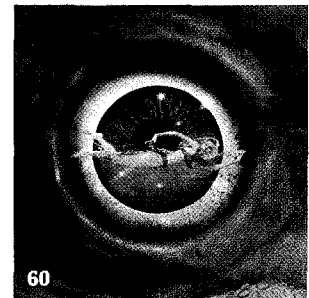


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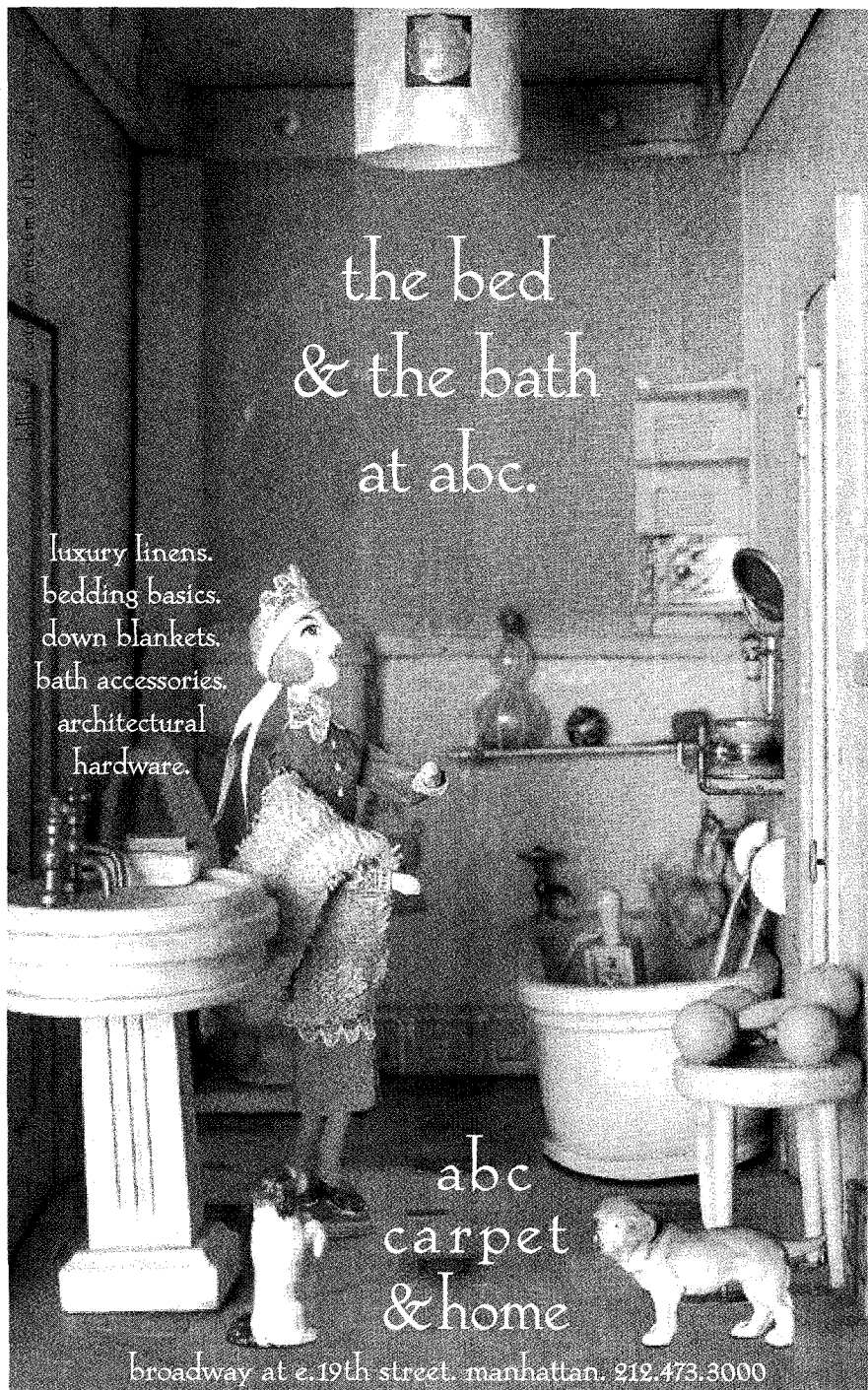
Chat with Barbara Lippert, author of this week's cover story about Jackie O.'s posthumous allure, in the *New York Magazine* Forum on Thursday, April 25, at 9 P.M. On CompuServe, go NYTALK.

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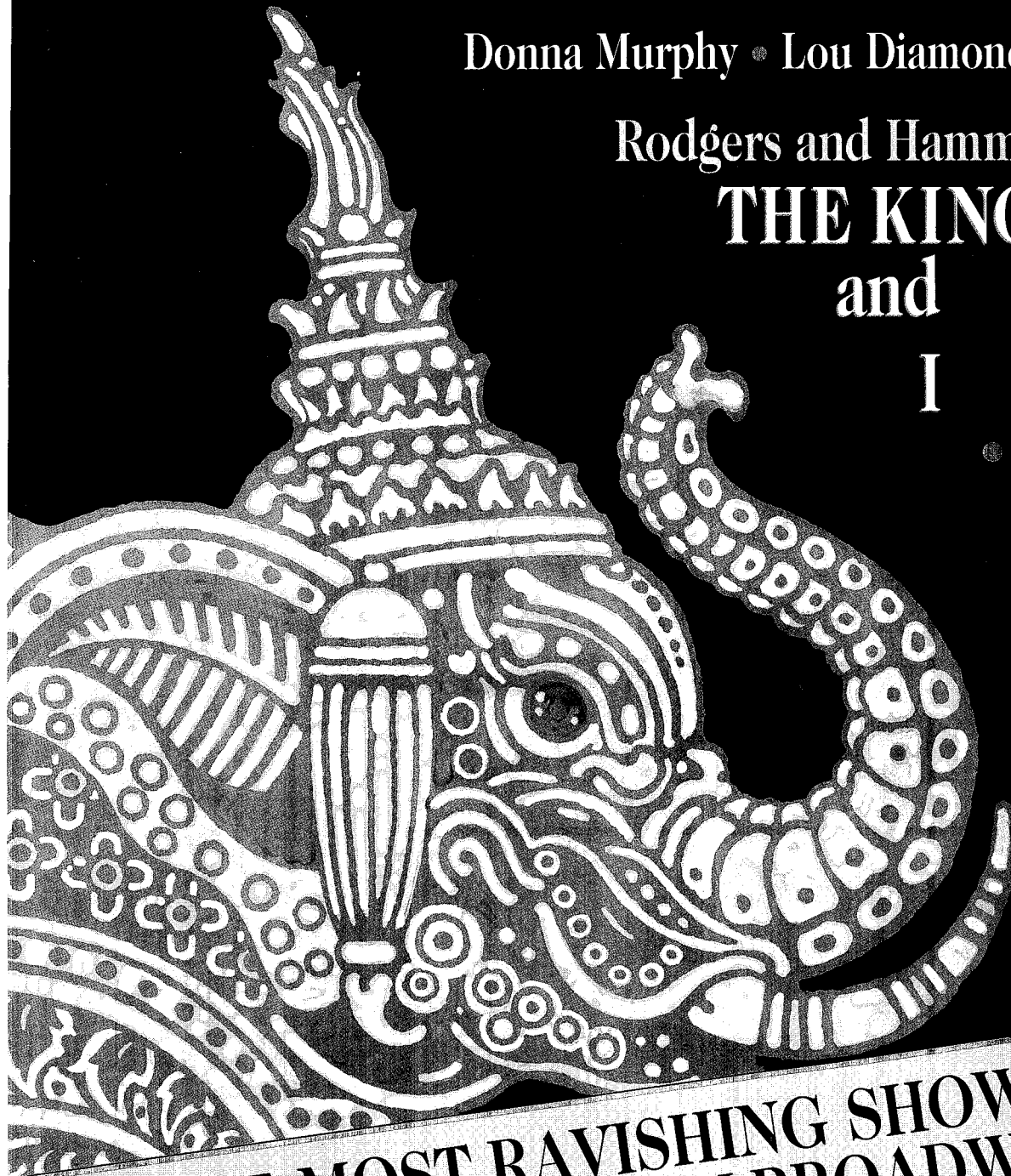
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Charity Case

Swift responses to Sharon Stone's AMFAR role, activist ennui, and the current temperature of AIDS; conspicuous comments on Lukas's column.

FIND IT NECESSARY TO CORRECT THE most serious allegations regarding my colleague and our founding national chairman, Elizabeth Taylor, in "Can AMFAR Survive AIDS?" [by Andrew Jacobs, April 8]. Elizabeth has long been an active and outspoken advocate for people with AIDS as well as a regular and generous contributor to AMFAR. In Cannes in 1993, in addition to contributing her time and efforts, Miss Taylor also paid for all of her personal expenses, including the rental of the villa to which you allude in your article.

Further, when I first discussed with her the possibility of Sharon Stone's joining AMFAR for three years as chairman of our Campaign for AIDS Research, she was immediately fully supportive. She, like me, recognized that anyone willing to make such a substantial commitment is the rare exception in a society where causes come and go as frequently as fashion collections.

Responding to a catastrophic health crisis with appropriate speed and action is not consistent with playing it safe and accumulating funds. Yet when public support did not keep up with our ambitions to further expand and accelerate the pace of AIDS research, we immediately moved to effect responsible and necessary downsizing. Having dealt with this problem, but never having abandoned our ambitions, we have initiated a new campaign and created a new position for its leader. In this we have been fortunate in securing the help of the very able and determined Sharon Stone, who has enthusiastically agreed to head this expanded fund-raising effort over the next three years.

Mathilde Krim, Ph.D.
MANHATTAN

I AM CURRENTLY A CANCER PATIENT, BUT IT has nothing to do with HIV or AIDS. My son is a recovered cancer patient (leukemia); his condition also had nothing to do with HIV or AIDS. Neither of us, in any way that we are aware

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of, caused our conditions. I have great compassion for anyone who comes down with what is or might be a terminal disease. I am particularly concerned for those who have contracted HIV and AIDS through no fault of their own, like Arthur Ashe and others who have received contaminated blood. I also feel deeply for those in the homosexual community who contracted AIDS early in the game when nothing was known of this horrible disease.

What troubles me is the continuing epidemic caused by nothing more than people ignoring the obvious. The AIDS lobby has been very loud over the past several years, mainly as a result of the influence of those industries most affected, such as fashion and entertainment. Yet people in these industries continue to contract and die from AIDS. There are new cases every day, and these are a direct result of failure to modify behavior. I have no compassion for them.

AMFAR is in trouble, as well it should be. Reasonable people are fed up with failures in the communities most affected by AIDS to deal with it intelligently. Certainly we need a cure for this disease, but it can be eradicated if people just decide not to contract it. We all know how that can be accomplished.

From now on, my money and support goes to research on how to cure cancer—cancers that have no known cause. I feel the same way about cigarette smokers as I do about the drug-abusing and sex-abusing communities. I'm sorry you caught it, but perhaps others will learn from your behavior.

Bernard Rosner
NORTH BELLMORE, N.Y.

YOUR COVER HEADLINE "CAN SHE MAKE AIDS Hot Again?" offends and trivializes everyone who has died of AIDS, and those who are surviving and living with it every day. Pop singers are hot, movies are hot, restaurants are hot, but AIDS is not competing for anyone's A-list.

I hope we can conquer this epidemic with the dignity and strength I see from clients and workers at the CASCADE AIDS project here in Portland. Would you refer to child molestation, rape, or spousal abuse as hot? Leave that to the tabloids. Let us take AIDS seriously. I welcome

Sharon Stone, her clout, her charm, and the attention she can bring to AMFAR. Sharon Stone is hot; AIDS is not.

Dick Dunham
PORTLAND, ORE.

AFTER A DECADE OF MARCHING ON WASHINGTON, countless fund-raisers, and the loss of many friends, a few boyfriends, my only brother, and possibly my own life sometime in the (distant, I hope) future, I've been a bit burnt out. Because of your article on Sharon Stone and her commitment to AMFAR, I'm writing a check out today. Tomorrow, back into the fray.

Greg Mitchell
CHICAGO, ILL.

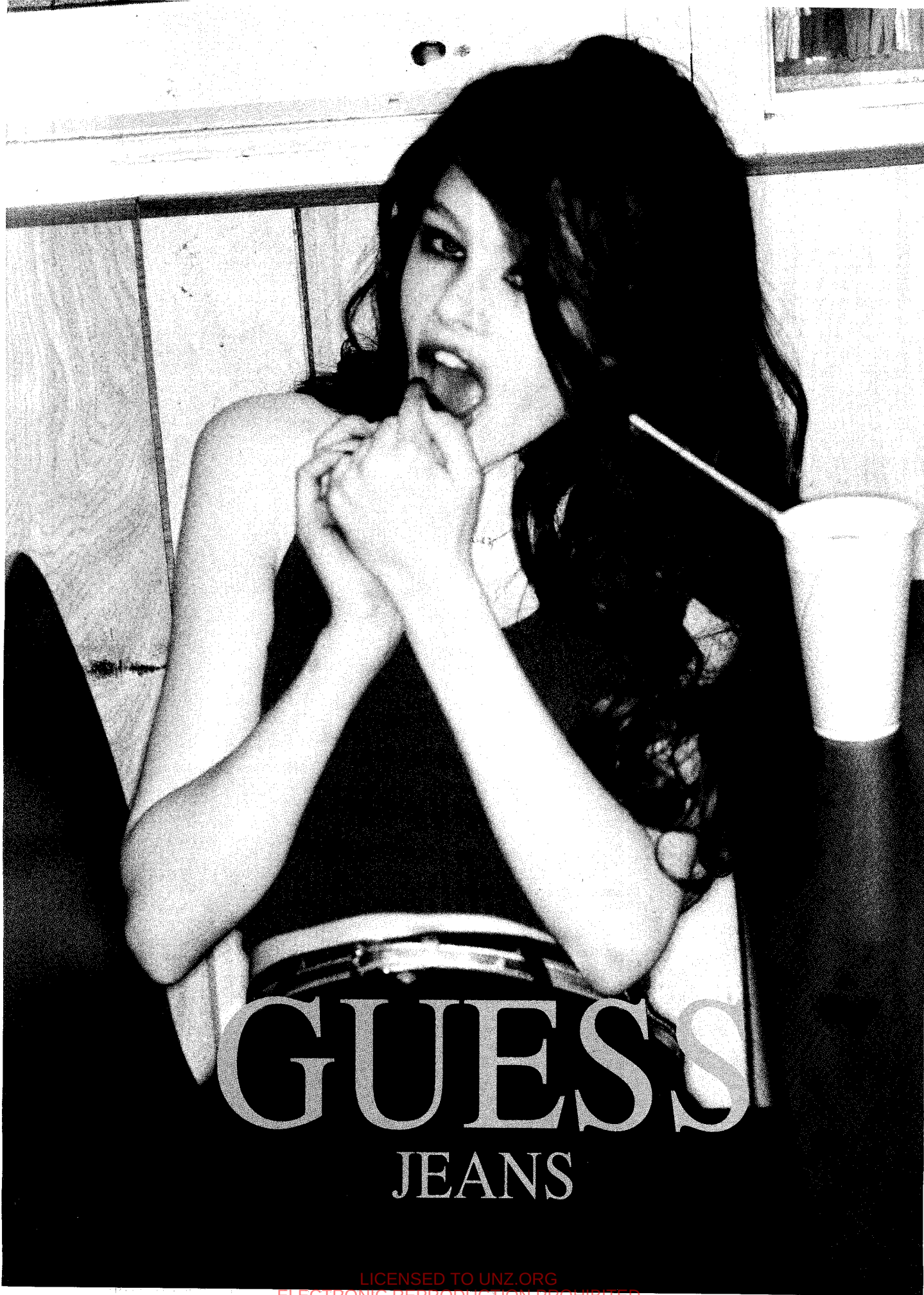
Care and Loathing

"BECAUSE I DO CARE," I'M WRITING TO comment on Paul Lukas's "Dear Sir: It's Over" ["Inconspicuous Consumption," March 25]. I've spent the past year assembling an extensive collection of greeting cards along the lines Mr. Lukas seems to disdain so highly. Although I would like to think that those I have selected for my store, LifeVisions, are not as narrowly focused, warped, banal, verbose, or dysfunctional as those Mr. Lukas has chosen to so snidely critique in his article fraught with "valley girl" syntax and carnival-pitchman phraseology, I would like to congratulate *New York* for selecting someone with an e-mail (no doubt the author's favorite forum for expressing his own feelings) appellation of Krazykat to write an article on "broaching relationship issues in a conveniently impersonal way." To quote one of our cards, Mr. Lukas: "Happiness is available; look inside."

Jim Stewart
MANHATTAN

AS AN AVID READER OF PAUL LUKAS'S "Inconspicuous Consumption" in the *New York Press*, I was pleased as punch to discover him in my March 11 *New York*. I'm sure it will stand alongside "Bad Publicity" as the most consistently brilliant feature of your fine publication.

Tercio Bretas
MANHATTAN



GUESS

JEANS

BY BETH LANDMAN AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

FUCHS AND TIME WARNER: IT'S A WRAP

After months of intense negotiations, former Home Box Office chairman **Michael Fuchs** is about to float out of Time Warner on a very cushy golden parachute. Fuchs—fired last November by Time Warner CEO **Gerald Levin** after nineteen years at the company—had reportedly asked for \$80



Michael Fuchs:
Back to work

million in severance from the company. Though Time Warner had initially offered \$30 million, a well-placed company insider says both sides finally agreed on a compromise last week. A source close to Time Warner says Fuchs's severance package

RAGING AGAINST FORBES ON SNL

After taking a beating on the campaign trail, dour, one-note Republican candidate **Steve Forbes** must have thought that hosting *Saturday Night Live* would be a good way to lighten and brighten his image. However, despite some helpful tips from his pal, the humorist **Christopher Buckley**, things didn't go as smoothly as planned. It seems last week's musical guests, the multi-million-selling hard-core hip-hop outfit **Rage Against the Machine**, weren't exactly Forbes fans. First the band decided to editorialize on Mr. White Collar Conservative by draping inverted American flags over their amplifiers. Just as they were about to perform their new single, an angry *SNL* stage manager ran onstage and proceeded to tear the flags down, whereupon, according to one eyewitness, the band burst into a loud rousing chant: "Fuck Forbes." Mysteriously, the band neither performed a second song nor appeared at the end of the show for the customary good-byes, becoming this year's version of **Sinead O'Connor**. Although the band, through their publicist, insists it "was not permitted to return" for a second act, *SNL* blames the cut on "timing difficulties." Forbes declined to comment, but his spokesperson called back to assure us that "Steve didn't notice any of this."

is \$20 million; another company insider maintains that when stock options and bonuses are

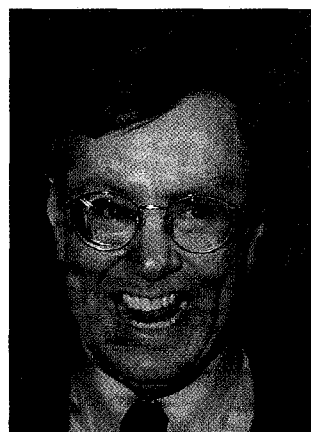
added on, he is likely to leave with closer to \$50 million—about double the annual profits of *Time* magazine. Says a close Fuchs pal, "He seems very happy with the deal." With negotiations behind him, Fuchs, who has spent the past few months traveling in Russia and Europe, has told colleagues he is eager to start working again in earnest. Later this month, Fuchs, who has kept his HBO offices until now, will begin entertaining offers from his new suite of offices at 9 West 57th Street.

IT'S A BIRD; IT'S A PLANE—IT'S A MAN?

In 1985, the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus was embarrassed when its heavily hyped unicorn turned out to be a goat with a surgically enhanced horn. Now, rumors are flying that Ringling's latest attraction, **Airiana the Human Arrow**, may not *quite* be as advertised, either. A source close to the flying phenomenon alleges that the comely Airiana is actually a man named Art. Other circus conspiracists point out that the multi-million-dollar promotional campaign for Airiana features illustrations rather than photographs, that taking pictures is forbidden during his/her act, and that he/she has spurned all requests for interviews. "If you look at the posters, Airiana is quite full-figured," notes a top marketing source at the *Daily News* who set up the paper's big circus promotion. "I was looking forward to her ample chest flying through the air, but in reality we were all quite disappointed." Ringling Bros. spokeswoman **Barbara Pflughaupt** denies the rumors, and claims that all the subterfuge is merely a matter of maintaining mystique. But her denial has a suspiciously wiffy quality: "She was conceived as Airiana; she lives as Airiana; she flies as Airiana; she *is* Airiana!" says Pflughaupt. "Airiana is about people's desire to fly, and you can't capture that in a still photo or video. She doesn't *want* to meet her public. She believes this is about touching people in a deep place. It would be *irrelevant* if she were a man or a woman."



Airiana:
Air male?



Steve Forbes:
That's not funny!

WALL STREET'S LATEST BULL MARKET

The hottest (hypothetical) neighborhood in New York? The financial district. Last October, the city began offering hefty tax breaks to developers who agreed to convert barren Wall Street office towers into residences. First to bite: **Henry, Tom, and Fred El-**

ghanayan. The Iranian-born brothers are starting work this summer on a \$65 million project to convert the 500,000-square-foot office tower at 45 Wall Street into 500 upmarket rental apartments. The New York-based Elghanayans may beat out Miami-based **Bruce Menin**, who was hoping to start construction on his project—turning the offices at 25 Broad Street into 345 apartments—next month. But



Heather Locklear:
Cookie cutter



David Merrick:
On a roll

while Menin's project may be delayed, the Elghanayans have come up with a novel idea for their *other* downtown tower, at 127 John Street, which they plan to convert into a mixed-use office-and-residential building next year. They're in talks to lend it to the artist **Christo** for a wrap job—while it's still empty.

DAVID MERRICK: THE SPOUSE THAT ROARED

Natalie Lloyd is used to speaking for her companion, **David Merrick**, who suffered a debilitating stroke, but it's not a role that comes easily to the Chinese-born factotum—nicknamed "the Gnat" by some acquaintances. While

SCOTT RUDIN'S BODY POLITIC

Fearsome producer **Scott Rudin**, legendarily reviled by many of the living, has now begun irritating the dead. Rudin's new project, *The First Wives Club*, recently finished shooting a pivotal scene at Frank E. Campbell's, the tony Upper East Side funeral home. "It was so tacky," moans author **Olivia Goldsmith**, who wrote the book on which the movie is based. "Frank Campbell's was still running funerals with lighting cables all over the place. There were people bumping into **Dame Maggie Smith** on their way to bury Uncle Bob." Meanwhile, pencil-slim rocker-wife **Heather Locklear**—who co-stars in the film along with **Sarah Jessica Parker**, **Diane Keaton**, **Bette Midler**, and **Goldie Hawn**—was raising eyebrows with her rather odd eating habits. Sources on the set report that Locklear ate constantly and even had an assistant, dubbed "the cookie girl," on hand to fork over a baked good every time the *Melrose* babe reached out. A spokeswoman for the blonde vixen insists, "There's no truth to that. I don't think people would really hire a cookie girl. That's *real* farfetched."

attending a meeting to plan the ad campaign for Broadway's *State Fair*, Lloyd enthusiastically unveiled her idea for the campaign's headline: **DAVID MERRICK IS ROLLING BACK TO BROADWAY**. The startled ad executives just looked at one another, perhaps to avoid staring at the legendary Merrick—in his wheelchair. At last, one brave soul spoke up: "I think that sounds like a bowling alley." "No, no!" exclaimed Lloyd, emitting a loud, shocking roar. "Roaring, like a lion!" "There's a lot more *show* than *business* in show business," shrugs Nancy Coyne, who handles the ad campaign for *State Fair*. "The meetings haven't been that much more unusual than any of my meetings."

HYNES'S CATCH-UP; JULIO'S FACE-OFF

RUNNING ON EMPTY: Is Brooklyn D.A. **Charles J. Hynes**—who finished a distant third in 1994's Democratic primary for attorney general—now eyeing the governor's mansion? Sources close to the prosecutor say he is planning a run against **George Pataki** next year, and has already hit up a few well-

heeled supporters for a helping hand. Hynes spokesman Morty Matz denies the report, adding, "I am sure that he would still want to be considered viable as a candidate for higher office."

THE RIGHT PROFILE: During a recent speech at the National Press Club in Washington, **Julio Iglesias** startled photographers by demanding that they shoot him only from the right—

word was that his left side had been damaged in a car accident. But even Julio's son isn't buying the story. "I don't think it's true about the car accident," says 23-year-old **Julio Iglesias Preysler**, who was just shot by **Bruce Weber** for a new Versace campaign. "I think he just likes his right side better because it has less wrinkles."

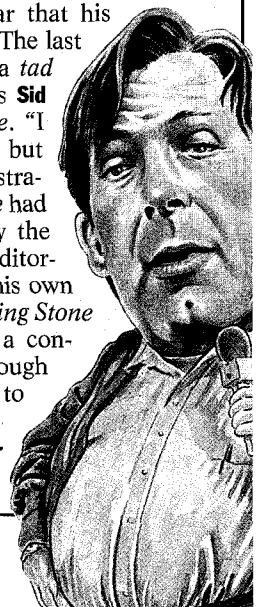
BUFFALOED BILL: What's up with **Bill Buford**? Rumor has it that *The New Yorker's* well-regarded literary and fiction editor is in hot water with editor-in-chief **Tina Brown**, who is said to be upset over Buford's strange work habits and freewheeling style. But while one well-placed source claims Buford is on probation, another insists that the editor's duties are actually expanding. How does *Buford* characterize his relationship with his boss? "It's all right. It's fine," he says, noting the "accordionlike nature" of his job. For her part, Brown calls reports of a rift "absolutely preposterous."

Additional reporting by Matthew Pincus and Maria Ricapito.

A SLIM WENNER BEEFS UP LODER

Exactly how big is **Kurt Loder's** belly? The question is a matter of some debate. The current issue of *Rolling Stone* features an illustration of the MTV news anchor with a stomach almost as big as the one on Rush Limbaugh. The 50-year-old Loder—on assignment interviewing Madonna in Budapest—could not be reached, but trusted co-workers swear that his tummy isn't *nearly* so big off-camera. "The last time I saw Kurt he was maybe, well, a *tad* fleshy, not that I should talk," reports **Sid Holt**, managing editor of *Rolling Stone*. "I had no idea he had any kind of belly, but that's what they told me," says the illustrator, **Drew Friedman**. "I guess *Rolling Stone* had some inside information." Sources say the order came directly from svelte, sexy editor-in-chief **Jann Wenner**, who dieted away his own paunch a few years after Loder left *Rolling Stone* for stardom at MTV. Loder remains a contributing editor at the magazine, although Holt admits that he's been "too busy" to contribute lately. "It's a caricature," Holt says, "an *affectionate* caricature."

Kurt Loder:
Belly up



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If you're a fan of hits like these, we have some exciting news. Sports is now playing on fX all year round. Big winners like College Football, College Basketball and coming in 1997, Major League Baseball.

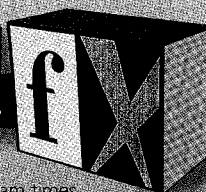
We also have involving original shows, like *Personal fX: The Collectibles Show* and our reunion show, *Lost & Found*. And we're still the place to catch hits like *In Living Color* and *Picket Fences*.

So, if you don't want to miss a minute of the action, keep fX playing on your TV.

Lost & found



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WITH A WINNER.



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GOTHAM

Hard to find four innocent people in New York—Will Rogers



THE FRONT PAGE Spanking the Mommy

Mother flogging, as old as Oedipus, is back with vengeance.

Madonna will be a fine mother. She's had all those years of practice with her dancers. Most of her clothes are already designed to facilitate nursing. Her child will always have a generous supply of fresh uncles to play with.

Why, even her mother-in-law-in-waiting gave a thumbs-up to the newly Maternal Girl. Maria Leon, mother of Madonna's 29-year-old personal trainer-inseminator, told the no-doubt disappointed *Daily News* that the sex mogul is "a beautiful human being who is going to be a great mother."

She had better be. As with the news of her fertilization (which was merely announced from page 1 of the *New York Post* because, as columnist Liz Smith explained, "Madonna wanted the news released in as low-key a manner as possible"), every detail of Madonna's motherhood will appear in 144-point Helvetica Extra Bold. The *Post* has already weighed in with an editorial politely condemning her "public spectacle of an illegitimate pregnancy." Soon to come: MADONNA DOES A DEMI: YES, THE XXX NEW YORKER!; followed by GUSH! MAMA-DONNA'S WATER BURSTS ON LETTERMAN; then RED ALL OVER: MADONNA'S SECRET DIAPER RASH SHAME; and eventually, C'MON, MADONNA: LET THE KID STAY UP 5 MORE MINUTES.

Madonna's momdom will be fetishistically dissected and micro-critiqued because she's a celebrity, of course, but also because—and perhaps Madonna can appreciate this—it's a very happening thing to do right now.

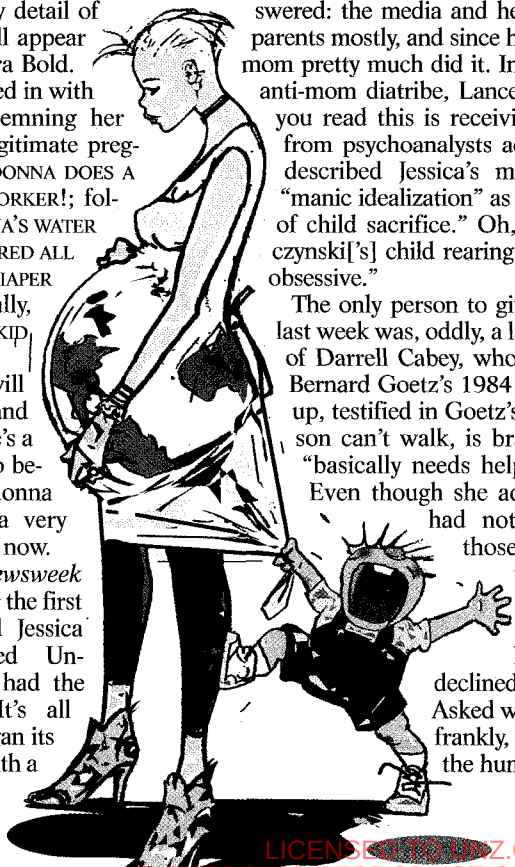
Last week, *Time* and *Newsweek* differed on cover subject for the first time in weeks—7-year-old Jessica Dubroff vs. the alleged Unabomber—but each story had the same thesis statement: It's all Mom's fault. *Newsweek* began its portrait of Ted Kaczynski with a

description of his "anti-mom diatribes," letters he wrote blaming her for turning him into a smelly recluse. (Kaczynski wouldn't be the first Ivy League graduate to blame his mother for how he turned out; the average Manhattan cocktail party has seven.) "It may not be fair to hold Wanda Kaczynski . . . accountable for turning her son into a possible serial killer," the *Newsweek* writer acknowledged. "Yet," he quickly added, "something must have caused him to go on an 18-year bombing spree."

WHO KILLED JESSICA? *Time* asked, and answered: the media and her parents, but her parents mostly, and since her dad is dead, her mom pretty much did it. In an accompanying anti-mom diatribe, Lance Morrow (who as you read this is receiving business cards from psychoanalysts across the country) described Jessica's mother's New Age "manic idealization" as coming "just short of child sacrifice." Oh, and "Wanda Kaczynski[s] child rearing bore traces of the obsessive."

The only person to give a mom a break last week was, oddly, a lawyer. The mother of Darrell Cabey, who was paralyzed in Bernard Goetz's 1984 subway shoot 'em up, testified in Goetz's civil trial that her son can't walk, is brain damaged, and "basically needs help for everything."

Even though she added that her son had nothing to do with those other boys who were bothering Goetz on that subway, lawyer Darnay Hoffman declined to cross-examine. Asked why, he said, "Quite frankly, lawyers are part of the human race."



VOX POPS "If something happened along the route and you had to leave your children with Bob Dole or Bill Clinton, I think you'd probably leave your children with Bob Dole," Bob Dole said in a campaign speech last week. However, in an informal, unscientific poll conducted by *New York*, 16 of 25 adults said they would rather have Clinton as a babysitter. One 8-year-old boy, however, was among Dole's supporters. "Bill Clinton's outta here, Bob Dole's in. Bill Clinton's a fartface."

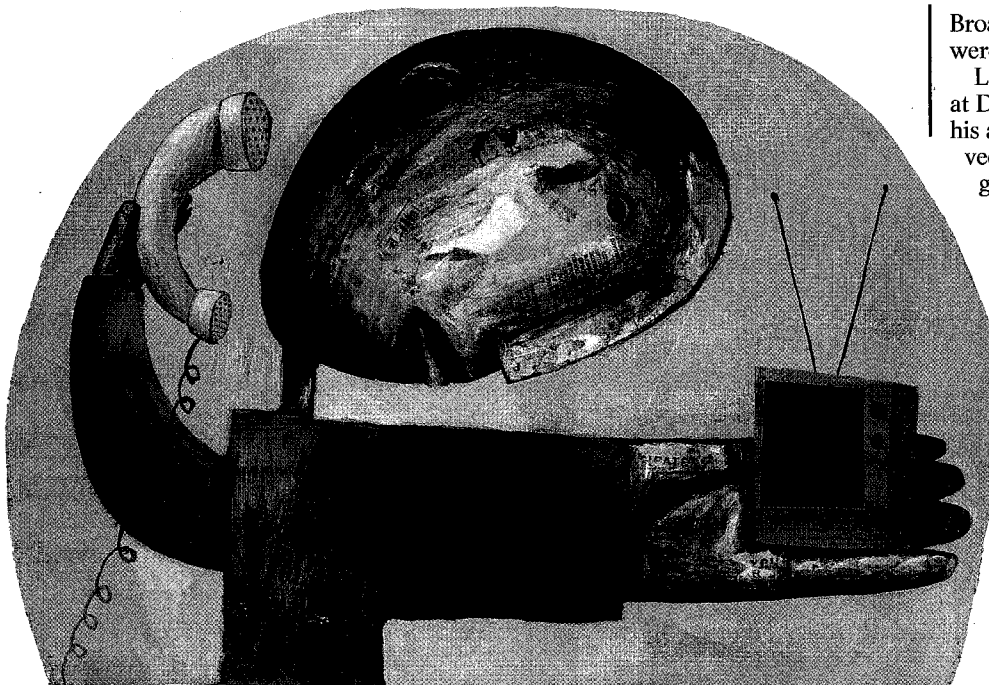


OVERHEARD "Apparently you think more highly of him than I do"—David Geffen to NBC West Coast president

Don Ohlmeyer, upon reading Ohlmeyer's description of Michael Ovitz as the "Antichrist" in *Time* magazine

RAG TRADE Bloomingdale's recently announced plans to open a boutique inspired by *Rent*, the musical about artsy but destitute East Village denizens. Asked how this translates into boutique clothing, Ady Gluck-Frankel, the line's designer, told *New York*: "It's a brand-new way of dressing. Poor people can't afford to dress for a season. They layer. But in the past, when [designers] have layered, it's always been pretty. This is not pretty, but it's not grungy either. It's clean. There's dignity and there's pride. This is sexy."





C i t y GOETZ IN THE MACHINE

LAST FRIDAY, AT 2:40 P.M., THE PHONE rang. When I answered, a stranger said he was expecting to get a machine and hung up. The phone rang again—another hang-up. Then another. And another. While I was busy answering these, my voice mail picked up eight more calls, all hang-ups.

Finally, a chattier caller from New Jersey explained that he got my number off his television. Court TV was broadcasting the civil trial of Bernhard Goetz, who was being sued by one of the young men he shot in the subway in 1984. Goetz's attorney was playing his taped confession. It began with the subway gunman's giving his phone number. Some people own the former houses of the famous; others own used ballet slippers, electric guitars, and baseball mitts. There's a guy I know from Kentucky who owns a pickup truck that used to belong to Loretta Lynn.

I have Bernhard Goetz's old phone number.

"So why are you calling?" I asked another caller while my call waiting beeped away.

"To express solidarity," he told me.

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not comfortable telling you that," he said before hanging up. "I don't know who you are."

I turned on the trial. Goetz was sitting in court listening to a recording of himself confessing to the New Hampshire police in 1984.

"Let me explain about fear," he was saying. "What I'm afraid of is not knowing what happens from moment to

moment." I know how he felt.

I called Court TV to complain.

"Oh, boy," said a producer. She explained that the phone numbers given at trials are always bleeped out by editors, but this one must have gotten past them. She promised that my number would not be aired again. "I'm really sorry," she said.

As the afternoon wore on, I began to feel as if I not only had Bernhard Goetz's phone number but was staying in his apartment. Behind drawn blinds, I watched him on TV while taking messages for him, mostly from people calling to wish him the best.

"I support him, most definitely," another caller from New Jersey told me late in the afternoon as the calls were finally starting to die down. "I don't want to support people shooting each other, but I definitely agree with him that you have to defend yourself."

The next week, the *New York Times* reported that Goetz had received \$20,000 from the Firearms Civil Rights Legal Defense Fund, an NRA-affiliated organization. Had I known that earlier, I would have referred all calls to them. Their number is (703) 267-1000.

My number is unlisted, but in case Bernhard Goetz wishes to call to get his messages, of course, he knows it. He probably shouldn't bother, though; none of his fans could be persuaded to leave a phone number. BOB MORRIS

T r a n s p o r t a t i o n BLACKS VS. CABS, THE VIDEO

ON A SUNDAY NIGHT AT ABOUT 10:30, three Columbia University law students stood at the corner of 103rd and

Broadway and tried to hail a cab. They were black.

Louis Willacy, who will be practicing at Dewey Ballantine next fall, extended his arm. A bright-yellow cab slowed and veered toward the group. The driver got close, but then suddenly angled away and peeled off. The next cab executed the same *pas de deux*.

Then another. And another. And another.

Finally, a taxi pulled up. Victor Caldwell, who will be clerking for a federal judge next year before working at Cravath, Swaine & Moore, tried to open the door. It was locked.

He peered in at the driver.

"You're not going to kill me," the driver said in a thick Indian accent.

"What?" Caldwell said.

"You're not going to kill me," the driver repeated in a desperate, high-pitched voice.

"We want to go to Brooklyn," said

Rossie Turman, a first-year law student.

Caldwell pulled on the handle once more: still locked.

The cab shot off, rubber shrieking against the pavement, almost taking Caldwell with it.

"We're not going to kill you," Caldwell said through clenched teeth. "But we're gonna see you in court."

That yellow cabs will not pick up black people—Cornel West and former mayor David Dinkins famously among them—is one of this city's most notorious maxims, one that outrage has done little to make less true. And although drivers who refuse service to any customer or any area of the city face fines of up to \$500—and three-time violators get their permits pulled—the 200 or so complaints made every month have apparently not been enough to make the point in a meaningful way. And so three black law students decided to give legal vigilantism a try.

"Moral suasion has failed," says Willacy. "So we're going to get them where it hurts."

The students, who are also distributing pamphlets to black churches and community groups explaining how to file complaints, are on a winning streak so far. Earlier this month, Willacy went down to the Taxi and Limousine Commission offices on West 41st Street for hearings on three November incidents and won them all.

Tariq Ahmad, an advocate who represents drivers at these hearings, admits he almost always loses. Complainants usually need no more than the medallion number of the offending cab; drivers, however, tend to

be disbelieved by judges, who also typically discount their trip sheets because they can easily be altered. Ahmad didn't know why anyone would want to bring a phony case, but he maintained that his drivers *never* refuse service. Then he added, "They want us to go to areas that the police don't even patrol because of the high rate of crime. Let the cops make the areas safe; then we will go there."

Indeed, the three law students didn't seem particularly keen on going there, either. Their plan for that night on 103rd Street: They'd hail cabs and videotape the medallions of those whose drivers refused service. If a cab stopped, they'd ask to go to Bedford-Stuyvesant or East New York. If the driver agreed, they'd ask the fare, plead poverty, give him a dollar for his trouble, and hop out.

That this strategy might actually discourage willing cabbies to pick up other black passengers—a kind of negative Hawthorne effect—was only one of several minor defects in the plan that surfaced throughout the evening.

With utter seriousness, Caldwell clipped a small microphone to the collar of his gray COLUMBIA sweatshirt and taped a transmitter across his stomach to relay his conversations back to the video camera. He walked to the corner and raised his arm. The first taxi to come up pulled over. Caldwell asked to go to East New York.

"Where in East New York?" the driver asked flatly.

Caldwell was flummoxed. He didn't know the names of any streets in the city's notorious homicide zone.

Chastened, he stepped out and returned to the group. Willacy and Turman were no more familiar with East New York or Bed-Stuy, so they agreed 145th Street would be their new destination.

Back on the corner, Caldwell's dry spell continued. Cab after infuriatingly accommodating cab stopped for him.

Caldwell came back for more singles. The three decided he should turn his sweatshirt inside out and pull the hood over his head to look more menacing. But the dollars kept flowing.

Things began to look up when Turman, dressed in the kind of long dark coat favored by grown men who like to hang around playgrounds, joined Caldwell. Two cabs stopped for them, but three whizzed by. The next one stopped but when he was told the address, declared, "I don't go there."

They finally hit pay dirt when Willacy, dressed in a flannel lumberjack shirt and a dark baseball cap, joined the two others. In all, fourteen of the fifteen cabs either failed to stop or refused to drive

the three black men to 145th Street.

Standing just 30 feet beyond them, I tried to hail the cabs that had refused them. The first cab to pass three young black men pulled right up to one young white man. The driver was a black man without a trace of an accent who appeared to be in his late forties.

I opened the door. "Why didn't you pick those guys up?" I asked, pointing at the group that was now hustling toward us.

The driver looked frightened and said nothing.

Caldwell arrived, newly enraged. "Why didn't you pick us up?" he shouted.

"I'm not going where you want to go," the driver said quietly.

Caldwell: "But you don't know where we wanted to go."

The driver pointed at me. "He only wants to go a short way."

"How do you know where I want to go?" I asked.

He said nothing. We said nothing.

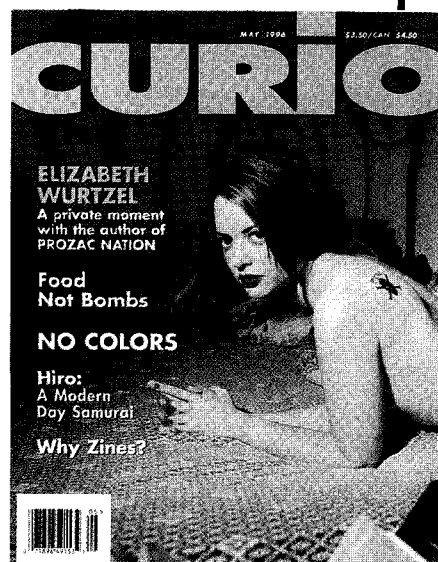
He drove off. Caldwell recorded his medallion number. J. PEDER ZANE

PUBLISHING

It Could Be Verse

The debut issue of *Curio*, the improbable Bronxville-based glossy quarterly described by editor-in-chief and publisher M. Teresa Lawrence as "a feeling more than a thing," hit the newsstands last week with the picture of a naked quasi celebrity on the cover. Lawrence explained that she had called a friend at HarperCollins and said, "I can't get distribution because I don't know somebody famous—get me somebody famous for the cover." The friend suggested 28-year-old Elizabeth Wurtzel, specifically famous for her 1994 memoir *Prozac Nation* and more generally famous for being Elizabeth Wurtzel (her forthcoming *Bitch* is due from Doubleday next fall). "It has to be someone famous, but they can't do something they're famous for," Lawrence told her friend. "Because that's my rule." Which is how *Curio* No. 1 came to have a topless Wurtzel on the outside ("taken a long time ago, that was never used from another magazine or something," Lawrence says vaguely) and a poem Wurtzel wrote in 1989 on the inside.

Asked what inspired her to print "Indian Giver," written a full five years before Wurtzel hit her literary stride (and, indeed, before she worked at *New York* as a pop-music critic), Lawrence replied: "I think her book had a profound effect on the country. Mind you, she's been criticized because she's not a good writer, this and that, but she got a subject out there, you know, and, like, with the 'zine culture—that's one of the differences between, like, I guess, mainstream media and 'zine culture. Mainstream media is very concerned with commas and periods. And 'zine culture is very concerned with ideas and actually thinking about things. [The quality] isn't as important as getting the ideas across. If I wanted quality writers, I would have to pay for them. And I'm not in the position of doing that right now."



**From "Indian Giver,"
by Elizabeth Wurtzel:**

I am so lonely
I am a star
so all alone

Why are you walking away?

But I am a writer
Writing is my gift
Once, they tried to
take it away from me
... Every night before I go to
sleep
even under your down comforter
I say my prayers
show my gratitude
God is not an Indian giver
He loves me
Even though His gift to me
is a lonely one.
And I write not because I love to
but because I do it well
and it shows them.
Shows them all.

Jocks and Nancy Boys

*Around town, at parties for baseball,
the environment, the theater, and a band.*

Photographed by Patrick McMullan



At Wax, following Nancy Boy's performance at the Westbeth Theatre (hosted by Tommy Hilfiger): Brothers Andy and Tommy Hilfiger and friend Michael Houghton with Greta Cavazzoni (top), model Bijoux Phillips and Donovan Leitch (above left), and models Dechen Thurman and Helena Christensen (above right). Top right, photographer Patrick Demarchelier and his wife, Mia, at the Pierre Hotel after the Rainforest Foundation International's Carnegie Hall benefit.



Above, Trudie Styler, Donatella Versace, and model Amber Valetta at the Rainforest benefit.

Clockwise from right, Faye Dunaway at the Tribeca Film Center for Harvey and Bob Weinstein's party for Harlem's Reviving Baseball in Inner Cities; Keith Hernandez at the Reviving Baseball party; Sam Shepard at the anniversary benefit of Signature Theater Company.



THE PAPER TIGERS

LITTLE PLASTIC CUPS OF WHITE WINE notwithstanding, it was not an ordinary art-world event. The artists were not hanging around and pouting and looking just so. They were not around at all; they were in a federal detention center in Pennsylvania, where they've been for the two and a half years since the *Golden Venture*, the Chinese ship that was supposed to take them to freedom, ran aground off Queens. To pass the months, they have been tearing and folding scrap paper into thousands of intricate sculptures, birds and tigers and vases of such complexity that from afar they look like careful beadwork.

In the eyes of the exhibit's organizers, the conditions of the work's creation raised the stakes considerably. "We're not presenting this for lobbying purposes, or for art purposes exclusively. We're presenting this as part of history," said Winston Dong Jr., director of the Museum of Chinese in the Americas. "I think we will get a lot of people and they'll be generous."

At best he was half right; a good crowd showed up for an auction at the tiny museum last Wednesday, but few were moved to buy. As lot after lot was presented and then retracted without a bid, the crowd began to get embarrassed. "We ought to poll the audience to see what they're waiting for," the smiling auctioneer said nervously. Several more lots went by. People fidgeted in their seats; some tiptoed out. Trying again to arouse the audience, the auctioneer noted that the detainees had recently grown so despondent over their situation that they were no longer producing any new pieces. Even news like that didn't stir the crowd; one of two extravagantly elaborate sculptures of eagles in delicate paper cages went begging. "By process of elimination, we know the lot you've all been waiting for," he joked, holding up the last piece, a small tiger. People rose to go.

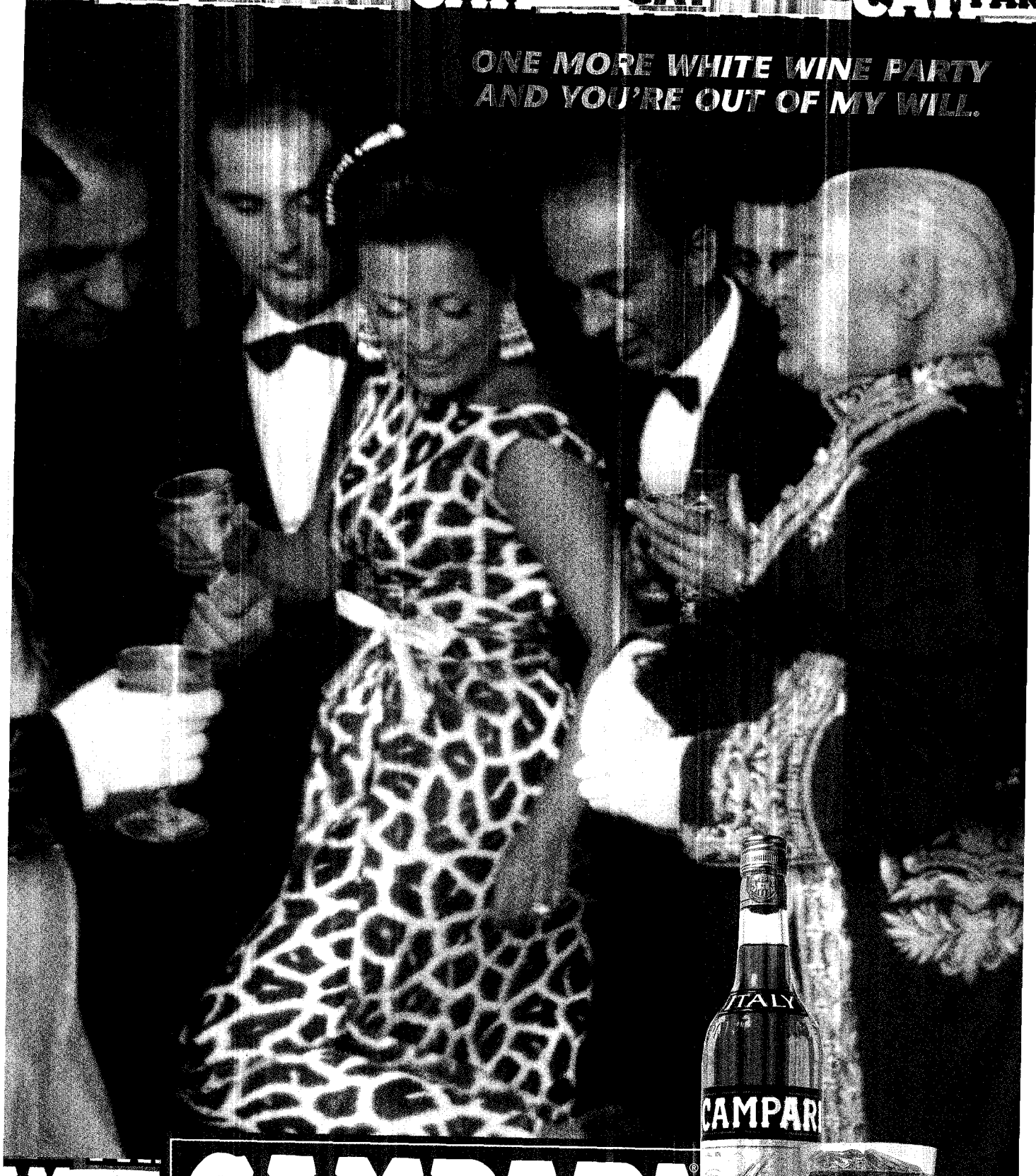
Minutes after the last visitors left, Fabiana Chiu called to say how thrilled she was. "It was far more successful than we thought," she explained. "We're all so happy." Things had gone better than they had initially seemed; between the silent auction beforehand and the last-minute purchases at the evening's end, 50 pieces had been sold for a total of \$4,000. She had to go, she apologized. They were closing the place up for the night. The staff were all running off to celebrate.

The eagles stayed behind in their cages.

ARIEL KAMINER

CAMPARI CAMPARI CAMPARI CAMPARI CAMPARI

ONE MORE WHITE WINE PARTY
AND YOU'RE OUT OF MY WILL.



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Stolen Assets

Are Swiss banks holding on to money belonging to Holocaust victims? Edgar Bronfman Sr. and Alfonse D'Amato aim to find out.

GRETA BEER RENTS AN APARTMENT IN JACKSON Heights, Queens, for \$629 a month, and she works, even at her advanced age—she refuses to say exactly how advanced—as a guide for “VIP tourists” visiting New York City. She has very little money, though she began her life in privilege as the daughter of a Romanian-Jewish textile manufacturer who sent her to boarding school in Switzerland. He also sent his money to Switzerland, which, it turns out, was not a good idea.

Over lunch at El Quijote, the musty Chelsea Hotel restaurant where she brings her tour groups, Beer tells what happened to her father's money.

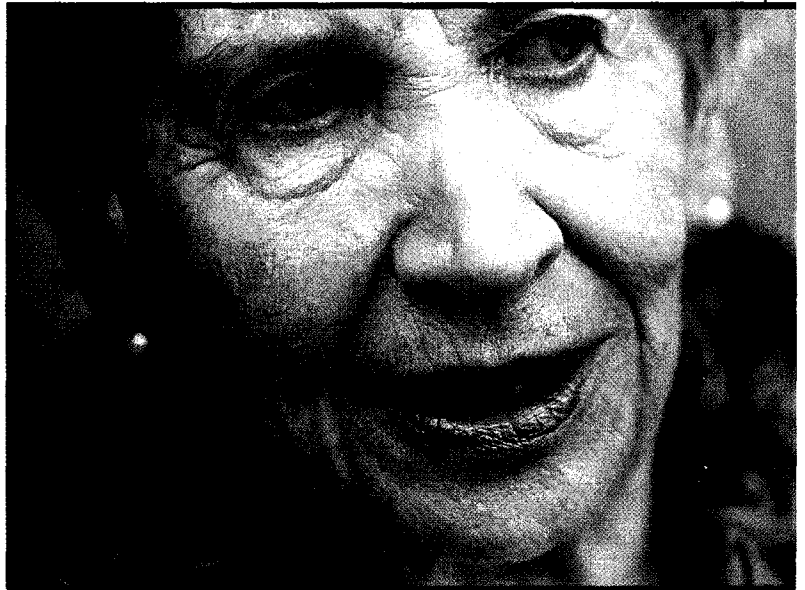
“As children, we were told by my father over and over again, ‘Don’t worry, you’re provided for in Switzerland,’ ” she says. Playing it safe, Beer’s father kept very little money in Romania, squirreling most of it away into a numbered Swiss bank account. In 1939, he became ill and, with his family, went to Budapest for treatment. He died there and the family was stranded; the war had broken out, and the Nazi-allied government in Romania had seized their property. “We had no money, and my father never told my mother the number of the account in Switzerland. We lost the factory, everything.”

She pauses for a moment to greet a waiter. “This is Adolfo,” she says. “He’s my favorite, but he has to change his name. It reminds me of you-know-who.”

She returns to her story. The family, she says, moved to another part of Romania and lived out the war there. She came to America in 1951, never forgetting her father’s invocation of the family’s secret Swiss fortune. Finally, in the early sixties, she and her mother visited Switzerland, where, she says, “we went from bank to bank. But we didn’t have the number of the account. We could prove that I was my father’s daughter, but they would not say if my father had accounts with them. We were hitting up against a wall.”

Of course, there is no way of knowing for sure, in the absence of corroborating documentation, if Beer’s story is true, and in that fact lies the Swiss advantage. It is the principal irony of her story that the legendary Swiss secrecy practices, such as the assigning of numbers to accounts in lieu of names, began in the thirties as a concession to the banks’ Jewish customers, who were looking to protect their assets from the Germans.

In any other country, a person in Beer’s situation—in which a relative died in extraordinary circumstances—would, after offering proof of her own identity, be able to track down and recover her family’s assets. But the Swiss, many believe, have been deliberately unforthcoming. Holocaust survivors and heirs of the dead who have taken on the Swiss banks see not just bureaucracy in their denials but greed. What else could explain, they say, the fact that of the 7,000 claims filed with Swiss banks immediately after World War II by relatives of



Greta Beer of Jackson Heights, Queens: “As children we were told by my father over and over again, ‘Don’t worry, you’re provided for in Switzerland.’ ”

murdered depositors, only 200 were settled?

It is sometimes forgotten that in addition to being a genocide unprecedented in scope and precision, the Holocaust was also the world’s greatest robbery. Billions in Jewish wealth were stolen outright by the Germans and their allies, and most of that wealth was never recovered. Today, Jewish organizations and individuals, partly spurred by the collapse of the Soviet bloc, are engaged in a full-scale effort to recover stolen buildings and possessions. And the Swiss are feeling the heat.

They are also learning that it might have been wiser to confront the issue a long time ago. Where they once found themselves entreated by a group of anonymous Jews with little or no documentation, the Swiss are now, half a century later, facing an unlikely pair of power brokers—Edgar Bronfman Sr. and Alfonse D’Amato, who seem intent on making the vaunted Swiss banking system squirm.

They might be succeeding. This week, Senator D’Amato is scheduled to hold Banking Committee hearings on the Swiss question, and even before the hearings begin he is talking about sanctions.

“We can do this the easy way, or we can do it the very hard way,” says D’Amato, who has a sharp eye for sitting ducks. “If we get the proper response, we’ll never get into the kind of sanctions we could put into effect . . . but all the sanctions are at our disposal.”

Bronfman, the Seagram’s billionaire and president of the World Jewish Congress, was asked by the late Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Rabin last September to represent the Jewish people in their claims against the Swiss banks, and he has been doing so with vigor. His name tends to open doors, especially in

countries whose leaders are predisposed to believing that Jews wield extraordinary influence in world financial affairs.

Bronfman is ordinarily a discreet, behind-the-scenes player, but he couldn't contain his anger at the Swiss Bankers Association.

"They've lied to me so directly and so often on this that I've had enough," Bronfman told *New York*. "I'm not going to let them off the hook. They've given us the usual kind of stonewalling. First, they said you had to have a death certificate. Someone with us screamed at them, 'Who should sign it? Hitler?' . . . This is a question of justice. You don't profit off the Holocaust."

Bronfman and D'Amato were unimpressed with the announcement in February by the Swiss Bankers Association that a check of bank records had turned up \$32 million in dormant accounts thought to have belonged to Jews who died in the Holocaust, money they apparently hoped to use to settle claims. The Swiss announcement did not specify whether that figure included 60 years of interest or not, and they still have not clarified the matter for the World Jewish Congress, according to Bronfman. And in any case, the number sounds extremely low. Bronfman thinks the banks may well hold billions of dollars in deposits made directly by Jews and in deposits of stolen Jewish money made by Nazis. Newly declassified American-intelligence documents from Operation Safehaven—a U.S. effort to track Nazi assets conducted at the war's end—tend to support the view that more money is at stake than the Swiss are letting on. These documents, many of them still being analyzed at the National Archives, are the ammunition D'Amato says he will use against the Swiss.

One such Safehaven document contains a list of 182 accounts, "owned principally by Jewish persons," held in a single Swiss financial institution that in 1996 dollars would be worth about \$29 million, according to the WJC. The disposition of these accounts is unknown. It is one of the questions the WJC wants answered by the Swiss, who don't appear eager to take on their new adversary. Bronfman was left with the distinct impression after a sit-down with Swiss-bank negotiators last fall that they were trying to buy off his group.

"I think they were trying to bribe us with this \$32 million," says Bronfman. "They were absolutely shocked when I said we weren't interested in the money but in the process."

A spokesman for the Swiss Bankers Association could not be reached for comment, and a lawyer for the group, Marc Cohen, a special counsel at the impeccably connected Washington firm of Wilmer, Cutler and Pickering, declined to be interviewed. Oscar Knapp, the economics minister at the Swiss Embassy in Washington, says that his government is eager to learn just how much Jewish money is hidden away in his country's banks, but he called Bronfman's estimate of billions "very exaggerated," even accounting for accrued interest. He suggested that the Swiss government sees a public-relations disaster brewing in the bank imbroglio, however, and wants to see the matter settled. "There is no winning this case for the Swiss banks," he concedes.

The Bankers Association seems to be acquiring an understanding of the importance of appearances, and late last week, just a few days before the committee hearing was set to begin,

the association called for a new meeting with Bronfman and announced its intention to form an independent investigation panel—"including members of the Jewish community"—to scour Swiss banking records. "We and our members are deeply concerned that this important issue be approached and concluded in a sensitive, equitable, open, accurate, and professional manner," the association's letter to the WJC reads.

But Bronfman was unmoved by the letter, as was D'Amato.

"I'm very suspicious of this group," Bronfman said. "I want this process to be verified at every step along the way." Said D'Amato: "I'm not going to say all of a sudden that I'm going to take their good word on it."

The suspicion of Swiss maneuverings in this case comes against the backdrop of a series of revelations that strongly suggest that Switzerland was never the bastion of neutrality in World War II it appeared to be.

The whole question of Jewish assets held by Swiss banks was revived in a book published by a Swiss Jewish historian last year entitled *Switzerland and the Jews 1933-1945*, and interest in the issue has been piqued further by the stack of Operation Safehaven reports. The 50-year-old documents, many now in the hands of D'Amato's Banking Committee, paint a picture of possible Swiss complicity with the Nazis, including, WJC officials suspect, the knowing hoarding of looted wealth in the waning days of the war.

One such Safehaven document, dated April 21, 1945, describes the activities of mysterious truck convoys guarded by S.S. troops that moved only at night through Austria on the way to Switzerland. An informant reported that the trucks were "believed to be carrying food stuffs, looted property, machinery and the like."

Another document places an adviser to Hermann Göring in Switzerland in the last days of the war. The year before, the document states, the adviser "carried out an important financial transaction for [the S.S.]. This concerned the conversion of a large amount of French francs into Swiss francs and was of sufficient importance temporarily to affect the rate of ex-

change."

Yet another wartime document is entitled "Objectionable Activities of Two Leading Swiss Banks During 1944," one of them being Credit Suisse. "Credit Suisse, Zurich, is the most frequent violator of the Allied Code of Conduct concerning Swiss banks. . . . The following intercepts . . . show that Credit Suisse performed activities on behalf of the Nazis."

To what extent did Swiss banks knowingly serve as depositories for looted wealth? The Senate hearings would be the most searching attempt yet to answer that question. For the World Jewish Congress, however, the amount of money that may be involved is less important than the principle underlying the restitution campaign.

"Money is money, and I'm never going to deny that money is important, but this is a moral outrage," Bronfman says. "These people think they can get rich off victims of the Holocaust, and that's disgusting."

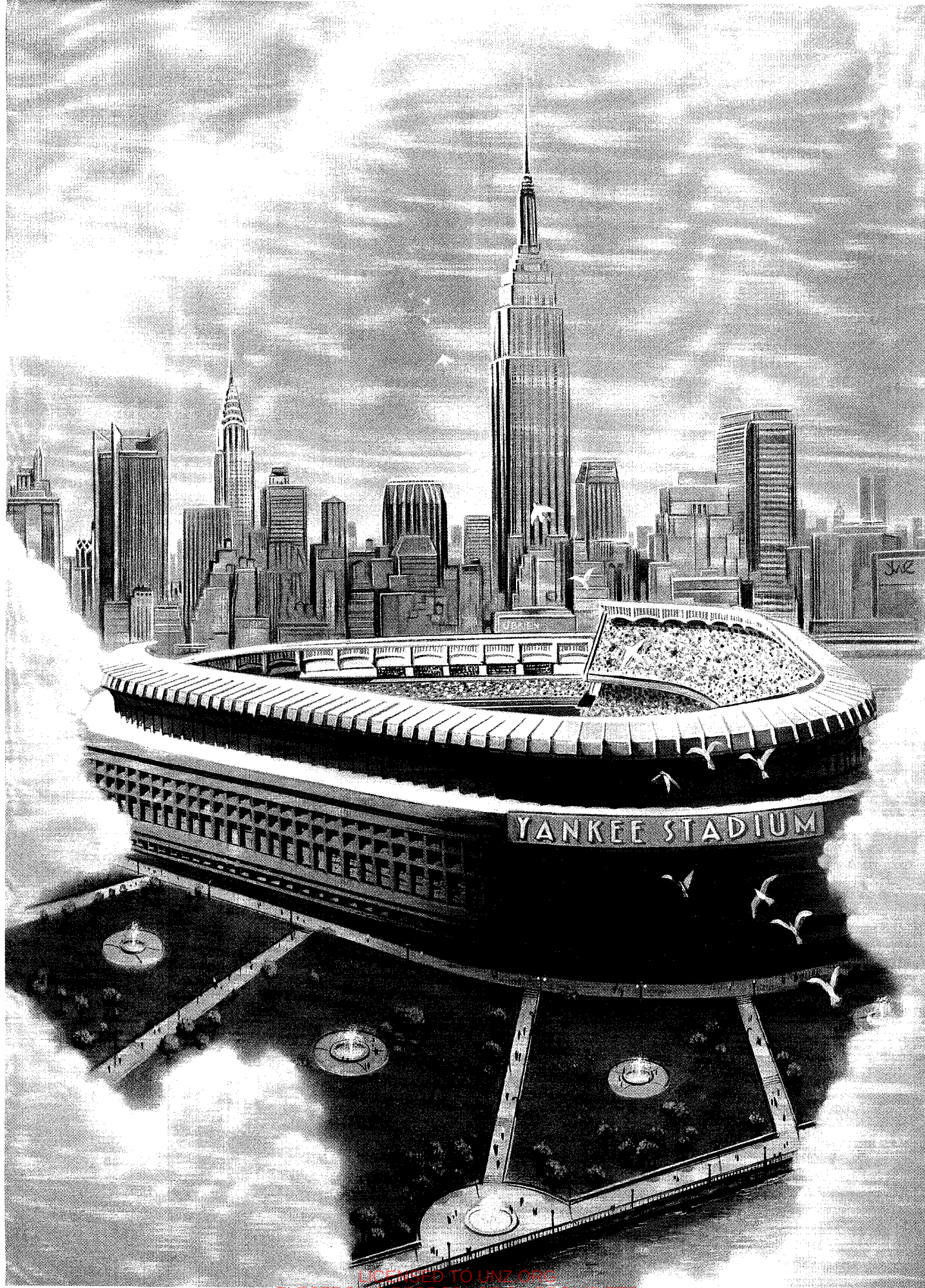
For Greta Beer in Jackson Heights—who needs to pay the rent—principle is at stake, too.

"My father put his money in Switzerland because it was a bastion, it was a citadel, it was a 'neutral' country," she says. "This was my father's money."



Edgar Bronfman Sr., behind-the-scenes mogul, takes on the Swiss.

*"First they said
you had to
have a death
certificate,"
said Bronfman.
"Someone with us
screamed, 'Who
should sign it,
Hitler?'"*



RUDY BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE

IMAGINE IT'S A BEAUTIFUL, SULTRY SUMMER EVENING. OUTSIDE the door of your midtown office, you stop to check the time. Five after six. Perfect. Since you're not meeting your friends over by the river until 6:30, you decide to walk and enjoy the weather. You meander down Broadway to 42nd, then over to Eighth Avenue past Disney's new theater. South on Eighth to 31st Street past dozens of new shops. The streets are filled with people, most heading in the same direction you are. When you turn west on 31st, you catch your first glimpse of the ballpark. The lovely brick-and-masonry façade shimmers in the soft glow of the sun, which is just beginning to duck behind the hills of New Jersey.

Over by the ballpark, the crowds have begun to gather for the 7:35 game. Along the waterfront, people linger on the promenade or picnic in the new waterside park, watching boats glide along the river. Every fifteen minutes, ferries shuttle fans in from New Jersey. Right on time, you meet your friends in front of the Yankees museum, located at

BY CRAIG HOROWITZ street level along the first-base side of the ballpark.

**A NEW WEST SIDE
YANKEE STADIUM
WITH REAL GRASS ISN'T
A BAD IDEA, AND IT DOESN'T
HAVE TO BANKRUPT
THE CITY—BUT GETTING
IT DONE REQUIRES
SHREWER LEADERSHIP
THAN THE MAYOR
HAS SHOWN SO FAR**

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN
FOR NEW YORK

It's decision time. Should you grab some hot dogs and watch a little batting practice? There's still an hour before the first pitch. Or should you head to the club level, sit down, relax, and have a glass of wine and a real dinner?

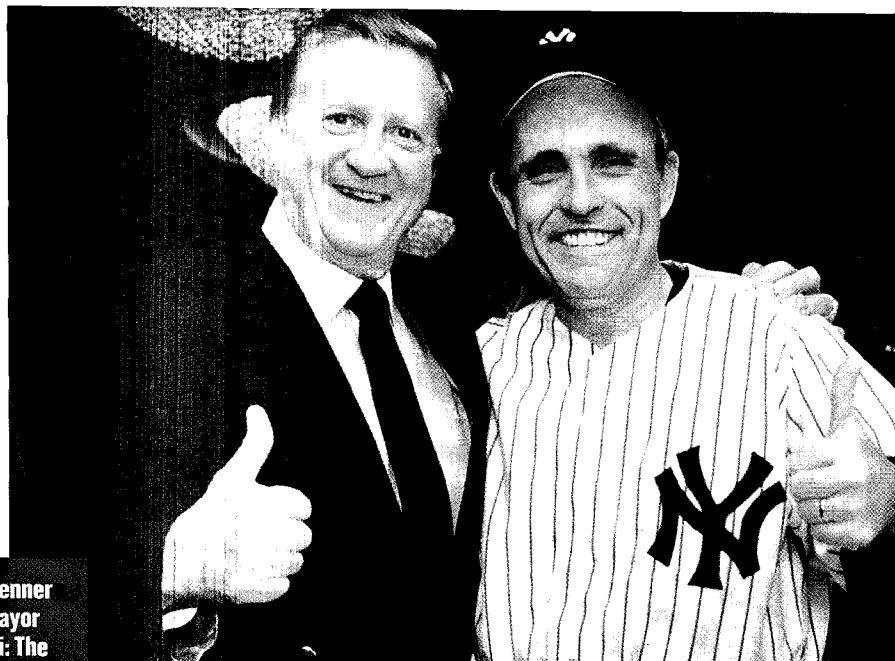
Remembering that the Italian restaurant has huge glass windows that open onto the field, you realize you can have the blackened-shrimp risotto *and* watch a little BP. Just before "The Star-Spangled Banner," you are in your seat. The grounds crew waters the beautifully brushed infield, turning it the color of chocolate. The green, green, perfectly trimmed grass sparkles, framed by the white chalk of the foul lines. As the Yankees take the field and everyone rises for the anthem, you look past the center-field fence at the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, and the rest of the midtown skyline against the darkening sky.

BALLPARK PORNOGRAPHY, YOU say. Maybe, but fantasies such as this one flashed through the minds of many New Yorkers when a new stadium over the MTA's West Side rail yards was proposed. And the best part is that it's actually *possible*, or might have been.

Imagine now that the concept of a new Yankee Stadium on the West Side of Manhattan had been put forward by the mayor and the governor in a clear, cogent way, with an actual strategy. Though the perception is that the mayor has been out front skillfully managing this issue, the reality is quite different. Instead of giving a smooth, clever presentation of the concept, he has rather bafflingly let misinformation, half-truths, and a dry, statistic-laden site planners' report trickle out in dribs and drabs with no attempt to explain it or really sell the idea. The past several weeks have been marked by canceled press conferences and what appeared to be a conspiratorial dinner at Gracie Mansion with the ever-loathsome George Steinbrenner. There has been no effort to present the stadium concept as part of a larger urban vision. "The level of the staff work that's been done on this is an abomination," says one former state-government insider. "This is ineptitude at its highest levels. It really infuriates me."

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, BUILDING A new stadium on the West Side of Manhattan is eminently feasible, and furthermore, it can be done without bankrupting our children. And as baseball players from Reggie Jackson on down have shown, it's possible to outfox George Steinbrenner at the negotiating table. It's even possible to have a field with natural grass, right here in Manhattan. But none of this can come to pass without shrewd strategizing and may-

Steinbrenner and Mayor Giuliani: The mayor hasn't exactly played hard to get. (Right) Yankee Stadium, opening day, 1950.



oral leadership, both of which have thus far been in short supply. Indeed, the stadium issue has been so badly handled that it has led some political and development experts to speculate that Giuliani actually believes he can't keep the Yankees from moving. So, this Machiavellian theory goes, he just puts something out there in an entirely half-hearted way to look like he's trying. Then when Steinbrenner goes to Jersey, the mayor can say, "Hey, what more could I have done? I offered him a billion-dollar ballpark in Manhattan." The more likely explanation, however, given what appears to be the mayor's genuine emotional attachment to the team, is that he's simply blowing it.

The mayor booted his first chance to control the debate. Three days into the new baseball season, on April 3, there was to be a meeting at City Hall to deal with the Yankees situation. Anticipation had been slowly building for weeks, ever since word got out that a study of possible sites for a new stadium was complete and ready to be released. The plan, to the degree they had one, was that Giuliani, state development czar Charles Gargano, and George Steinbrenner would first sit down privately to go over various aspects of the document. Then the men, in a kind of political version of the Three Tenors, would appear together at a press conference, where, in perfect three-part harmony, they would endorse the report's conclusions.

The Yankees' principal owner was so eager to meet with the mayor that he took a midnight flight back from the West Coast on Tuesday, on the eve of the City Hall meeting. But at the last moment, to the complete surprise of both Steinbrenner and Gargano, Giuliani canceled the sit-down. The problem, he blithely told reporters, was that Steinbrenner was in Los

Angeles and unavailable. It was a curious statement, given that it would have been hard for him not to know that Steinbrenner had returned. In fact, *New York* has learned, once the City Hall confab was canceled, the governor's people worked feverishly throughout the day—without success—to arrange a meeting between Gargano and Steinbrenner. What had been an orchestrated effort among the three principals was now unraveling, with the mayor eagerly pulling at the threads.

So the first public presentation of the plan never even took place. With no press conference, the report did not get released, at least not officially. But before the day was over, the mayor began enthusiastically promoting a stadium in Manhattan.

Why Giuliani suddenly bailed on the meeting remained a mystery. Was there discord among his advisers on how to respond to the report? Or was this just one more example of the mayor's inability to share the spotlight? Was he determined to get sole credit for keeping the Yankees in New York? And to be remembered as the mayor who built a sports palace of pharaonic proportions on the West Side?

By the Yankees' home opener the following Tuesday, April 9, the mayor had endorsed a multipurpose stadium with a retractable dome built on a platform over the rail yards between 29th and 33rd Streets and Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues. It was, he said, exactly what the city needed. Imagine: Not just the Yankees but a football team (the Jets?). The Super Bowl. The Final Four. Political conventions.

That night, after sitting through nine innings in swirling snow on opening day, he and Steinbrenner discussed the possibilities for a new ballpark over dinner at Gracie Mansion. With criticism of the project already at a pretty high decibel level—much of it claiming the city was selling out



to the hated Steinbrenner—maybe this was not the best way to go. The only thing the public got to see was news reports showing the taillights of Steinbrenner's limo as he was whisked in and out of Gracie Mansion. It was hard not to view the evening in conspiratorial terms.

At the meeting, *New York* has learned, the mayor did not hedge his bets: The stadium, he told Steinbrenner, would be great for New York. His intent, apparently, was to send a clear pro-sports, pro-business message. This, unfortunately, was not exactly a strong opening position for negotiations, particularly given that the city al-

STEINBRENNER COULD EASILY COVER THE COST OF THE NEW STADIUM IF HE HAS TO; BUT THE MAYOR MUST PLAY HARDBALL WITH HIM.

ready seemed to be backed into a corner and bidding against itself.

Steinbrenner, however, was less forthcoming. The owner made no mention during the evening of what he might be willing to kick in for a new stadium, either in up-front money or projected revenues. But he did get one message of his own across quite clearly. "The mayor came away believing that the possibility of losing the Yankees is not an idle threat," says David Sussman, the team's general counsel. "He knows that the plans that George has seen from New Jersey are real." Governor Pataki, meanwhile, angry

that he was invited to the dinner only at the last minute, declined to attend.

In fact, though state officials were startled at first by Giuliani's unscripted solo performance on the Yankees issue, they appeared quite happy, once he got going, to leave him out onstage by himself. Their quickly ad-libbed strategy meant that Giuliani would take the initial heat. "The mayor has chosen to position himself on a tree limb all alone," says one insider close to the negotiations, "and he is making haste to reach the end of it as fast as he can."

The mayor, in short, hasn't played the game well thus far, though he hasn't lost it. Yet. And the reality remains that a stadium on the West Side has almost no chance of happening without the hardheaded, aggressive support of someone like Giuliani. "This kind of project is a very tough thing to pull off," says one investment banker who's played a key role in many recent stadium deals. "But there is one constant in virtually every successful case. You have to have a key politician who takes the lead and is willing to spend significant political capital to make the project happen."

SO WHAT CASE SHOULD THE MAYOR MAKE? To begin with, there is no disagreement about whether the team needs a new place to play. It does. Even the most vocal critics of a new stadium on Manhattan's West Side agree on this point. Built in 1923 by team owner and beer baron Jacob Ruppert for \$2.2 million, Yankee Stadium got a poorly planned and executed \$100 million face-lift in 1976 (the original cost projection was \$25 million). The stadium is, by almost any measure, obsolete.

In today's marketplace, in which baseball is just one more entertainment option competing for dollars, Yankee Stadium offers little besides the game itself to attract spectators. The newer, successful parks,

like Camden Yards in Baltimore and Coors Field in Denver, have dozens of restaurant options, ranging from white tablecloths and Dom Perignon to more traditional fast food. They have family areas with a variety of amusements, baseball museums, autograph halls, picnic areas, and bright, wide-open concourse spaces filled with souvenir shops and other retail attractions. Yankee Stadium's dark, dank, narrow concourses are 15 feet wide, compared with 40 or 50 feet in the newer parks, and they look and feel sepulchral, like subway tunnels.

It is also true that Yankee Stadium is a relic as a moneymaker. In the ugly economics of today's baseball, a team has essentially five sources of income, or revenue streams, as they are called by sports bankers: television and radio, outdoor advertising, ticket sales, concessions, and parking. The new stadiums produce tens of millions of dollars from features like luxury suites, club seats, and expanded concessions, which simply don't exist in the older ballparks. A new baseball-only stadium on the West Side could, for example, generate \$10 million a year just for the naming rights and outdoor advertising. Club seats, according to a financial analysis by KPMG Peat Marwick, could produce another \$28 million annually; luxury suites, \$18 million.

Opponents of the West Side concept also argue vehemently that a stadium located a few blocks from the Lincoln Tunnel would precipitate, as they like to put it, the world's worst traffic jam. While this sounds right, it doesn't hold up if you look at the proposal and think it through. Right now, only 15 percent of the fans attending a Yankees game arrive by public transportation. Based on their experience with Camden Yards and the other urban ballparks, the planners believe this number could rise to as much as 65 percent if the park were in Manhattan.

For weekday games, most of which are played at night, much of the crowd would already be in town for work. Those who commute by car would already have parked somewhere in the city in the morning. And if the project included a minimal number of parking spaces—even fewer than the 3,000 figure that's currently in the plans—people would be compelled to walk, use mass transit, or park at one of the garages dispersed around the city. There are some 25,000 existing parking spaces within a twenty-minute walk of the site. Penn Station, the Port Authority Bus Terminal, the PATH trains, New Jersey Transit, and the subway are all within a fifteen-minute walk of the rail yards.

There could also be ferries from New Jersey and—though no one, surprisingly, has talked about it—a shuttle from Penn Station to the stadium site. Think about it: The site sits over the LIRR train yards. "It's so obvious, it's ridiculous," says Olympia &

York VP Sandy Frucher, the man who first came up with the idea for a West Side ballpark when he was head of the Battery Park City Authority in the Cuomo administration. "You have the tracks and the tunnels, so all you'd need would be some cars and some schedule juggling. Show me a better transportation hub anywhere."

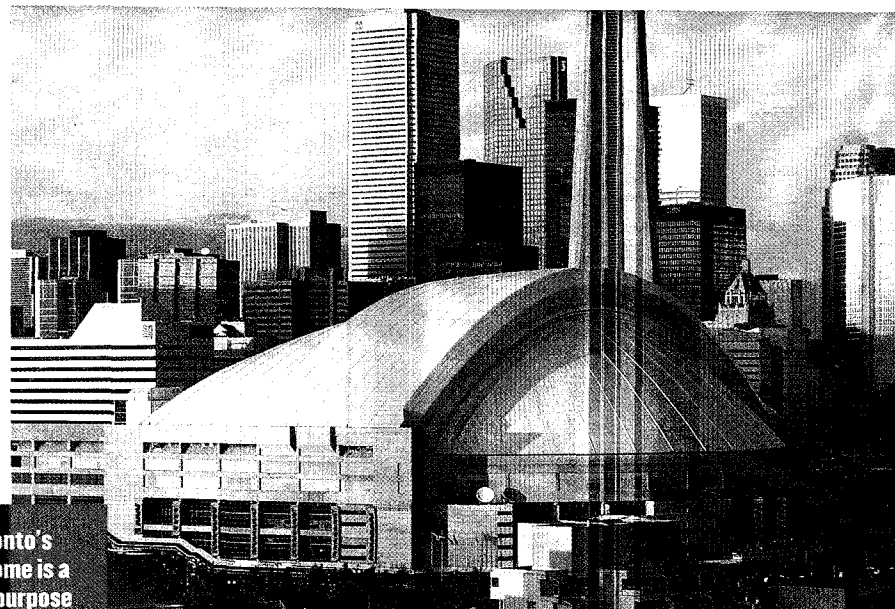
To keep the team in the city, there are essentially three options on the table right now: Renovate Yankee Stadium, perhaps the most storied venue in all of sports, the home of Ruth, Gehrig, DiMaggio, Mantle, Maris, and Jackson. The cost: \$770 million, according to the report prepared by Hellmuth, Obata & Kassabaum (HOK), the architects who designed Camden Yards, Coors Field, and the new Jacobs Field in Cleveland. Option No. 2 is to build a new ballpark across the street from the existing Yankee Stadium at a cost of \$950 million. Both would be open-air, baseball-only facilities.

But to spend this kind of money on a ballpark in the Bronx is the ultimate single-purpose, single-use expenditure. It would create a virtual Yankee bubble, to which people would come for the games and go home, interacting with the neighborhood no more than they do now. The Yankees play 81 home games, most at night, and people essentially want to get in and out as quickly as possible. It's not because the neighborhood isn't safe—it is—but rather because of where the fans come from.

Right now, only 4 percent of those who attend the games are from the Bronx and only 6 percent are from Manhattan. As far as Brooklyn and Queens residents are concerned, the Bronx is simply too tough to get to by public transportation—plus, they have the Mets at Shea. Sixty-two percent of the fans come from New Jersey, Westchester, and the other northern suburbs.

The baseball purists' argument—Yankee Stadium as shrine—is also shaky, since either Bronx choice would obliterate the House That Ruth Built. But even if you *could* mount an overwhelmingly convincing case for the Bronx, it is, in any event, a waste of breath. Though the mayor and the governor and even Steinbrenner himself still publicly mention the Bronx option whenever they discuss the Yankees' future, it is disingenuous lip service, an act of dishonesty. Whether it's unconscionable or not, Steinbrenner's leaving. At a meeting in a downstairs conference room in Gracie Mansion last January, Steinbrenner expressed his true feelings on the subject. When discussing the Bronx options for Yankee Stadium, he flatly said, "You simply can't dress up an old lady." According to one person at the meeting, the mayor, Charles Gargano, John Dyson, Randy Levine, and Tim Delorm of HOK all sat for a

Toronto's Skydome is a multipurpose retractable-roof stadium like the one the mayor wants to build.



moment in stunned silence.

All of which is to say that the only real option for keeping the Yankees from moving across the Hudson—especially now that the city, bidding against itself, has upped the ante for simply staying in the game—is the West Side.

EMOTIONAL ATTACHMENTS TO HALLOWED baseball ground aside, the project's major stumbling block is cost. The HOK report presents two options for the rail yards. A baseball-only park with a retractable roof that would cost \$850 million, or a baseball-and-football stadium with a retractable roof for \$1.1 billion. Camden Yards cost \$110 million (in 1989 dollars) when it was completed four years ago, but that figure does not include either \$173 million for stadium-specific site improvements or the vast investment in infrastructure and waterfront refurbishing—expenses that *are* included in the budgets for the new Yankees stadiums.

A ballpark on the West Side would cost, just for the stadium itself, \$288 million to build. But to put a stadium on this site would require the not insignificant engineering feat of constructing a street-level platform over the train tracks, which sit exposed but below ground level. And the work would all have to be sequenced and done in sections while the rail yards remained in use. This platform would cost \$103 million. Add another \$83 million for the retractable roof and \$87 million for site improvements. Highway improvements would run \$12 million. Fully 30 percent—\$300 million—of the projected total cost is in a contingency-and-inflation allowance.

Financing, of course, is the thorniest issue. While the city has decided to have its own financial study done, the analysis prepared by KPMG to accompany the HOK report projects that a multipurpose stadium on the West Side would generate \$200 million a year in revenue—which sports ex-

perts believe is high. A baseball-only facility would generate \$130 million. The annual debt service would be in the neighborhood of \$80 million to \$90 million.

To give any credence to Giuliani's assertion that the stadium would largely pay its own way, you have to assume that Steinbrenner is willing to sacrifice a substantial portion of the revenue. And then you can also safely assume, I suppose, that Joe Torre will manage the team for the next ten years. "I don't know of any case where the income from a stadium is being used exclusively to retire the debt service," says Janet Marie Smith, vice-president of planning and development for the Atlanta Braves. Before joining the Braves, she held the same position with the Orioles, where she was largely responsible for overseeing the design and construction of Camden Yards.

"In Maryland," Smith says, "you would often read that Oriole Park [Camden Yards] had no taxpayer dollars in it. Well, that's true, except that there's a sports lottery with scratch-off tickets held three times a year that generates the revenue to retire the debt service. In Texas, the new Rangers ballpark in Arlington was financed by an addition of one percent to the sales tax."

Indeed, in virtually every city that has built a new ballpark recently, some kind of creative financing strategy has been developed. "You use things like taxes on car-rental fees, hotel and motel taxes, and, where possible, an addition to the sales tax," says a banker who's participated in many of the recent projects. "You also try to tap self-selecting sectors of the population with sin taxes on beer or cigarettes, or lotteries. In New York, you're somewhat more constrained because many of those taxes are already pretty high."

In the end, it will come down to how skillfully the city and the state can negotiate a deal. "Generally speaking," says the

banker, "these stadium deals are usually hybrid transactions, where you get some money from the team and some from the government. A lot depends on the strength of the bargaining positions. Is the team making money? What is fan and private-sector support like? Does the ownership care about location, the community, and baseball? And, of course, does the owner have a credible offer to go elsewhere?"

Though Steinbrenner seems to have the mayor ready to prostrate himself to keep the Yankees from crossing the Hudson, the Jersey option may not be as good as it looks. To begin with, it's Jersey. And while the Yankees will be the Yankees wherever they play, no location could possibly make Steinbrenner's glands swell with excitement like Manhattan. Besides, despite the Steinbrenner camp's implication, New Jersey has yet to enter the bidding in a meaningful way. "There've been conversations with George Steinbrenner," says New Jersey Sports Authority president Robert Mulcahy III, "but there's a big difference between conversations and negotiations. There have been no negotiations."

SINCE 1990, 21 STADIUMS AND ARENAS HAVE been built around the country. Twelve more are under construction, and there are at least three dozen other cities where teams are clamoring for new venues. It is a building boom that is unparalleled in the history of sports. And it's not limited to cities with creaky old stadiums. In places like Cincinnati, where Riverfront Stadium opened only 26 years ago as a home for both baseball and football, the problem is that the round concrete-and-steel stadiums that were the fashion in the sixties and seventies don't serve either sport well.

In baseball, this design shift has included a renewed appreciation of the older ballparks, epitomized by the neoclassic designs of Camden Yards, Coors Field, Jacobs Field, and Arlington. Each not only looks traditional but has asymmetrical field dimensions and personality quirks like the old parks. "It's more than just nostalgia for nostalgia's sake," says Smith. "It's a real recognition that these parks added a lot to the game itself. You can't separate some of the greatest plays of baseball from the parks where they happened. Willie Mays catching that fly ball over his shoulder could only have happened in the Polo Grounds, with its deep, deep center field."

Despite the experience of other cities, Mayor Giuliani has committed his energies to promoting a dual-sport, multipurpose facility with a retractable roof—the generic, unromantic option. The only existing stadium like this is the Toronto Skydome (built ten years ago for \$578 million), which, with its cold, high-tech look and artificial turf, is the antithesis of the architectural trend in baseball. Though it has been widely reported that the HOK report en-

dorsed this option, the report actually presented it as just one of the possibilities.

The mayor's attachment to this kind of facility is, of course, based on money. He believes that more revenue could be squeezed out of a stadium used for more than just 81 baseball games a year. If it were to have football, concerts, trade shows, conventions, and the like, the mayor might also have an easier time justifying the stadium's civic contribution.

Aside from the fact that this kind of facility would seem to have great potential to be an anachronistic aesthetic blight, the economics are also questionable. "What I have learned so far," says Charles Gargano, in a split with the mayor, "is that often these facilities don't have much use beyond baseball and football. And a Manhattan location would not significantly change this." In fact, the Garden, which has the head start of having 43 Knicks games and 44 Rangers games, still has trouble booking

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MAKING HASTE TO
REACH THE END OF IT
AS FAST AS HE CAN."**

300 nights a year—its break-even point.

Another lesson to be learned from the new, successful ballparks is that aesthetics dramatically enhance the economic impact of these facilities. "Simply building a new stadium does not cause economic growth in an area," says Janet Marie Smith. "If it did, you would have seen hotels and bars and restaurants popping up near Riverfront Stadium in Cincinnati and Three Rivers Stadium in Pittsburgh a long time ago. They're downtown parks.

"What really makes Camden Yards a good urban building," she says, "is that its uses have a life beyond baseball. There is activity there every day of the year. It's a good urban building because there are retail stores, restaurants, fast-food vendors, a baseball museum, and a pedestrian promenade, all at ground level."

AS THIS DEBATE CONTINUES THROUGH THE baseball season, the mayor needs to place the concept of a West Side ballpark in a larger context. His economic and planning staffs must demonstrate that this would be part of a larger urban vision—a vision to develop what is perhaps the last fallow quarter of Manhattan. At a time when the

city's hospital system is literally crumbling and the public schools need an investment of at least \$3 billion just to bring them up to code, there has to be a rationale for building a new ballpark—one that goes beyond the testosterone-driven vanity of trying to keep a legendary baseball team.

His staff should put together a master plan for the West Side that illustrates how the ballpark would be the centerpiece of an economic revitalization that would expand the tax base and benefit the entire city.

Step two should be the endorsement of a baseball-only facility with a grass field. This is what baseball fans all over the country have shown they want, and this is the option that would cost the least. To save still more money, forget about a retractable roof. It's important to be realistic. A multi-use facility would only pirate business from the convention center and the Garden. As for football, neither the Giants nor the Jets are coming back. Both have long-term commitments at the Meadowlands, and both teams will benefit from new luxury suites currently in development there (by HOK, incidentally).

Step three is that the mayor must play hardball with Steinbrenner. It is not 1957. A Yankees migration to Jersey is simply not the equivalent of the Dodgers' leaving Brooklyn for L.A.—emotionally, psychologically, or civically. The best deal for the city is the kind recently put together in San Francisco for the Giants. The team owner pays for the stadium, and the city and state pay for the infrastructure. Steinbrenner could easily cover the \$250 million–\$300 million stadium cost with a portion of the additional revenue from the new ballpark. The franchise, already the most valuable in baseball at \$300 million, would be worth significantly more in a new ballpark in Manhattan. (The Orioles were sold for \$70 million in 1988. Four years later, on the eve of moving into Camden Yards, the team was sold for \$173 million.) To cover its share of the financial burden, the city can establish a tax-increment district that would use the taxes generated by the ballpark and the surrounding growth to help pay for the infrastructure work.

Step four must be a legitimate, workable plan for the adaptive reuse of Yankee Stadium in the Bronx. Otherwise, the Manhattan plan—no matter how good—will be seen by many people as little more than the Bronx's getting screwed one more time. If that happens, people won't forget.

And finally, everyone needs to stop looking at all of the options as ways to make Steinbrenner richer. There are larger issues at stake. Besides, as one person familiar with the project pointed out helpfully, even happily, "George is 67 years old. Statistically, he only has another five years to live. And the Yankees' lease in the Bronx isn't up until 2002."



How Much Is That JACK

PUTTING MOM ON SALE THIS WEEK AT SOTHEBY'S, JFK JR. AND CAROLINE ARE GIVING THE PUBLIC AN OPPORTUNITY TO SET, QUITE LITERALLY, THE PRICE OF MRS. KENNEDY ONASSIS'S FAME. AN INQUISITION INTO PROVENANCE, HYPE, AND VALUE IN THE AGE OF CELEBRITY. BY BARBARA LIPPERT

JACKIE SIXTIES

The former First Lady shows off her provenance in a 1969 photo.

MONARCH BUTTERFLIES

Opposite, eager buyers line up outside Sotheby's for the 1987 Duchess of Windsor auction.

THE

In the Window?

COULD THE SOTHEBY'S SALE OF THE ESTATE of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis be *more* of a pop-cultural, postmodern blowout? Consider just for starters the weird, macabre resonances in selling Lot 358, JFK's Nuclear Test Ban Treaty desk. *Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, bang, sold, thank you very much, sir.* And on to Lot 754: the set of Ben Hogan Power Thrust irons.

This Friday afternoon, after nine sessions and more than 5,000 items have been put on the block, the sale closes with a car (just as fashion shows end with a wedding gown): in this case, Mrs. Onassis's 1992 metallic-dark-green BMW 325i, a vehicle noted in the catalogue for its "sports-car-like handling, with all the creature comforts of a luxury sedan."

Even posthumously, Jackie exerts her contradictory, seductive-yet-ever-first-wifely pull. The Camelot items burnish the memory of her martyred, peace-seeking, golf-playing husband; the final object, the BMW, blends the conflicting symbols of vroom-vroom sex and sedan-like familial good sense.

We've all heard the official justifications for the auction: Pack rat—archivist Jackie had four homes and warehouses full of stuff; the cash-slighted, tax-burdened kids needed to move on with their lives (and, anyway, the important stuff went to the Kennedy Library); an auction was the most democratic way of disbursing the rest.

Still, what a painful public dismantling of the saint's bones. This tchotchke sale is tough to assimilate. As with Elizabeth Kübler-Ross's model of the responses to death and dying, we grieve first. Then there's anger at the sheer vulgarity of a commercial sale, and shock that the possessions of such an aggressively, sincerely private person should end up on the block. We move on to denial—convincing ourselves that this is somehow more respectable than going through the poor woman's underwear drawer—and, finally, to bargaining: Anyone have an extra ticket?

Of course, for months, people in the art world have been rolling their acutely developed eyeballs over what they see as the corny, ordinary, and sometimes even tatty objects in the sale. True to form, they've snobbily recused themselves from the hysterical doings of Jackie's Pier 1.

Equally true to the form of their hushed, awed, and reverent funeral coverage two years ago are the media, ever protective and gallant, writing that she lived a "life that will yield none of its complex secrets to the hoopla of a big

sale" (*The New Yorker*); that she was "in death as she was in life—elusive, always a step beyond her fans" (the *New York Times*); that she remained "an enigma till the end" (*People*). *Au contraire*—much is revealed about Jackie in this sale. And just as interesting is what the sale itself says about the nature of our idolatry and about how the mass market has changed our notions of class.

Andy Warhol of course explored these issues in his art, playing with the boundaries between high- and low-brow, handmade and assembly-line. But Jackie's art was in deftly balancing her roles as a participant in history and an A-list member of the emerging celebrity culture, of which she herself is now an artifact.

Finessing the confusion, the catalogue presents a treasury of privacy. The cover is a creamy blank, like a cloud or a particularly rich Pratesi duvet. It quite literally papers over the layers of irony implicit in the sale, as if choosing any specific Jackie image would seem exploitative or crass. The real draws are not the lots but the never-before-seen photos of the apartment at 1040 Fifth Avenue. These are beyond belief: Eye-poppingly luscious and

"PROVENANCE FROM A DISTINGUISHED GALLERY WAS A WARRANT OF QUALITY, BUT WE'RE SEEING CELEBRITY PROVENANCE OF EVEN UTTERLY INCONSEQUENTIAL PIECES AS A GUARANTEE OF THEIR VALUE."

full of color, painstakingly produced to convey detail. They allow the reader to luxuriate in unadulterated Jackie-osity, to breathe her rarefied Fifth Avenue air. The careful reader can almost scan the titles of her books.

The viewer becomes aware of an eerie vacancy. These pictures (living room, dining room, and foyer) were obviously taken after Jackie had died in the apartment. (The bedroom is discreetly left unshown.) The interiors are styled to look cheerful and inviting, with a cozy fire in the fireplace, flowering quince on the piano, and candles lit in broad daylight. But the empty drawing table—where ladylike paint brushes stand awaiting her hand—seems especially totemic: the behind-closed-doors equivalent of the riderless horse.

"They look like dioramas at the Museum of Natural History for habitats of van-

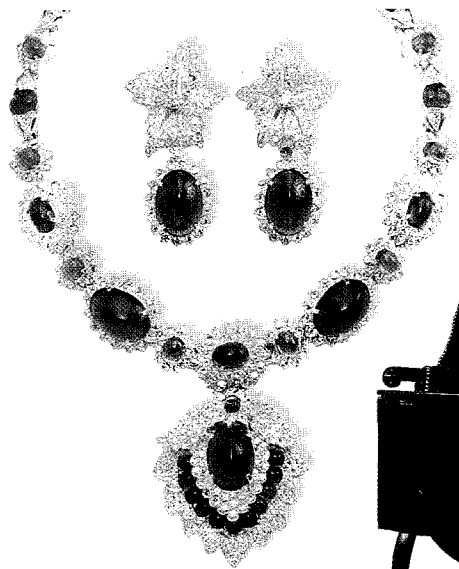
ished species," agrees Yale professor Wayne Koestenbaum, master Jackie deconstructor and author of *Jackie Under My Skin*. "On the one hand," he says, "we can see that she was ordinary. She had a Tensor lamp. But on the other, she was secretly extraordinary. That's a tricky act to keep up, and that's exactly what she did her whole life."

This very Jackie idea of opening and closing, carefully manipulating what's public and private, what to let out and what to keep in, is part of her enigmatic talent, and no small part of the marketing of the sale. She seemed to pass that manipulative gift—of enjoying the publicity she could control—to her children: While Caroline went on Jay Leno in February to promote her book, *The Right to Privacy*, she refuses to discuss certain private matters in interviews; John, known for his hunka-hunka shirtless exhibitionism, has been similarly there but not there in promoting his new magazine venture. And the catalogue stories suggest that beneath the serene blank gaze, under cover, Jackie did knowingly enjoy a form of silent fame-game control.

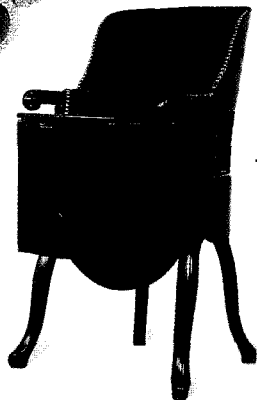
"Jackie had been wearing my jewelry since the middle sixties, often visiting my showroom, where she was like a kid in a candy shop," society *faux* jeweler Kenneth Jay Lane is quoted in the catalogue as saying, offering background on Lot 559. "When one day she asked me to do her a favor, I of course said yes. The 'favor' was to make a near-replica of a wonderful Van Cleef necklace that Ari had given her. I went to tea at 1040, where Jackie had taken it out of the bank to show me. . . . We discussed the price of making the model and Jackie gave a sweet little gasp. I suggested that if she gave permission for me to include the necklace in my collection that we would absorb the model-making cost. With her blessing, I have produced the necklace . . . for the past twenty-five years. . . . One day Jackie said to me in her wonderful whisper, 'Kenny, I saw our necklace again on *Dynasty*.'"

The high-low adventures of Ari's necklace (and matching ear clips, which Lane also copied) don't end there. "Lee [Radziwill] suggested that I remove the drop of the earring and substitute a pearl for the diamond in the center," Lane told me. "And those were the earrings that Barbara Bush wore to the inaugural."

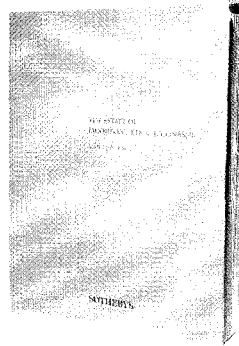
The problem of authenticity—what has value and what is merely a media construct—was all brought into dizzying focus by the Warhol auction in 1988. Still, there's a level of cognitive dissonance in



KENNETH JAY LANE NECKLACE
Simulated diamond and colored stone, with matching earclips. \$1,000–\$1,500.



VICTORIAN HIGH CHAIR
Mahogany, used by John F. Kennedy Jr. in the White House. \$1,500–\$2,000.



CATALOGUE
Paper and ink. \$90.



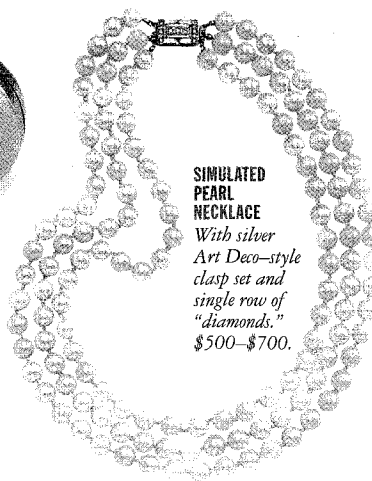
AARON SHIKLER PORTRAIT
Study for official White House portrait, signed by the artist, 1969. \$10,000–\$15,000.



TIFFANY'S TAPEMEASURE
Silver, monogrammed, 25 feet 9 inches. \$500–\$700.



MUGHAL PAINTING
'A Ruler and His Mistress Strolling by a Pool in a Garden Enclosure.' Circa 1800–1810. \$20,000–\$30,000.



SIMULATED PEARL NECKLACE
With silver Art Deco-style clasp set and single row of "diamonds." \$500–\$700.



GOLF CLUBS
Set of MacGregor woods, belonged to John F. Kennedy. \$700–\$900.

this sale that didn't exist in other recent posthumous celebrity sell-offs.

Though Warhol shared Jackie's instinctive understanding of the power of enigmatic presence, he vigorously pursued the idea of sales and commercial success for their own sake. As a collector, he bought everything with the notion that the purchase should increase prodigiously in value.

Jackie certainly wasn't a speculator, nor was she even a collector. Her old friend and sometime front woman Nancy Tuckerman admits as much in her catalogue introduction. "While Jackie had the practiced eye of a collector," she writes, "she did not consider herself one, and she acquired art that pleased her rather than as an investment."

This is why the aesthetes are so dismissive. "She had a lot of Louis XV- and Louis XVI-style furniture," art-market re-

porter Carlos A. Rosas says. "There are a handful of signed period French pieces and a lot of reproductions in the sale."

The lack of a connoisseur's obsessiveness makes the Jackie auction a uniquely fascinating public referendum on her life: Will the simple three-stringed faux pearls and beatniky stone necklaces she wore during the hallowed years—the catalogue brilliantly merchandises those pictures of baby John John playing with the pearls and De Gaulle gawking at the outstanding Bouvier collarbone—be worth more than the big, flashy (and real) rocks she got during the darker, limousine-sunglasses-topless-bikini years with Onassis?

"The good stuff will go for good prices," predicts Bruce Wolmer, editor-in-chief of *Art & Auction* magazine, "and the merely nostalgic will probably go for outlandish prices."

In its own sort of vote, the Sotheby's staff gives the Kenny Jay Lane necklace-and-earrings knockoff (estimate \$1,000–\$1,500) exactly the same space and full-page color photography as the Van Cleef original (Lot 452, estimate \$75,000–\$100,000). Asked why a fake would get such prominent play, Lane responded, "I guess Prince Dimitri of Yugoslavia [a Sotheby's jewelry expert] has a good sense of humor."

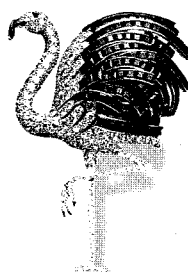
We can safely predict which of the necklaces will fetch a higher price. But elsewhere, the provenance issue gets tricky. Like how much is Jackie aura worth in setting the value of a pair of Liz Claiborne ear clips (Lot 517)? "Provenance has always played an important part in selling art," says *Art & Auction*'s Wolmer. "But whereas in the past, provenance from a distinguished gallery or collector was a warrant of a work's quality, increasingly we're see-

The Simpson Verdict

What the Duchess of Windsor fetched in 1987.



GOOSE-STEPPERS
Edward and Mrs.
Simpson at the
Stork Club.



CARTIER CLIP
Ruby, sapphire,
emerald, citrine,
and diamond;
flamingo design.
\$806,667.

CARTIER
NECKLACE
Emerald and
diamonds.
\$825,000.

HARRY WINSTON PENDANT
Emerald and diamonds.
\$880,000.



ing celebrity provenance of minor and even utterly inconsequential pieces as a guarantee of their value. So associational value replaces real value, and associational value becomes value in itself."

The value issue is further complicated by the fact that the items on sale have been rigorously culled. "Jackie may have had American primitive or American painted furniture in her other houses," Rosas ventures. "That's probably what the kids kept."

Says another furniture dealer, who doesn't want to be identified: "Last summer, I was out in East Hampton and wanted to buy an old truck. So I went to Buzz Chew's Chevrolet/Olds. He shows me this ridiculously deluxe navy-blue 1990 minivan, with incredible leather upholstery and every option and a phone. And it had like 9,000 miles on it. I said I didn't believe the mileage and wanted to call the owner. He said I couldn't call the owner, because she was dead, but that she'd only used it to drive around an island. It wasn't what I wanted, but it turns out it was Jackie's van from the Vineyard, and Caroline had quietly traded it in for a new one."

Still, sorting through the remains, Professor Koestenbaum finds "lots of connections. But just to know that Jackie had a candy dish is helpful. What's amazing is how suggestive the whole apartment is. There's a prurient, wicked underground side to every object here."

Sometimes, not so underground. Jackie's most impressive collection is of Indian prints, particularly nineteenth-century Mughal miniatures (though, again, many are

reproductions or book illustrations). They are amazingly revealing, especially if you believe that people collect images that parallel how they see themselves. "At first glance, the Mughal miniatures have a beauty of color and detail and seem ornamental and decorative," says Michael David, a painter who is familiar with the period. "But underneath the surface, there's sex, power, royalty, and warfare." Just the titles of some of her prints are evocative: *The Child Akbar Wrestling With His Cousin Ibrahim Mirza for Possession of a Drum* (Lot 604); *Princess Entertained*

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by *Two Female Musicians* " (holding a hookah pipe, with her maidservant behind her with a fly whisk)" (Lot 607); and the most phenomenal, an original (Lot 613; estimate \$20,000-\$30,000), *A Ruler and His Mistress Strolling by a Pool in a Garden Enclosure*.

THE AUCTION HOUSES HAVE THEIR EYES ON the next generation of collectors, who are definitely not into ormolu. They're entre-

preneurial media types like Steven Spielberg, Oprah Winfrey, and Bill Gates, who want items that reflect their particular glory. Gates, for example, bypassed the Impressionists (too investment-bankery) for a more Third Wave trophy—Leonardo Da Vinci's *Codex Hammer*—that flattered his own sense of genius and his mission of bringing technology to the masses. (At \$31 million, it wasn't a deal, says manuscript specialist Michael F. Robinson. "It's an engineering manuscript," he says, "with very few illustrations, mostly text about problems with water.")

Sliding down the salary scale, you find that less affluent collectors also want new, more relevant things to buy. "People don't imitate the upper classes the way they used to," says Rosas, the art-market reporter. "French furniture collectors are over 60. Younger people don't have to social-climb the way they once did."

Unless, that is, one of today's upper-class tastemakers tells them to. The Ralph Lauren sale at Sotheby's late last year marked a new level of provenance-related retail-label strangeness: The items up for bid were genuine antiques, but they had been bought and used as *props* in Lauren's showroom and shops. Hence, an overripe eighteenth-century woven Gobelin tapestry of two massive long-horned bulls pulling a cart brimming over with exotic fruit went for an outlandish \$321,500—about five times more than the high estimate. But, you know, it was a Ralph.

Norma Kamali, who had announced her desire to live a minimalist life surrounded only by technology, put her rococo furnishings and portraits of women as huntresses on sale this past February at Christie's East. For *her* major, major celeb auction at Christie's two years ago, Barbra Streisand also talked about getting back to essentials, poignantly adding in her introduction, "I want only two houses, rather than seven." Streisand, of course, had been a true, obsessive collector of Tiffany lamps, Art Nouveau, Shaker, and Arts and Crafts furniture. Furniture groupies and Barbra nuts alike were lined up around the block.

For *Yentl* fans, the fact that Streisand actually had good taste was mere icing on the cake. It's really the whiff of pop culture that excites the mass of new buyers. Which is why Sotheby's has cut a deal with Disney to sell movie memorabilia and is auctioning off cels from "instant classics" like *The Lion King* and *Pocahontas* a mere nine months after theatrical release. (One cel of the babelicious Indian heroine pulled in \$20,000.) Both Sotheby's and Christie's,

meanwhile, are building a substantial market in comic books, baseball cards, toys, dolls, and rock and roll memorabilia.

At the same time, the two London-based houses are using elaborate celebrity-intensive marketing techniques to hook new buyers. Last Christmas, trying to sell its Clement Clarke Moore "Twas the Night Before Christmas" manuscript, Christie's sponsored a "community outreach program," which for Christie's means a party where the public is invited. Patrick Stewart, of *Star Trek* fame, agreed to do a reading of the poem. The collector who ended up buying the manuscript for \$255,500, almost three times the high estimate, was an auction virgin. He reportedly saw an item in his Chicago paper about the TV coverage of the reading.

At the 1995 Rudolf Nureyev sale two years after his death—where his monumental Dakota apartment was re-created in Christie's Park Avenue showroom, and the devoted gathered to worship at his worn, stained ballet shoes—those waiting in the foyer to get into the preview could watch a video segment of Rudy and Miss Piggy dancing "Swine Lake." To mark the occasion, Christie's created a heavy, embossed black shopping bag with a red twine handle. The bag with the beyond-Barneys panache read NUREYEV/JOIN US IN JANUARY/CHRISTIE'S. A year later, this too has become a collectible.

The whole exercise rarely does the deceased proud. What did we learn about the queen of aloneness, Greta Garbo, after her heirs auctioned off her estate at Sotheby's in 1990? "She had good taste and liked a lot of chairs," a Sotheby's furniture expert concluded. Eva Gabor's jewelry was recently auctioned by Christie's in Los Angeles. Sister Zsa Zsa wrote a tasteful introduction, giving Eva her highest praise: "She knew the value of a well-placed stone."

THE JACKIE AUCTION SEEMS TO BE SERIOUSLY trying to ward off the Zsa Zsa effect. Everything here is determinedly high-brow, a silent repudiation of the Gabor sisters and their jolly diamond lust. But the collection definitely reinforces Jackie's imperial leanings. Supporting documents for the much-reproduced Aaron Shikler portrait describe Jackie as an "ethereal woman of almost mythological dimensions" (revenge of the ten-foot-tall Stepford ghost wife is more like it). Another drawing, reportedly given to her by longtime companion and estate executor Maurice Tempelsman, is grandly titled *The Empress Eugenie Visiting the Baths of the Imperial Palace of Ciragan*.

This is a more muted monarchism than that of the hyper-groomed, mad-for-dazzlers Duchess of Windsor, the subject of

that other great dead-celebrity sale at Sotheby's, in 1987. Unlike Jackie, Wallis Simpson truly was the sum of her jewels. The Windsor catalogue featured several dramatic Cecil Beaton photos of the duchess posing with her favorite baubles, a sharp contrast to the single paparazzo shot the auction house was able to find of Jackie wearing her major engagement present from Ari, the 40-carat Lesotho diamond. In the photo, Jackie is shown emerging from dinner at La Côte Basque, carefully keeping the marquise-shaped rock facing downward, in order, one imagines, not to knock anyone's eye out.

What this auction does share with the Duchess of Windsor's is absurdly low estimates. The duchess's sale brought five and ten times the prices predicted, as will Jackie's. "That's exactly what an auction is for," says David Redden, senior vice-president at Sotheby's, "—to determine the value." With the duchess, the draw was the us-against-them, greatest-love-story-of-the-century inscriptions. By comparison, Jackie was an intellectual (and a democrat), and the line of her admirers seemed to

to get back into her good graces). The French photographer Marc Riboud inscribed his book *"Pour Jacky"* and became perhaps the only gift-giver on earth at the time who couldn't spell her name right. A simple Italian silver cigarette box is signed, *"Affectueusement, Benno."*

"THAT'S SOME KIND OF DIFFERENT-LOOKIN' ruby!" Larry King is live from Gotham, where he is getting a preview of the top lots in the auction. Diana Brooks, the hyper-energetic CEO of Sotheby's (who looks like Christie Whitman by way of Nancy Kissinger), has arrived with a staff that is gingerly handling Jack's putters and Jackie's saddle. Sotheby's is using King the same way Perot did—to get an hour of unfiltered TV time. And King is clearly up to the promotional task, except that he seems incapable of understanding the abstract notion of *collecting*. He excitedly grabs each piece and asks his guests, "Would you wear that?"

What comes through, in fact, is unfiltered: how viscerally cruel it was for Caroline and John to auction off their mom as Home Shopping Network fodder. In

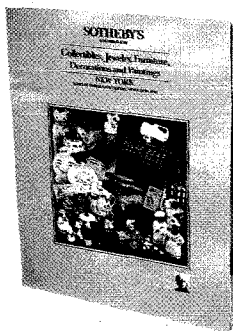
Blue-Chip Andy

*The wonders of Warhol
auctioned at Sotheby's, 1988.*

ARTIST
Warhol
in 1986.



JOSEPH WHITING
STOCK PAINTING
*'Two Little Girls
With Red Dresses
and White
Pantaloons.'*
\$82,250.

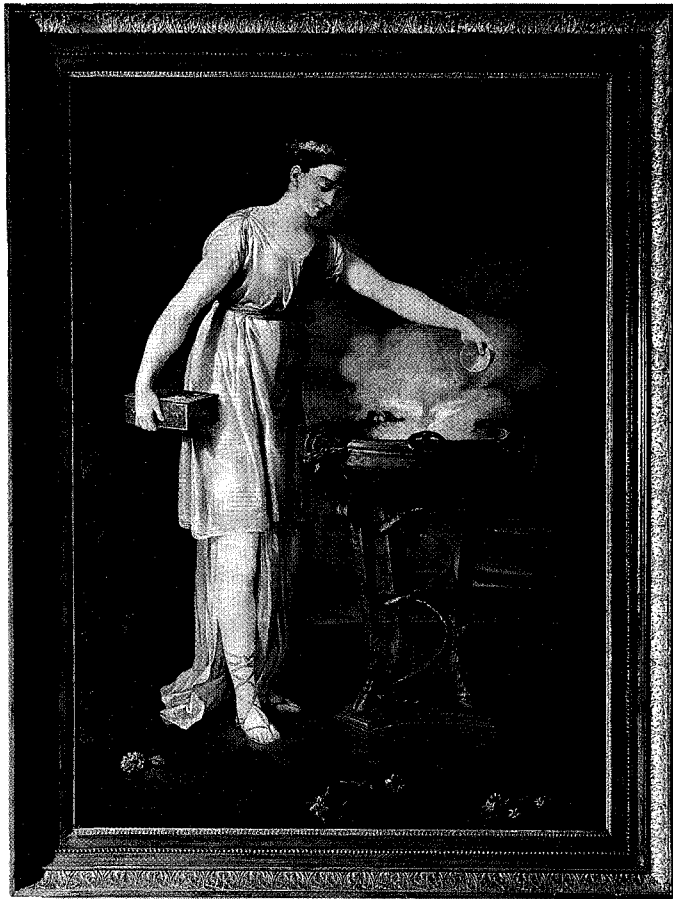


COOKIE JAR
*Sold as a group
of four. Approx.
\$12,000.*



stretch all the way to Newport. To judge by the many inscribed books in the sale, male writers everywhere fawned over her. Robert Lowell and Joe Alsop expressed profound love. The others all had enormous admiration. A few of the groveling authors will be surprised to see their inscribed gifts become so public (especially the guy who signed "From Her Man of La Mancha" and Norman Mailer, whose inscription is evidently a strenuous effort

the Kübler-Ross progression, the step before acceptance is depression. Sotheby's has gussied up and marketed the stuff, and given it a wall-to-wall Kennedy shell-lacking. But the sell is a lie: This is not history. The items here are too random and beside-the-point to matter in any grandly canonical way. But the bride is stripped bare nonetheless—by her children, even. And what's left is more than we needed to know.



**AN UNSIGNED PAINTING
OF A NYMPHET**

*Sotbeby's passed, but
Christie's identified it
as the work of a minor
old master.*



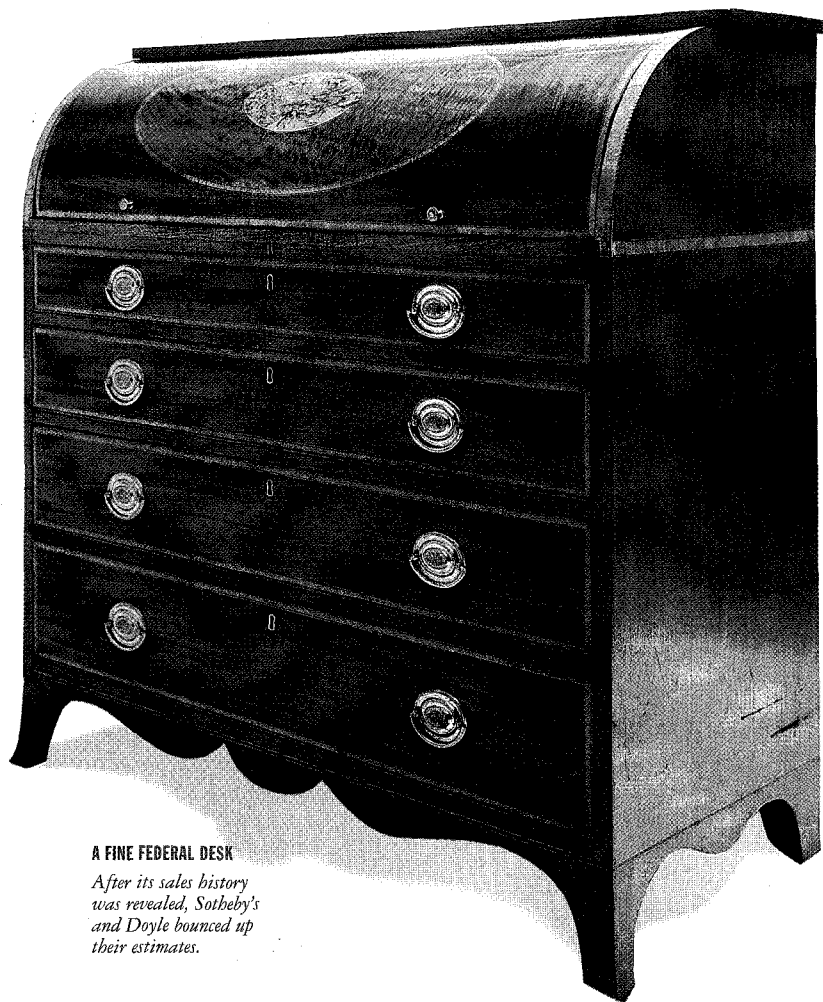
THE SAPPHIRE-BEAD NECKLACE

*William Doyle's expert
dismissed the beads as
quartz; Christie's wanted
it for a June sale.*

Let's Make

ADE

EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT RICH OR FAMOUS (OR A KENNEDY), THE AUCTION
FOR SOME OF YOUR OLD STUFF. HOW MUCH? AN UNDERCOVER TEST
GALLERIES PROVES THAT DETERMINING AN OBJECT'S VALUE IS A HIGH



A FINE FEDERAL DESK

After its sales history was revealed, Sotheby's and Doyle bounced up their estimates.

AL

USES BRAG THAT THEY CAN GET BIG MONEY
RISTIE'S, SOTHEBY'S, AND WILLIAM DOYLE
EXACT SCIENCE. BY CAROL PRISANT

WHEN THE EMINENT COLLECTOR FINALLY dies (or so the story goes), the gentlemen from Christie's are down at graveside, murmuring condolences in the widow's ear. But the Sotheby's people are already up at the house. If you're Mrs. Onassis, of course, important details like exact period can take a backseat to provenance. Cultivated scavengers from Sotheby's, Christie's, and William Doyle galleries (their American cousin) will alight among your heirs and urbanely claw one another's pin-stripe suits to tatters for the right to market your mundane horse pictures and tasteful dregs—your tape measures and imitation pearls. The rest of us? What have we got that the lockjaws could possibly want?

Despite their penchant for Jackie/Andy/Barbra sales and their preference for dead consignors (who won't call to complain), the auction houses need "privates" like you and me to provide quantities of fresh, continuous grist. Dealers dumping unsold inventory and big-name collectors quietly going bankrupt or expensively divorcing don't fill those catalogues by themselves. No, New York's reputation as Auction Central rests, to a surprising degree, on the ability of the galleries to scare up Granny's Chippendale chairs and hand-me-down jewels from the general public. They, of course, get that 10 to 15 percent commission on our consignments, and we get (1) our names in a swanky catalogue—better than the Social Register these days; (2) all those dealers and collectors fighting over our suddenly pricey possessions; (3) money.

And, finally, the satisfaction of knowing, at last, if the yellowish stone that languished all those years in the safe-deposit box is really a canary diamond, or if the street-find seascape is actually the Turner we've known it was all along.

Is that expecting too much?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO MOSTO
FOR NEW YORK

The latest New York *Times* ad from Christie's reads: "Are you looking \$10,000 right in the eye? Christie's East experts can tell you." But the person who picked off the major Windsor chair for a song at Christie's East in January and resold it later for triple the price begs to differ. And the lady in the old T-shirt and running shoes whose rare Russian silver candlesticks almost got dumped into the Arcade sales at Sotheby's would advise you to talk to a lot of people before you sign that consignor's agreement.

To find out just how good the galleries are, I took three types of auctionable objects to Christie's, Sotheby's, and William Doyle—an old, interesting painting; a sapphire-bead necklace with a deceptive clasp; and a circa-1800 American desk—to assay their expertise. Now, depending on one's clothes and how knowledgeable one is, these galleries can be priggish. It shouldn't actually matter, of course, whether they like your Reeboks, only that they can convert an accurate identification into an accurate estimate. I decided to play dumb and dress well; no point in savaging their illusions and my ego both.

I approached the three big houses first with the unsigned painting of a rosy young thing in a toga. Victorian? Belgian? Scandinavian? Not American, surely. I was mystified, but it had to have been worth the \$3,000 paid for it at a Reading, Pennsylvania, auction in 1991. Anyhow, it was huge, 53 inches by 38 inches plus frame, so I couldn't exactly jump in a cab with it. Instead, I took some snaps and mailed them off to each gallery's European paintings department, along with a description.

My first, almost immediate, response came from Alan Fausel, director of the paintings department at William Doyle. His gallery, he wrote, would be pleased to hear from me about possibly consigning my painting for auction, and identified it, with confident fuzziness, as "French or Italian School, 19th Century." It should sell, he said, for "\$5,000–\$7,000." (Auction houses love these waffly ballpark figures. Printed in their catalogues as general guidelines for buyers, these estimates seem to be appraisals but are inevitably too low—as in the case of this week's Jackie auction—or high. Do real-estate brokers advertise apartments at \$400,000 to \$500,000?) Doyle's estimate was spot-on for mediocre decorative paintings (trade term: "wallpaper") but overlooked the extra commercial zip that depictions of nubile young women usually enjoy, placing this one in much the same price category, for example, as paintings of hounds disem-

boweling boars. On a scale of one to ten (thousand), she should have been at least a seven to nine.

It was disappointing, but nothing compared to the form letter I next received from Benjamin Doller, senior vice-president for nineteenth-century paintings, drawings, and sculpture, at Sotheby's. "Thank you for contacting Sotheby's regarding your work which you are considering for sale at auction. Unfortunately, we are unable to include your painting in a sale at Sotheby's. We have established a minimum consignment value of \$5,000 for works of art in 19th Century European Paintings and Sculpture auctions because of the expenses of administration, storage, and shipping. The value of your painting, regrettably, falls below the minimum consignment value. We suggest you look into selling your work locally." The kiss of death—not even good enough for the Arcade. Still, one had to be grateful for that "regrettably." One month later, Christie's

THE DESK WAS PURCHASED AT
CHRISTIE'S IN 1987 FOR
\$14,300. BUT NOW, THE EXPERTS
THERE ONLY WANTED TO SELL IT
AT CHRISTIE'S EAST, WITH AN
ESTIMATE OF \$2,000 TO \$3,000.

checked in. Sarah Lidsey, an assistant vice-president in old-master paintings, wrote with the riveting and instantly believable information that the painting was the work of a minor old master, Joseph-Marie Vien (1716–1809). It "is one of several versions of a painting" he'd submitted to the French Academy in 1763. "Although it shows a Priestess burning incense in a tripod," she went on, "it was actually a symbolic painting forming one of a set of the Four Seasons. Your painting represents 'Winter.'" Lending scholarly weight were the attached copies of both a monograph on Vien's work and photocopies of the other two versions. But her eventual firsthand inspection revealed conditional problems, so she dropped her first estimate of \$50,000 to \$70,000 to . . . \$40,000 to \$60,000. But hey, I'm easy.

IT SEEMS UNFAIR, THOUGH, TO EXPECT THE specialists to authenticate and appraise from a photo. The best route, if the objects are small enough, is to trundle them in yourself, as I did with the necklace.

First, I had to bluff my way past the chirpy prep-school types who man the phones—people whose inbred sense of self-worth and habit of inflecting every sentence into a question make strong women weep. I was given a jewelry quiz. "It has blue beads," I told each self-important voice, "with diamonds, rubies, and an elaborate clasp." And I passed. They'd see me. Now would they pass, too? For trickier than any ho-hum diamond, my handsome necklace had been borrowed from one of New York's finest gem dealers, because its carved chalcedony (blue agate) cameo clasp had been several times mistaken for carved sapphire, and though the beads themselves were sapphire (worth, thought the dealer, \$10,000 to \$12,000), had the clasp been precious and not semiprecious, \$40,000 to \$50,000 would be fair. Carved sapphires, it seems, are as rare as unhyphenated auction estimates.

The "jewelry department" at Doyle was disconcerting. Expert Berj Zavarian is only in residence on Tuesdays and Thursdays. On other days, potential consignors must trek to his shop on 45th Street, a grimy room surrounded by dog-eared signs (YOU WANT IT WHEN?), randomly displayed broken mountings, crude shell cameos, and bits of modern jade. Zavarian, a wary man in work clothes with a magnifier on his brow, turned off a whiny machine and offered me a seat. Taking the necklace, he turned it over a few times, louped it, and

scratched a few notes on a pad. Carrying it to the window, he peered at it again, then handed it back disdainfully. "It's nothing," he said. "Big quartz beads, that's all. The whole thing's new, made in the last 30 to 40 years. Too heavy to sell well. Just big quartz beads, worth maybe \$2,000 to \$3,000." Nothing in writing, either, so I took the humbled beads over to Sotheby's, where the well-hidden jewelry department on the third floor offers walk-in hours. Buzzed into an inner sanctum, I was led into a large "viewing room," one glass wall of which overlooked a sluggish auction taking place on the floor below. After musing aloud that the proffered necklace might be chalcedony beads, the well-coached trainee pointed to some reading material—Sotheby's catalogues—asked me to wait, and bore it away to be properly vetted by invisible, seasoned experts. But who wanted to read, when, through the open door of the room next to mine, I could overhear a fascinating conversation between a Sotheby's expert and a potential consignor whose name was clearly mentioned several times

concerning the sale of her father's (\$750,000 to \$1 million) pearls? Far too soon, my guide reappeared to inform me that the department would be happy to include the necklace in their June sale of important jewelry and to hand me a "preliminary estimate form," describing "one chalcedony (?) ruby and diamond choker necklace + sapphire beads. 4-6,000." A definite improvement over Doyle's opinion, but still a lowball, according to my dealer.

Finally, to Christie's, where I was seen by jewelry-department assistant vice-president Dianne Lewis, who carried a loupe, a diamond gauge, a copy of the latest *Rapaport's Diamond Report*, a gold scale, and a calculator—ready, obviously, for really hard-core *bijouterie*. Examining mine, she identified the sapphire beads and chalcedony clasp right away. "This work is beautiful," she said. "Its weight and style are just right for today's market." Estimate, \$15,000 to \$20,000 (though her own in-

days, I got a surprising follow-up call from a Christie's senior director and rain-maker in American Collections, Dean Failey, assuring me that he longed for this desk, and hoped to see it soon, at my convenience. Susan Kleckner from American Furniture duly arrived, flashlight in hand, and winkled out the foot flaw instantly. Very reluctantly, then, and with protracted courteous apologies, she dropped the estimate to \$2,000 to \$3,000. Moreover, she would only sell it at Christie's East, despite (I played my trump card now) its having been originally sold at the Park Avenue branch in 1987 with an estimate of \$7,000 to \$10,000, and those same unfortunate feet. Overreacting to the repair, Kleckner really dug in: "The American market has dropped in the nineties." Alas, although auction houses usually have trouble filling their June Americana sales, they'd seemingly rather go deskless than take on problematic individual items.

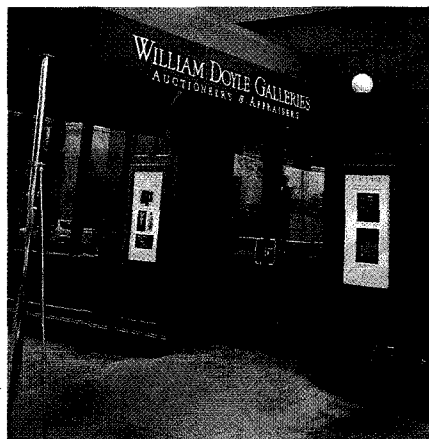
In the meantime, from Doyle and

want to eliminate potential customers by evaluating too high" (though the piece was nice enough that it might go over estimate, anyhow). Thoughtfully, he sent me a copy of Sotheby's vendor-commission rates. The next day, I leaned on Sotheby's and Doyle, quoting chapter and verse of the desk's sales history. And both, without a quibble, nicely bounced it up to \$7,000 to \$10,000.

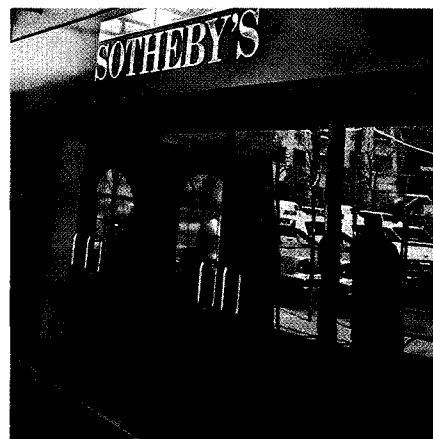
So how good are they? Three inquiries actually elicited fourteen different estimates, if you count the revisions. Did Sinatra get this kind of scrutiny when he auctioned his mailbox at Christie's in December? Well, everything depends, seemingly, on individual departmental strengths, and on who happens to read your letter or look at your submission, and on how much you volunteer about what you've asked the galleries to flog. If they market your stuff badly, dumping it into some carelessly displayed, poorly catalogued low-end sale (as Christie's might have done with the desk),



CHRISTIE'S: Not fooled by the necklace clasp.



WILLIAM DOYLE: Fudged on the painting.



SOTHEBY'S: Wasn't happy when Christie's was mentioned.

visible higher authorities knocked it down to \$10,000 to \$15,000 five minutes later). All this she wrote on the back of her card, along with a suggested reserve of \$10,000 (the pre-agreed-upon number below which it wouldn't be sold). She'd love to have it for June, she said. Impressive.

The last red herring of my fishing expedition was an inlaid cylinder-top desk, made in Baltimore circa 1800 and actually purchased at Christie's in 1987 for \$14,300 (estimate, \$7,000 to \$10,000). Its only flaw, mentioned in the Christie's catalogue and truly significant in antique furniture, was its restored feet. I mailed photos and a brief description (no mention of feet) to the three galleries and waited.

Two weeks later, Margot D. Rosenberg, assistant vice-president of American decorative arts at Christie's, wrote, identifying the desk correctly and estimating that it would sell for \$10,000 to \$15,000. Great, though there was no mention of their having sold it previously. Within

Sotheby's, silence. I first dialed Doyle. An appraiser who didn't identify herself dug out my photo and suggested selling the desk for \$2,000 to \$4,000, but my request for written confirmation made her anxious: "This certainly doesn't constitute an appraisal and absolutely couldn't be used for one." Furthermore, "nothing is valid until we see the piece." But she didn't ask to see it, and neither did Sotheby's John Nye, a senior cataloguer who correctly (and flatteringly) wrote back that it was a "Fine Federal Inlaid Mahogany Cylinder-Front Desk, Baltimore, Maryland, Circa 1795 \$5,000-7,000+." When John Nye later phoned, I let slip that I'd talked to Christie's, which sat him up straight. "What was their estimate?" he demanded, guessing accurately that the sight-unseen estimate doubled his own. Rolling out his own explanatory guns, he fired away: He "wouldn't attempt to match the estimates of the competition," and in general the firm "didn't

you're left having to hope for two competing, very sharp-eyed buyers to be in the room to bid each other up. And who's got the best team of experts? Auction-house staffs play musical chairs. Here today and there (or even an independent dealer) tomorrow.

But I didn't play this game out, as you really can't know what something's "worth" until it sells. And the real bottom line will always depend on whether they've put your possessions in a good sale at an optimum time in the auction season with someone who wants them in the room at the very moment they go on the block. At the fall of the hammer, after all, it's those buyers—moneyed collectors, clever dealers, sharp investors, acquisitive curators, and auction-world small-fry (like you and me)—who do the real evaluating. So, Sotheby's says three Jackie throw pillows will bring \$50 to \$100. Want to see feathers turn to gold? What's your bid?

Big Time



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ne

The movie was a joke on grown-ups. The new musical gets kids where they live. How 'Big' put its best foot forward. By Randall Short

INSIDE THE STAGE DOOR OF THE SHUBERT THEATRE, where the new musical *Big* has just begun five frenzied days of technical rehearsals before its first preview, a handmade sign scrawled in Magic Marker points up the stairs to dressing rooms: ADULTS, it says, and BIG KIDS. This, frankly, seems redundant. Backstage atmosphere at Broadway musicals usually hews to a predictable pattern: smoking cigarettes, calling agents, wondering how many Academy voters actually saw Mel Gibson in *Braveheart*, talking about the next job. Here, the tone is closer to recess.

Jon Cypher, perhaps best known as the blow-hard police chief on *Hill Street Blues*, is holding a can of spray string and looking for a toy figure called a Galacticon.

A dancer leaps up onto the giant piano keyboard in front of a scene set in FAO Schwarz, singing an excited high note composer David Shire has just given her to pitch the exuberant

At left, Enrico Rodriguez (center) and ensemble throw themselves into the number "Cross the Line." Below, Brandon Espinoza (left) and Graham Bowen horse around; Lizzy Mack takes a good look in the mirror.

Photographs: left, Joan Marcus/Carol Rosegg; bottom right, Nina Berman/Sipa (2).



moment a little higher. She gets it out, then collapses, giggling wildly. A representative of the Broadway Show League wanders about with a clipboard, signing up people for softball. The actual children milling around—eleven of them—seem remarkably tolerant of their older colleagues, perhaps sensing the special problems and challenges that go with being an adult.

A voice cries out from the house: "Where's our big blue ball?"

Pause.

"Where's our clown?"

It is deep, resonant. Plaintive.

IT'S THE RARE SHOW WHOSE THEME IS PERFECTLY expressed behind the scenes (one doubts whether the cast of *Beauty and the Beast* went around pre-opening in real empathy with the concerns of table flatware), but *Big* is the exception to the rule.

According to Nietzsche, artistic maturity depends upon recovering as an adult the character of a child at play. Judging from the enthusiastic offstage involvement with paper airplanes, hula hoops, and Barbie Dolls by many largish persons who had to file tax returns last week, Nietzsche—although never a guiding spirit of Broadway musical comedy on the order of, say, the late E. Y. "Yip" Harburg—may have been onto something. And maybe more for this season than most.

Opening at the Shubert this Sunday, *Big* is a musical adaptation of the 1988 hit movie starring Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old boy who, after his wish for a grown-up body is magically granted, learns that adulthood isn't all it's cracked up to be. With groundbreaking ingenuity, it caps a season in which contemporary youth culture has returned to the musical stage with a vengeance—notably, with *Bring in 'da Noise*, *Bring in 'da Funk*, which rescues tap dancing from its outworn bondage to Art Deco notions of glamour, and *Rent*, the rock update of *La Bohème* that won the Pulitzer Prize for drama two weeks ago.

Those shows, however, are performed by young adults—recognizable inhabitants of the planet occupied by their mostly older audiences. *Big* goes further. Along with the show's writers, director Mike Ockrent and choreographer Susan Stroman are attempting a more radical act of imagination: putting aside stock-in-trade showbiz cleverness for a venture into minds on the cusp of adolescence—when adults and children seem to each other most like unrelated species, sharing only opposable thumbs and the occasion-

al bathroom—without succumbing to condescension or sentimentality. ("You can't talk down to anyone who lives in an urban world," says Richard Maltby Jr., the show's lyricist.)

Big, the movie, was a wry comedy for adults, a joke on grown-up posturing. *Big*, the musical, puts kids and adults together onstage to address, through a running theme of mutual incomprehension punctuated by occasional moments of shared feeling, the theme of time passing—what Maltby calls "the story at the heart of the story."

To reach the audience's emotions, the show requires a special degree of faithfulness to the way real 12-year-old kids act these days; *Peter Pan*-style cuteness would fall pretty flat in a New Jersey shopping mall. After learning some pain-

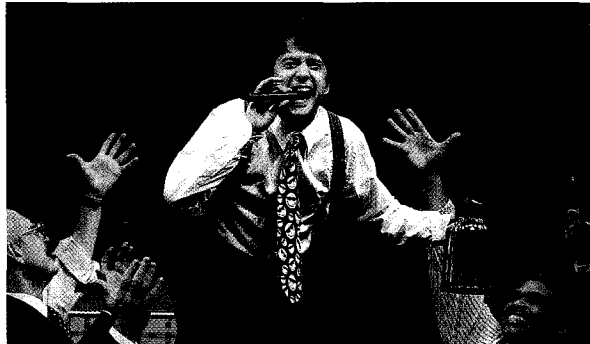
tend to be trotted onstage in the midst of a standard romantic or comic setup for what amounts to specialty acts and set dressing. The superb revival of *The King and I* currently down the street at the Neil Simon presents an especially vivid example of that convention. In *Big*, by contrast, the youthful supporting cast sets the tone of the entire show.

In long conversations with Levis, Maltby deepened his understanding of the sorts of things that occupy young minds; Shire spent afternoons hanging out at Tower Records in the company of his rock-band-manager son. It is choreographer Susan Stroman, though, who's given the show its distinctive style. "When I was first hired, I didn't know how dance would fit in," she says. "Contemporary pop dance doesn't have a lot of drama, so

I decided at the start to make it 'behavioral,' using whatever would work to illustrate the sensual group feeling the kids share."

Taking her initial cue from a two-day workshop with a crowd of young dancers last August—and following up with on-the-ground field research in the shopping malls of Delaware and New Jersey—Stroman invented for *Big* a character-based vocabulary of movement that uses moves from hip-hop, "signal" dancing (passing along handshakes, waves, and finger snaps in kid-tribal rhythm), and mall goofing to create a whirlwind of almost constant movement that treats the ensemble of eleven 11- to 14-year-old performers as a single running, jumping, skateboarding character. It's as audacious an innovation as giving slum kids classical-ballet moves, as Jerome Robbins did in *West Side Story*, and the creative license isn't lost on her young charges. "At first, they treated me like a dancing teacher," says Stroman. "Now they come to me and make suggestions."

Kids have a short shelf life in show business, and especially in this production, in which the transitional ages (twelveish, thirteenish) required by the story gives the young performers not much more than a year before heights spurt and voices crack. It's an offstage reinforcement of one of *Big*'s themes—the *tempus fugit* motif that gives the musical its more melancholy undertones. After the first round of auditions last fall, Shire recalls, he was going down in the elevator at the show's downtown rehearsal space and heard a woman saying to her young son: "You did okay. Now just don't grow for a while." The adults in the elevator smiled, sort of.



Daniel Jenkins, above, as Josh, all grown-up; below, the cast stomps out a melody on a megakeyboard in the FAO Schwarz scene.

ful lessons during February's out-of-town tryouts in Detroit, where they were lambasted by the local critics for "bland, prosaic" lyrics set to "generic" tunes, its creators—Maltby, Shire, and writer John Weidman—have spent the past month focusing *Big* more closely on the emotional progress of its central character, Josh (played by 13-year-old Patrick Levis and by 33-year-old Daniel Jenkins). In the process, they have turned it into what may be one of the most authentically kid-driven shows ever seen on Broadway.

That's less common than it might sound at first hearing. Even in the classic musicals of Broadway tradition—*Oliver*, *Annie* (which is to have its twentieth-anniversary Broadway revival next April)—children

THE NAKED TRUTH.

All pasta tastes good. Thanks to the sauce. As a matter of fact, many brands of pasta get compliments without deserving them, thanks to the sauce. A well made sauce manages to cover up some of the defects of mediocre brands of pasta, such as the loss of the natural flavor of the wheat due to an inferior pasta-making process. That's why De Cecco makes a humble suggestion to all pasta lovers, inviting you to take a naked test. Just take some different brands of pasta and cook each one in a different pot, if possible all at the same time. (If you are using spaghetti, follow the directions on the

package for cooking time. Then drain.) Serve each brand of pasta in its own dish. Add just a little bit of extra virgin olive oil and taste. You'll be surprised by the differences in taste from one brand of pasta to another. You'll probably discover, after years of eating pasta, the true taste of pasta of superior quality. A taste that sauces have kept hidden from you. And you'll discover the difference between pasta that cooks evenly and pasta that is undercooked one minute, then dramatically overcooked a short time later. De Cecco invites you to take the naked test. So you can discover the naked truth.



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...The rest is just pasta.

WHY IS DAVID O. RUSSELL, THE WRITER-DIRECTOR of the smart and hilarious *Flirting With Disaster*, trying to outwit a security guard at the Met? There's a short answer: Russell wants to visit the museum's roof garden, where he wrote some of the movie's deliciously loopy dialogue, and the guard is stonily repeating, "The roof doesn't open until May 1."

With Russell, however, short answers are beside the point. The fun, in life as in *Flirting*, is in the digressions.

"I was going to tell him you were visiting from France and this was your one opportunity to see the roof," Russell tells me, gigglingly admitting defeat and impulsively deciding to go to the Cooper-Hewitt instead. "Being a creative liar, you're on your way to being a good storyteller. As a kid, I used to come in from Larchmont and scam my way into NBC. I once went to the American Booksellers Association convention—my dad was a vice-president for Simon & Schuster—with a nametag that said JOHN STEINBECK III. People were so happy to meet me! One of my first big lies was at show-and-tell in second grade. I was in love with *Hullabaloo*—the swingin' sixties TV dance-rock party—and I desperately wanted an older brother. So I went in front of my class and told them that I'd been to *Hullabaloo* with my family and we watched my older brother, who was one of the *Hullabaloo* Dancers. Then I demonstrated the Pony. My teacher just looked at me and said—he puts on a disgusted-adult voice—"Yeah, that's very nice."

Sex, deception, family-inspired neuroses—all of Russell's artistic themes, right there in one catchy anecdote. Not that Russell, 37, stops moving long enough to permit instant analysis. Dressed in a style he calls "white home-boy"—red-and-black-plaid flannel shirt-jacket, baggy black jeans with aggressive yellow stitching—Russell is heading full-speed for the exit at the Met when he pivots on his shiny black work boots and swerves into 19th Century European Paintings. A woman passes, several dozen guided-tour cassette players slung over her shoulders. "She's really gonna get smart today!" Russell cackles.

Where were we? Right: *Flirting With Disaster*, Russell's story of a mild-mannered entomologist (Ben Stiller) who can't bring himself to name his infant son or have sex with his fetching wife (Patricia Arquette) until he completes a manic cross-country

BY CHRIS SMITH

search for his biological parents, with the help of a leggy, incompetent adoption counselor (Téa Leoni), the interference of his hectoring hyper-New Yorky adoptive parents (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore), and—

"Mary Tyler Moore was on *Letterman*," Russell says. "And he's such a curmudgeonly bastard, but he gave our film a ringing endorsement, which is the one that I hooted for, because that's like getting blood from a stone! He doesn't even show clips, and he showed a clip! But he's the new Dave—new set, new haircut. Which reminds me, I called Warren Beatty two days ago, at nine o'clock at night, and they said he was 'getting a haircut.'" Russell lowers his voice conspiratorially. "Do you think that's code for something?"

Flirting could easily have been a mess. Russell's gift for the clever detour—honed through fifteen drafts of the script—recon-

ciles circumcision jokes, beach-volleyball-babe twins, and Ronald Reagan blotter acid into sharp farce (and \$7 million at the art-house box office in three weeks). Disney and Miramax contributed, too, using focus groups to nudge Russell into adding an explanatory opening scene. Did Russell feel compromised—

"I was a waiter in all these buildings," he interrupts, dashing north on Fifth Avenue. "I was a bartender in Jacqueline Kennedy's place. That's where I met Mike Nichols. Of course, he'll never remember that I handed him a drink."

Russell had fallen in love with film as a teenager, watching *Taxi Driver*, *Chinatown*, and *Shampoo* over and over again for free, courtesy of a girlfriend with relatives in the movie business. After graduating from Amherst in 1981, Russell's "John Reed period" as an unreconstructed lefty activist took him to Nicaragua to teach in a Sandinista literacy program. At 28, in a radical shift of careers and social milieu, Russell started catering to Jackie et al. for Glorious Food while writing "bad screenplays." Thanks to his post-college digressions, Russell, unlike most beginning auteurs, has more life experience to

draw on than film school and comic books.

Anyway...

The Cooper-Hewitt is closed for renovations. Next stop, the Frick, by cab, with Russell gesturing out the window at East 86th Street: "That's where they shot *Marathon Man*!" He sighs. "All those great seventies movies. That's my guiding vision as a filmmaker. The seventies was a strange window in which Hollywood movies had stars, they were commercial, yet they were very original and very subversive."

Russell's first feature, 1994's *Spanking the Monkey*, was gleefully subversive: A college student is forced to spend his summer vacation at home caring

for his mom, who's broken her leg. Rehab leads to incest.

"With each movie, I feel like I exorcise certain behaviors," says Russell, who's in therapy. "With *Flirting*, it was fickleness and second-guessing and knocking myself out with obsessing over things." And *Spanking*? "That whole wanting to just keep having sex with my mother."

Somehow we're on the Upper West Side shopping for a coyote skull as a gift for his agent. We're near Russell's apartment, which he shares with his wife, Janet Grillo, and their two-year-old son. (She was a producer at Fine Line, which distributed *Spanking*; when Russell jumped to Miramax for *Flirting*, Grillo found her job "uncomfortable" and resigned.)

As for that trip to the Frick museum? Russell's soaking up vibes for his next movie, a historical thriller inspired by the robber-baron era, "dealing with family and a vast fortune and some crimes. Oh, and sex. There'll always be sex in my movies." Which is one reason he's mulling over directing Winona Ryder in the movie version of the Susanna Kaysen memoir *Girl, Interrupted*. It's set in an insane asylum, but there's plenty of libido.

"I'm preoccupied sexually," Russell admits, quickly adding that his wife needn't worry. "I'm a big believer in fidelity, so whatever temptation has come my way, it's fun to live it out in a movie by seeing Ben Stiller slam Téa Leoni against a wall. I watched him do it fifteen times. Then took a cold shower." ■

THE HANG-UP ARTIST

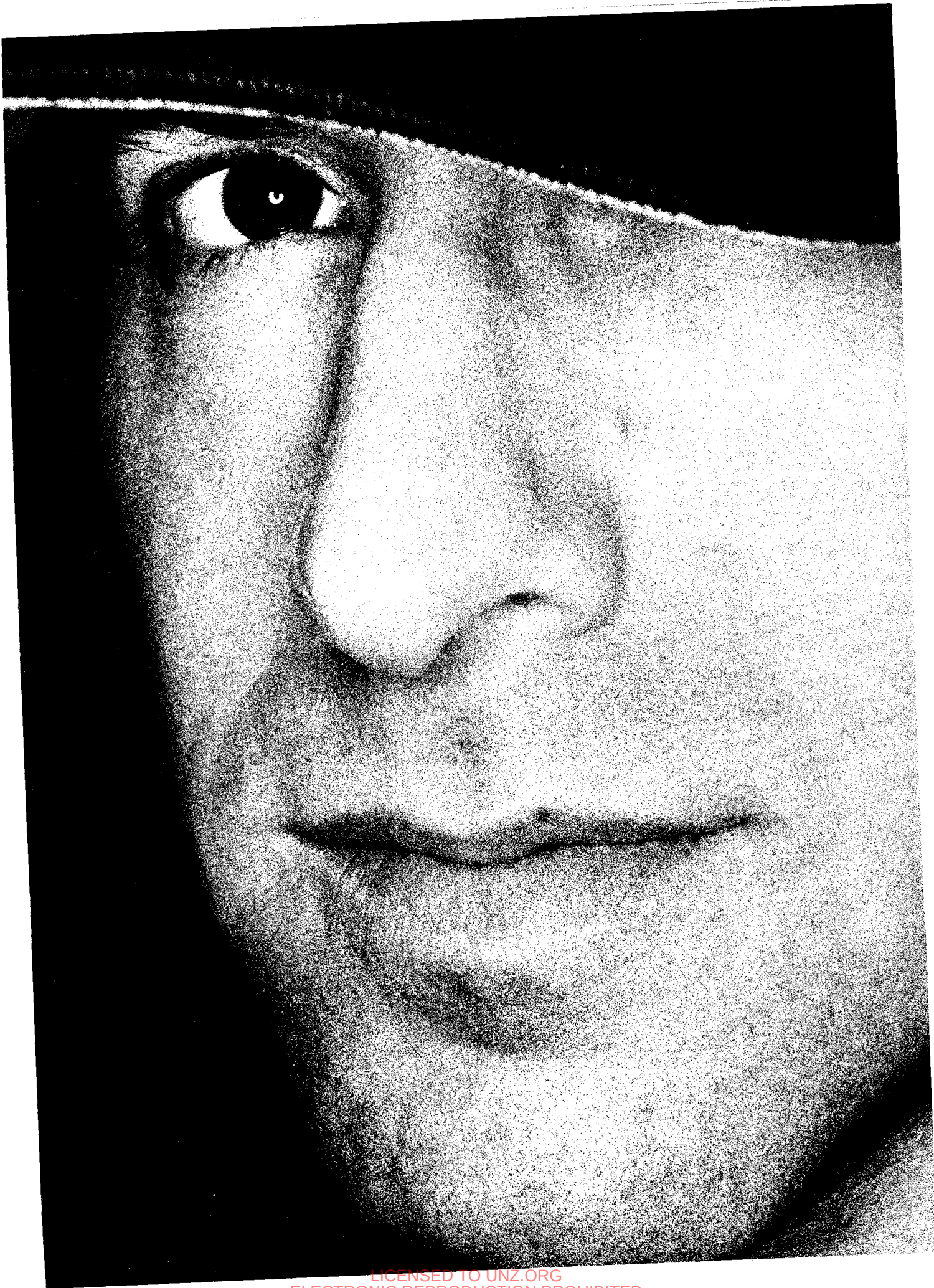
the auteur of
the hit film *Flirting With Disaster*, is a new prototype of
the New York sexual neurotic

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY WARD

FOR NEW YORK

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**TALK ABOUT EXCLUSIVE: ZAGAT DOESN'T
EVEN LIST THIS WEST VILLAGE
RESTAURANT RUN BY AND FOR THE FOOD
ESTABLISHMENT. EVERYONE'S VYING
FOR RESERVATIONS TO EAT IN THE LATE
JAMES BEARD'S BEDROOM, AND STAR CHEFS
ARE PAYING TO COOK WHERE HE COOKED.
BY ROSS WETZSTEON**



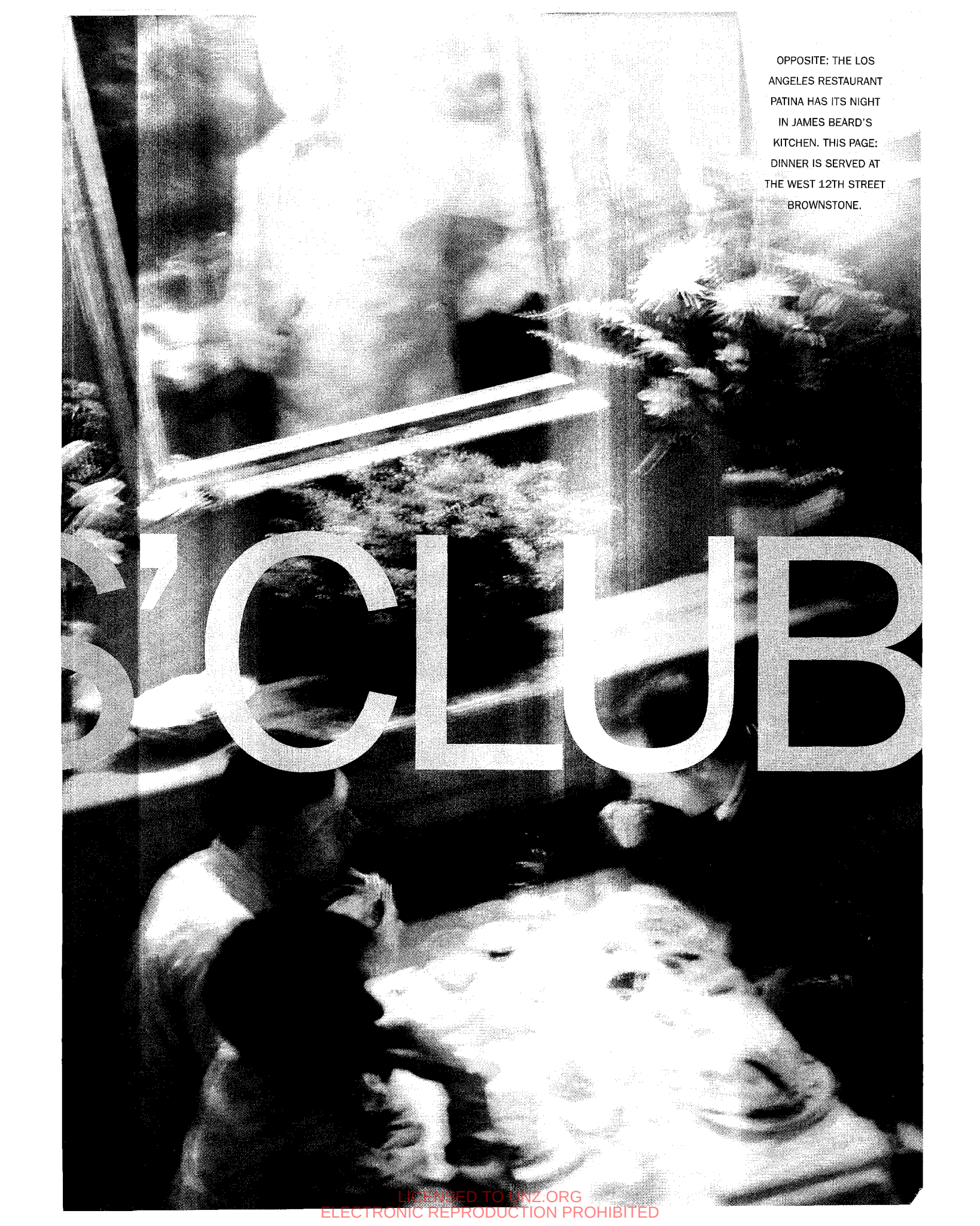
DINER

TWELVE, FIFTEEN, TWENTY PEOPLE CROWDED AROUND JULIA CHILD TO TELL HER IT WAS A fabulous idea. She hadn't planned to say anything; it'd just popped into her head—of course, that kind of discombobulated spontaneity has always been part of her charm—but near the end of her rambling address to 500 members of the International Association of Culinary Professionals in 1985, only a few weeks after James Beard's death at the age of 81, she blurted out, "We've lost Jim, but wouldn't it be wonderful to buy his brownstone and make it a center for the culinary arts?"

Perhaps most enthusiastic was Peter Kump, who'd operated his own Manhattan cooking school since 1974. "Cooking is such an evanescent art. With theater, you

PHOTOGRAPH BY MELANIE ACEVEDO
FOR NEW YORK

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OPPOSITE: THE LOS
ANGELES RESTAURANT
PATINA HAS ITS NIGHT
IN JAMES BEARD'S
KITCHEN. THIS PAGE:
DINNER IS SERVED AT
THE WEST 12TH STREET
BROWNSTONE.

SOC CLUB

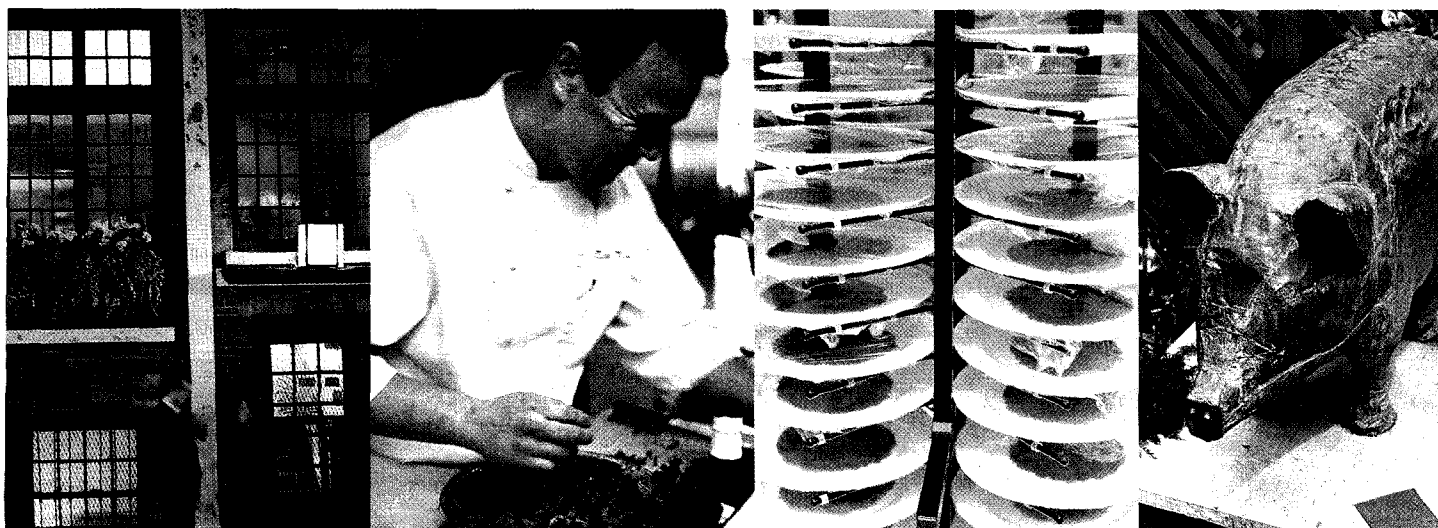
have videotapes; with music, records; but with food, all that's left is recipes," he said shortly before his own death last June. Together with chef Larry Forgione of An American Place, who organized a series of benefits around the country, Kump began to woo what Child candidly called "moneybags" for a bid on Beard's brownstone at 167 West 12th Street.

Child and Kump and their colleagues moved as quickly as they could, but not quickly enough to save the contents of the house. Workmen had already emerged from the basement of the four-story building carrying armloads of books, boxes of letters, load after load of kitchen equipment—hurling all of it into a Dumpster. And soon, 638 items went to auction: sterling-silver tableware, tea chests, carving sets, first-edition cookbooks, Beard's world-famous majolica collection. Beard's friends were dismayed. Even Beard's favorite possession, Porcus Pig, an antique copper truffle-hunting pig—gone.

And if Beard's admirers didn't act fast, the house itself would soon be gone as well—the house in which he'd trained an entire generation of American chefs, written many of his cookbooks and essays, and, after years of gastronomic gusto and shameless self-promotion, finally taken his place on the pantry shelf along-

A DECADE AFTER BEARD'S DEATH, FOOD PROFESSIONALS HAVE COME to regard the West Village brownstone with the unassuming façade as a sort of culinary Parthenon. The nonprofit foundation sponsors workshops, wine tastings, demonstrations, and scholarships, but the lunches and dinners served by guest cooks that began as sporadic fund-raisers proved so popular, they soon became the house's *raison d'être*. For in this age of chef-as-celebrity, the men and women in the white toques are venturing out of the kitchen to boldly work the dining room—unheard of in years past. They've even appeared in American Express and Visa ads. David Bouley, Daniel Boulud, Madeleine Kamman, Jean-Louis Palladin, Gray Kunz, Patrick Clark, Jacques Pépin, Claude Troisgros, and Alfred Portale are among the more than 500 chefs who've done a turn in Beard's legendary kitchen.

But it's the annual awards ceremony, widely regarded as the food-industry Oscars, that earns the Beard House most of its publicity. As Peter Kump put it, "We thought that with every other business in the country giving out honors—they even give awards to people for their performances at awards ceremonies—why not celebrate cooks and cookbook authors as well?" This year's hold-your-breath envelope-opening gala is happening at



side Betty Crocker and Chef Boy-ar-dee as an icon of American cookery. According to Beard's will, the brownstone was to be placed on the market and the proceeds given to Reed College in Oregon (where he was awarded an honorary doctorate despite having been expelled for his affairs with fellow students many years before). But the bank found no takers at the \$1.5 million asking price, despite the real-estate-buying frenzy of the mid-eighties. For one thing, a lawyer held a six-year lease on the fourth floor, and Gino Cofacci, Beard's longtime companion, had been willed the third floor for life. The bottom two floors were unappealing to most potential homeowners—no real bathroom, no real bedrooms, and a huge, state-of-the-culinary-arts kitchen more suited for four-star banquets than for tuna casseroles. The brownstone would have to be gutted.

Kump finally worked out an arrangement with the estate. He could have the house for \$750,000, but only if he came up with a \$250,000 down payment within 30 days. By the end of the month, Kump had cobbled together a deal. But in the mad rush to raise capital, no one considered what to do next. They wanted to honor their guru, but all they had was an empty house and a staggering debt. It was only when Wolfgang Puck of Spago offered to cook a benefit lunch at the house that the new owners suddenly had an epiphany. "We immediately realized that we should turn Jim's home into a showcase for chefs," Kump recalled. And so the James Beard Foundation was born.

LEFT TO RIGHT:
ON WEST 12TH STREET;
PATINA'S CHEF MICHAEL
OTSUKA; APPETIZERS-IN-
WAITING; PORCUS PIG,
RESTORED TO HIS
RIGHTFUL PLACE IN THE
GARDEN OUT BACK.

the Marriott Marquis next Monday, April 29; 1,500 food-world big shots are expected to attend.

Roughly half of the house's 3,500 members are food professionals—cookbook authors, restaurant owners, cooking teachers, consultants—and enough of them regularly attend to make the Beard kitchen a kind of performance space in which well-known chefs display their talents and newcomers can go out there a galley slave and come back a star. (Or in some cases, never serve lunch in this town again.) Mildred Amico, the former nurse and Beard student who is the foundation's program director, makes a point of hunting down new talent far from culinary meccas—Johnny Earles from Criolla's in Grayton Beach, Florida, for instance, or Wally Joe from Wally Joe's in Cleveland, Mississippi. Some donors presume this kind of zealotry—while admirable—must call for expensive cross-country scouting trips. "I wish!" says Amico. She makes only three or four expeditions a year and says she relies heavily on tips from members.

"There's a lot at stake for newcomers," says an upstate chef who recently got mixed reviews for his fricassée de champignons sauvages. "Prestige among your peers—that's what we all want. The pressure is enormous. Don't use my name," he adds. "I'm hoping I get a second chance." "It's a great showcase," adds Bobby Flay, the chef at Bolo and the Mesa Grill, who has appeared at the Beard House four times. "When I talk to other chefs around the country who've been asked to cook there, they're al-

ways excited by the tribute. There's such history in that house."

Established New York chefs have been known to lobby for a slot at the Beard House. "Don't forget," says the owner of Bolo and Mesa Grill, Laurence Kretchmer, "there are 15,000 restaurants in New York City, and competition can be brutal." So while out-of-town chefs appreciate the chance to be part of the club, city chefs can show off for potential regular customers.

But the privilege can also be hazardous to one's career: Beard House chefs have to put up with all the uncertainties of a culinary one-night stand. Flying in from Seattle or Phoenix or Miami, finding their way around a kitchen they've never used before, and then preparing a five-course meal for 70 people in only a few hours can make even the most experienced chefs feel like short-order cooks. "Most chefs know how to adapt," says Flay, "and many have kitchens smaller than that in their own restaurants." Still, says the owner of two of Manhattan's hottest restaurants, rather than risk disgrace, many out-of-town chefs prep for meals in the kitchens of friends' restaurants before trucking everything down to the house. The cleanup crew from the night before has barely driven away when the load-in for the next night begins—predawn dog-walkers along West 12th Street frequently see a

different wine is poured as each round of plates is cleared. (Wine and champagne were, admittedly, a problem in the early years, sent in by suppliers whose eagerness to ingratiate wasn't commensurate with the vintages. One member finally complained that "the food is incredible, but the wine is undrinkable." And so the current system was devised, in which the president of the house, Len Pickell (a wine consultant by profession) ascertains that a wine is outstanding before it is donated either by vintners who want to score points with New York insiders or by guest chefs who want to exercise complete quality control.

Some of the frankly Francophile and outlandishly elaborate meals served at the Beard House would make James Beard, to use one of his favorite words, "upswallow." His legacy, after all, is the discovery of American cuisine, with emphasis on freshness, simplicity, local ingredients. Beard was as eccentric in personality as he was missionary in his convictions. The house stands much as he left it (except, of course, for the "mortgage watch" placard in the reception area). The entrance corridor is wallpapered with pineapples, which Beard often told his friends were an ancient symbol of welcome. In the kitchen—amid the huge ovens, six-foot-high racks for cooking trays, and copper pans hanging on



staff of six to ten disappearing with platters and trays and bags of groceries into the brownstone. Of course, things often go amiss. On one occasion, a chef forgot to bring along the beets for his climactic sorbet. "Without my beet sorbet," he moaned melodramatically before hotfooting it the four blocks to Balducci's, "this meal is like a symphony without piccolos!" The piccolos came in right on cue.

EVENTS AT THE HOUSE CAN SELL OUT AS FAST AS CECILIA Bartoli tickets. No sooner does the monthly newsletter listing the evenings and menus in mouthwatering detail hit the mailboxes than the phones start to ring. The house is also known for its theme evenings: the "Vernal Equinox Dinner," "A Chocolate Odyssey," "Celebrating the Persian New Year," and "St. Lucia Day," when Swedish maidens, their heads wreathed in candles, sang carols as people sipped glogg. Jeffrey Buben of Vidalia in Washington, D.C., tossed together a feast featuring onions in every course. Monkfish with shrimp, creamed grits, caramelized onions, and fresh thyme—sublime! Breast and confit of pheasant with foie gras, roasted onion, and cabbage, served with lemon-orange whiskey sauce and corn pudding—canonical! And for dessert, apple-onion upside-down cake with bourbon sauce—win some, lose some. At the end of the evening, the chef appears in the dining area for a round of applause, a Beard House custom.

A five-course dinner costs no more than \$85 per person, and a

LEFT TO RIGHT:
COCKTAIL HOUR IN THE
GREENHOUSE; POTABLE
WINE; OTSUKA'S
UPSIDE-DOWN RHUBARB
TART; AN AMBITIOUS
COURSE LOAD—
OTSUKA'S MENU.

the walls—Beard conducted his cooking classes. Wine and hors d'oeuvre are now served in the two-story greenhouse that looks out onto Beard's garden. Under the birches stands a stone bust of Beard that his dog Percy often used in lieu of a fire hydrant.

At the top of the cast-iron staircase is the Chinese-red dining room—Beard preferred to call the hue "tomato soup with a dash of cream." Some diners find their seats in the tiny alcove with a mirrored ceiling toward the front of the house. This was where Beard used to sleep, on a bed with a huge crown on the headboard, says Clay Triplette, the "house domo" since Beard moved into the brownstone in 1973. Beard's legendary open shower remains, not just overlooking the greenhouse but exposed to the sky, to the heavens, to the gods, and to the eyes of his 13th Street neighbors—a vestigial tribute to the master's *joie de vivre*.

Beard's anatomy was destiny: He was six feet three inches tall and weighed nearly 300 pounds. Bald, always bow-tied, he was Humpty Dumpty come to life, with the bearing—the genial fervor, the droll sophistication—of a man who saw the difference between Cordon Bleu and corned beef but could relish both. When he was in his teens, *French restaurant* was a euphemism for bordello, but by the time he reached middle age, a French restaurant was the only place a cosmopolitan person would patronize, and in his lifetime, American attitudes toward food gravitated to one or the other of these two poles: If it wasn't

Brillat-Savarin, it was Tater Tots and Jell-O. At times, America might suffer from what one writer called "the gourmet plague," but it was also contending with an outbreak of processed food and TV dinners. Beard sought a middle ground between haute Eurocentrism and heat-and-serve.

"We sure ate a lot," James Beard wrote in the last months of his life, and at the Beard House the members are trying to live up to that part of his legacy. Philippe Chin of Philadelphia's Chanterelles explains that, like all the guest cooks, he has donated his services for the evening—"Well, I *will* get the \$15-per-person food allowance, but the mushrooms alone cost more than that." All the chefs he knows judge the success of a feast simply by observing the amount of food left on the plates when they're returned to the kitchen. And by that standard, he says, "I got a standing ovation."

Unfortunately, gastronomic gaffes aren't as rare as coleslaw at the Beard House—one diner recalls a filet mignon that tasted like "boiled rope," and another cringes at the memory of a pâté "that must have been made with offal." But the most common complaint is the size of the crowd when there's a full house. Since membership is open to the public for an annual \$125 fee, it can be difficult to get into the primo events. For those who score the coveted reservations, the crush in the greenhouse as the canapés are being whisked around the room can feel like a cocktail party in a broom closet.

The random-seating policy can also be somewhat disconcerting. Says a publishing executive, "I sometimes feel like I'm at a wedding where I don't know the bride or the groom." As anyone who's ever gone on a cruise knows, hell can be other diners. One evening, the enchanting woman in the next chair turns out to be the person who taught James Beard how to pull an espresso. But the next night, a businessman from the Island in the same seat proudly proclaims that in his work in the Southwest, he found that "the Native Americans didn't like me much," a sentiment soon shared by everyone at his table. For some reason, food professionals seem to enjoy talking about previous meals while eating the one in front of them, but after listening to the wannabes lamenting their battles against cholesterol, or heatedly arguing over the relative merits of Blimpie and Kenny Rogers, one almost turns with relief to the cookbook author holding forth on "the palette of flavors" before her. As one of Beard's close friends puts it, "Jim would have loved the whole idea of the Beard Foundation—if it had been anywhere but in his own house. He was a bit of a snob, and he wouldn't have liked to see some of these people eating in his bedroom."

Another occasional problem—out-of-town chefs can be so desperate to impress the New York food fraternity with individual dishes that they fail to orchestrate the meal as a whole. At one dinner, veal sweetbreads were followed by crab custard served in Sauvignon Blanc–butter sauce. Each dish was celestial, but in sequence they were impossibly rich, leading to what one member calls "the Beard House hangover."

AS FOR THOSE OSCARS, "THE AWARDS HAVE BECOME TOO POLITICIZED," complains the chef at one of the restaurants that's consistently rated one of the top five in New York City. "You'll never win one if you haven't donated a meal." "I wouldn't go so far as that," says San Domenico's owner, Tony May, "but they do have their favorites." The Beard House response? Several awards have gone to chefs who've never cooked on 12th Street,

such as Chez Panisse's Alice Waters, and in any case, they're selected by an "independent" panel of voters—*Silver Palate Cookbook* co-author Julee Rosso, the TV Food Network's David Rosengarten, *Esquire's* John Mariani. Says one restaurant-awards panelist, "I've heard a lot of carping, but over 200 people from all over the country submit ballots for these awards."

Others have voiced concerns about where the money is going. Julia Child has been heard to remark, "People give them a lot of money, and we'd like to have a more precise accounting." Still, Child will be one of the leading speakers at the tenth-anniversary tribute next week. And the Beard House pays no stipends whatsoever to its president or board members and modest salaries to the twenty full-time staff members. Furthermore, its finances are annually reviewed by the IRS and state regulatory agencies—like those of most nonprofit organizations—and as for following the money, within the past year alone, \$260,000 went to pay down the mortgage.

Chefs have complained that they feel pressured to donate their services for an evening—food, assistants' salaries, and travel can run to \$4,000. But, says a Manhattan restaurateur, "Chefs are *always* complaining about doing benefits. What people don't realize is that we're pressured like that a dozen times a month. The Beard House is no different. They have a nightly benefit, so some chefs tend to vent their frustrations on the Beard people."

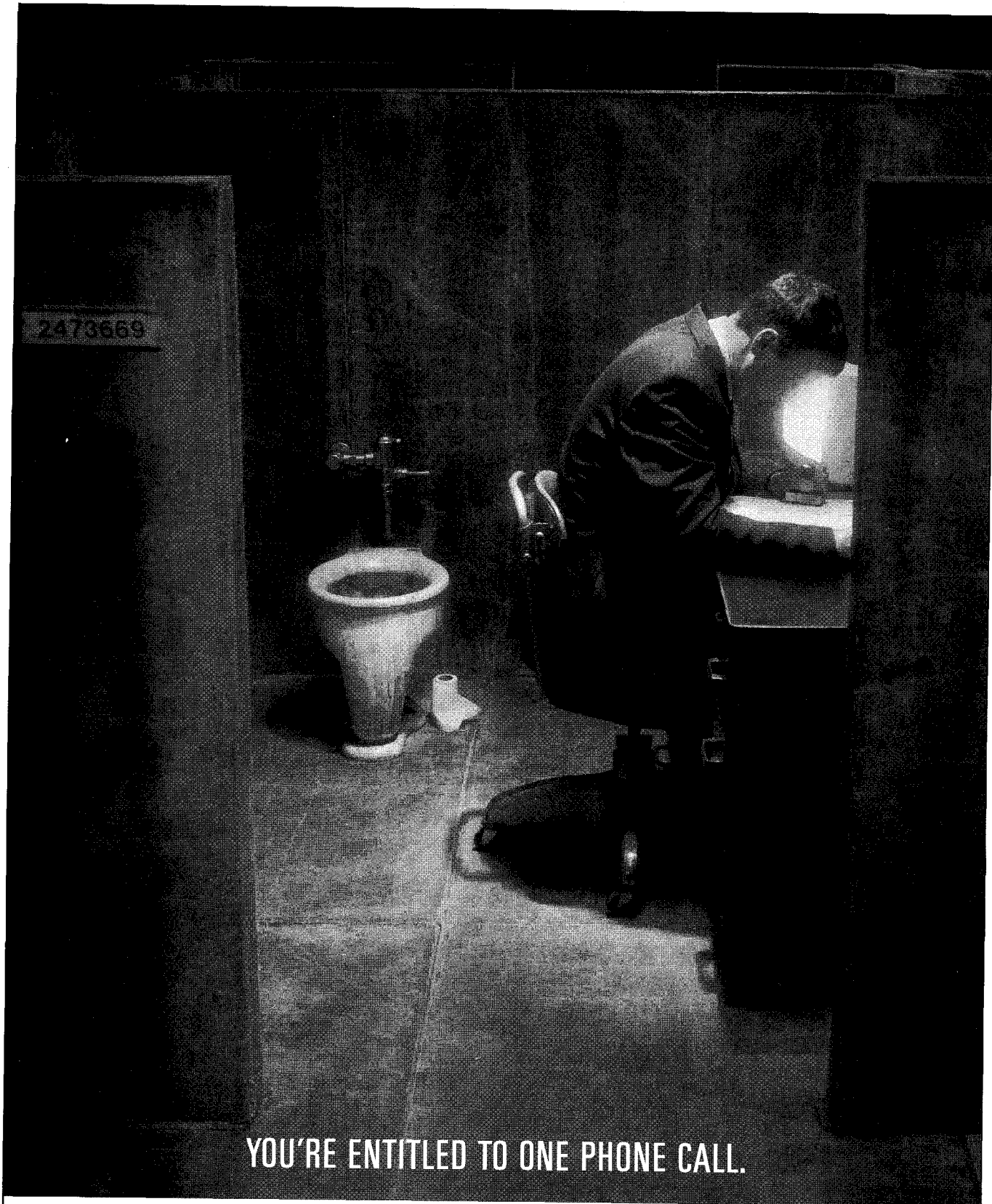
But the most caustic criticism is more sociological than gustatory. The neighbors have been known to protest the crowds and noise by dousing guests with water, but, curiously, some of the unkindest words come from those in the business who find the tacit encouragement of chef-groupie hype distasteful, to say the least. "They've set themselves up as a charitable organization devoted to preservation," says one prominent food writer disgustedly, "but under that veneer it's the same old food-mafia back-scratching that's contaminated the food business for decades. The dinners aren't about food; they're about publicity. 'See the new stars!' It's nauseating." Says another critic: "It's as bad as Broadway musicals—if you're a New York City chef, the Beard House can make you, or it can break you. And word gets around, at least in food circles. That attitude is no way to cultivate the art of theater, and it's no way to cultivate the art of dining."

Some highly touted out-of-town chefs, having failed to please the Beard House cognoscenti, return home never to be heard from again. Others, like Arun, a Thai chef from Chicago, or Raji Jallepalli, an Indian chef from Memphis, or Charlie Trotter, also from Chicago, were highly regarded in their own cities but were virtually unknown in New York until they appeared on West 12th Street. Peter Kump always responded to such comments with a cheerful shrug. "I suppose some people would say the same kinds of things about most of New York's major cultural institutions. But I see our mission as gaining recognition for cooking as a valid art form. Just like the Museum of Modern Art, we're displaying and—yes, I'll admit it—promoting and publicizing contemporary artists." And Len Pickell, the wine consultant who took over as president of the board last fall, agrees. "Once we pay off the remaining \$275,000 of the mortgage in November, we want to build up an endowment so we can expand our scholarship program. Encouraging young chefs—that's where we're headed."

"I think Jim would have loved the way we've managed to gain respect for chefs as genuine creators," Pickell continues. "And Jim," says Pickell, speaking directly to the late demigod, "the days of plonk are over."



JAMES BEARD WAS A BIT OF A SNOB WHO WOULDN'T HAVE LIKED SOME OF THE PEOPLE NOW COMING TO DINNER, SAYS ONE CLOSE FRIEND.



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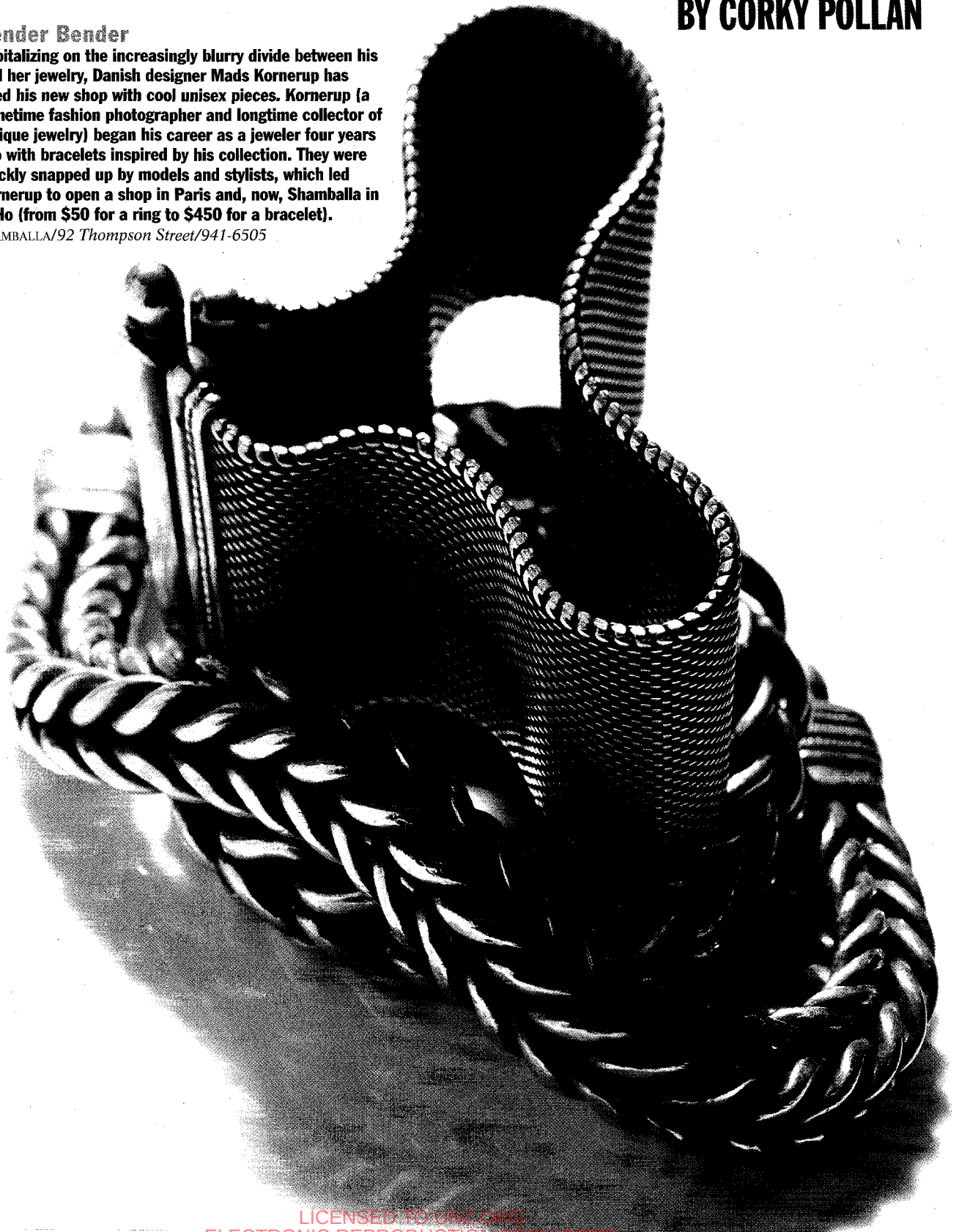
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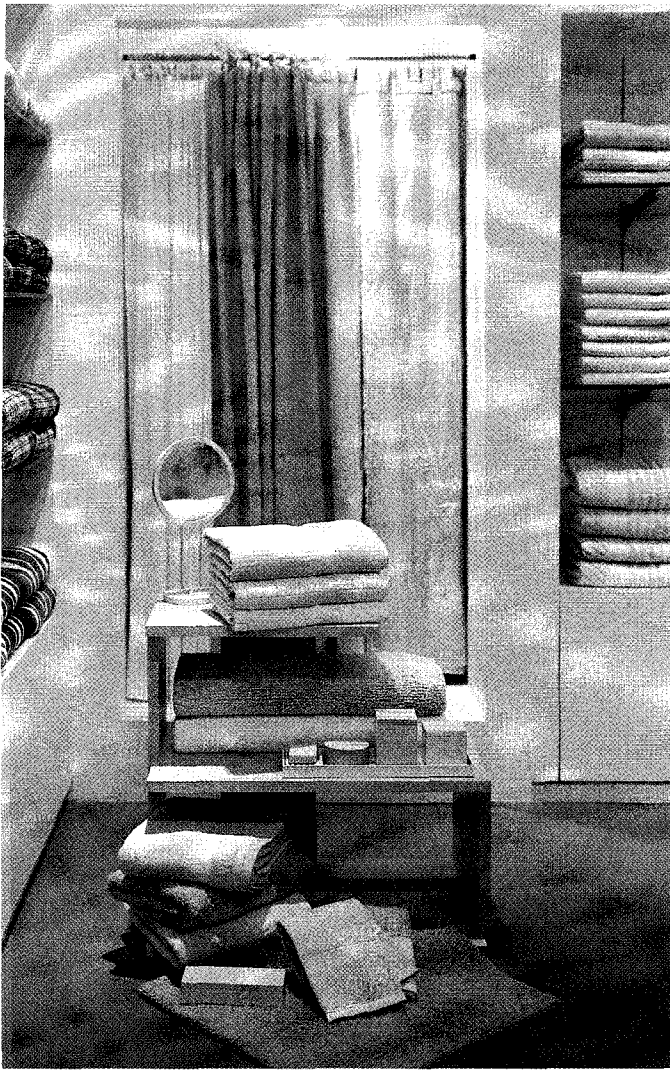
BY CORKY POLLAN

Gender Bender

Capitalizing on the increasingly blurry divide between his and her jewelry, Danish designer Mads Kornerup has filled his new shop with cool unisex pieces. Kornerup (a sometime fashion photographer and longtime collector of antique jewelry) began his career as a jeweler four years ago with bracelets inspired by his collection. They were quickly snapped up by models and stylists, which led Kornerup to open a shop in Paris and, now, Shamballa in SoHo (from \$50 for a ring to \$450 for a bracelet).

SHAMBALLA/92 Thompson Street/941-6505





Neutral Territory

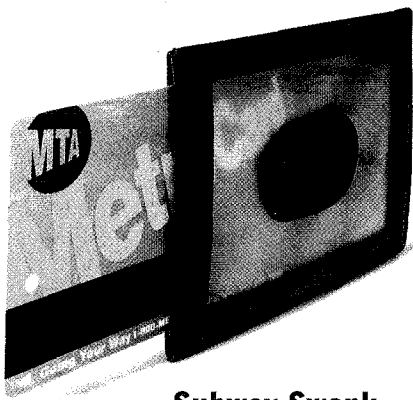
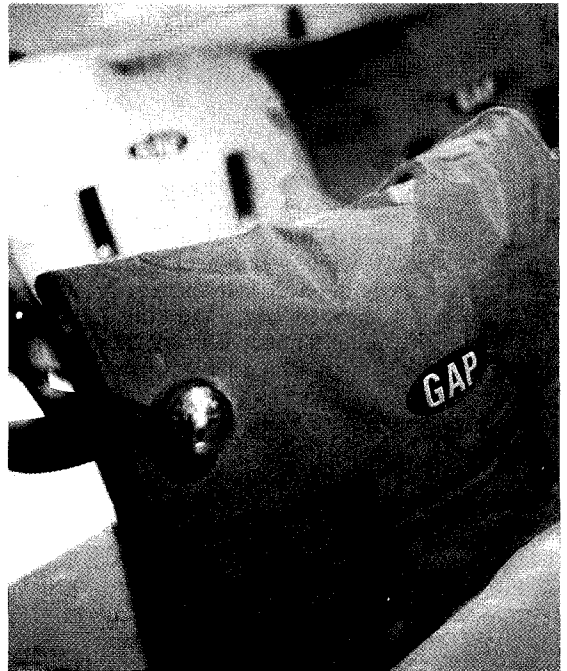
Calvin Klein's and ABC's aesthetics seem downright antagonistic: pure, perfect asceticism vs. crazy-eclectic prodigality. Yet the two converge rather happily in Klein's new bed-and-bath shop on ABC's third floor. A spartan and serene oasis in the surrounding merch overload, it's stocked with some Klein surprises: austere shower curtains in pale linens, sheer cottons, and hemp; bleached-sycamore bath trays and soap dishes; towels in muted but modish shades; and beds dressed for summer in pallid awning-stripe linens (from \$20 for a soap dish to \$100 for an oxford-cotton shower curtain to \$750 for an Italian-linen duvet cover).

ABC CARPET & HOME/888 Broadway, at 19th Street/473-3000 ext. 350

Cycle Drama

A bicycle messenger's bag (even when co-opted for pedestrians) should be roomy, water-resistant, a snap to open and close, and fitted with sturdy adjustable straps that can comfortably accommodate the shoulders of six-footers. The Gap's version satisfies all of the above, plus it has interior and exterior zippered pockets, and it comes in these socko colors (\$28).

THE GAP/All locations



Subway Swank

There's something endearing and even flattering about a grand house like Seeger (one of Germany's oldest luggage companies) adapting its luxurious leathers to a singular New York need: the MTA's MetroCards. The protective holders allow for easy access, have a pocket for business or credit cards, and, like all of Seeger's classically simple designs, are handmade of napa lambskin (\$75).

SEEGER/400 Madison Avenue, near 48th Street/593-7678

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on New York Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the New York Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, go NYMAG.

If the Shoe Fits . . .

Buy it. Let your soles guide you to footwear showrooms for both men (Martegani USA) and women (Nina/Delman).

MARTEGANI USA'S SHOWROOM has some 500 pairs of men's shoes from Italy at much below wholesale: There's a large selection of one-of-a-kind pairs in sample size 8½ (and a few in 9), including allover genuine crocodile, ostrich, and lizard, plus combinations of exotic skins with calfskin, retail \$900 for allover skins, here \$250; retail \$450 for combinations, here \$150. Dress and casual stock in sizes 7½-13, including calf leather, nubucks, suedes, slip-ons, and lace-ups, retail \$250, here \$75-\$90. *Martegani USA, 40 W. 55th St., fourth floor (262-4455); M.C., V. accepted; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final; Mon.-Fri. 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; through 5/3.*



A crocodile lace-up from Martegani USA's showroom sale (other shoe included).

Wang Soft Wear

IF IT'S SPRINGTIME, IT MUST BE ANOTHER Vera Wang sample sale. One-of-a-kind try-on samples of Vera Wang bridal and bridesmaids' gowns (bridals in sizes 4-12) and eveningwear (sizes 4-10) are all 50-75 percent off retail. Bridal gowns include size 6 white gown with long illusion sleeves, fitted organza bodice, and full organza skirt with wide lace border, retail \$4,000, here \$1,400; size 10 white scoop-neck satin-bodice gown with short bell sleeves, dropped waist, beaded trim, and full organza skirt, retail \$3,300, here \$1,250; size 8 white off-the-shoulder gown with illusion back panel and carriage hem, retail \$3,000, here \$800. Bridesmaid dresses include a size 8 ivory crêpe long sheath with halter top and sheer back, retail \$345, here \$75. Eveningwear includes size 8 black silk-crêpe V-neck gown with illusion back and jet-beaded straps, retail \$2,475, here \$450; size 10 black matte-jersey dress with illusion shoulder and back yoke, retail \$1,265, here \$350.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to "Sales & Bargains," *New York Magazine*, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Everything sold as is; no alterations. *Vera Wang Sale, Hotel Pennsylvania, Sky-top Ballroom, 401 Seventh Ave., near 32nd St. (575-6400); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Sat., 4/27, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.*

Philadelphia Fiefdom

IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE EXTRAORDINARY Cézanne exhibit that's been the hot ticket in Paris and London, you'll have to go to the Philadelphia Museum of Art before the show closes on September 1, because it won't be coming to New York or anywhere else in the States. The beautiful Four Seasons Hotel, located a short, tree-lined stroll away from the museum, is offering a special package, including a room for one or two persons and a full breakfast, valet parking, "VIP Anytime" no-waiting passes to the Cézanne exhibit, and complimentary passes to related exhibits at Philadelphia's Museum of American Art. The rooms are usually \$285 (for one or two guests) per night; the entire package, for Friday, Saturday, or Sunday night is \$235. Call or write for reservations. *The Four Seasons Hotel, One Logan Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103*

(215-963-1500 or 800-332-3442); through 9/1.

Fishes Island

HURRICANE ISLAND'S FIXED-PRICE LUNCH (\$9.95; noon-4 p.m. Mon.-Sat.) is an outstanding value: your choice of a cup of Manhattan clam chowder, New England fish chowder, or seasonal soup or a green salad, and such sandwiches as barbecued chicken with mesclun and tomato; crab cake on English muffin with lettuce, tomato, and chipotle mayonnaise; gravlax on English muffin with crème fraîche, red onion, and capers; or peppers, onions, mushrooms, lettuce, sprouts, and tomato on seven-grain toast with herb mayonnaise. Horseradish coleslaw and homemade French fries are served on the side along with a complimentary glass of house wine, draught beer, or soda. *Hurricane Island, 1303 Third Ave., near 75th St. (717-6600); A.E., M.C., V. accepted.*

Up in Armoires

THIS FURNITURE SHOWROOM HAS ONE-OF-A-kind floor samples for sale: indoor/outdoor gold-finish aluminum 72-by-42-in. dining table with oval hammered-glass top, two arm chairs, and four side chairs, retail \$5,384, here \$2,575; antique green entertainment armoire with Norman Rockwell illustrated panels, 50 in. wide, retail \$2,672, here \$1,155; solid-cherry three-piece entertainment wall system, 106 in. wide, retail \$5,879, here \$2,399; beige-fabric six-seat sectional with queen sleeper section, 113 by 88 in., retail \$4,100, here \$1,499. *Seminole Furniture Shops, Inc., 44 E. 32nd St., third floor (683-6464); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; checks as deposits only; merchandise held until they clear; all sales final; everything sold as is; delivery arranged at additional cost; Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-6 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.-4 p.m., closed Sat.; through 5/3.*

Carte Blanche

WMF/USA'S WAREHOUSE HAS LOTS OF TABLE-top items on sale. The dinnerware is either porcelain or bone china, such as Maxim's Blanche twenty-piece (four

place settings) dinner set, retail \$350, here \$60; Atlanta 45-piece 18/8 stainless-steel flatware set for eight, retail \$287.25, here \$50; 13-chrome flatware, service for four, retail \$60, here \$20; Alpha silverstone 10-in. fry pan, retail \$60, here \$30; pewter special-occasion plates, retail \$62.50 each, here \$25; 18/10 stainless-steel hollowware octagonal 9½-in. bowl, retail \$62.50, here \$25; award-winning cutlery sets such as a carving set, retail \$169, here \$60. *WMF/USA Warehouse, 85 Price Pkwy., Farmingdale, N.Y. (516-293-3990); M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; call for directions; Fri., 4/26, 9 a.m.-8 p.m.; Sat., 4/27, till 6 p.m.; Sun., 4/28, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.*

Head-to-Toe Beauty

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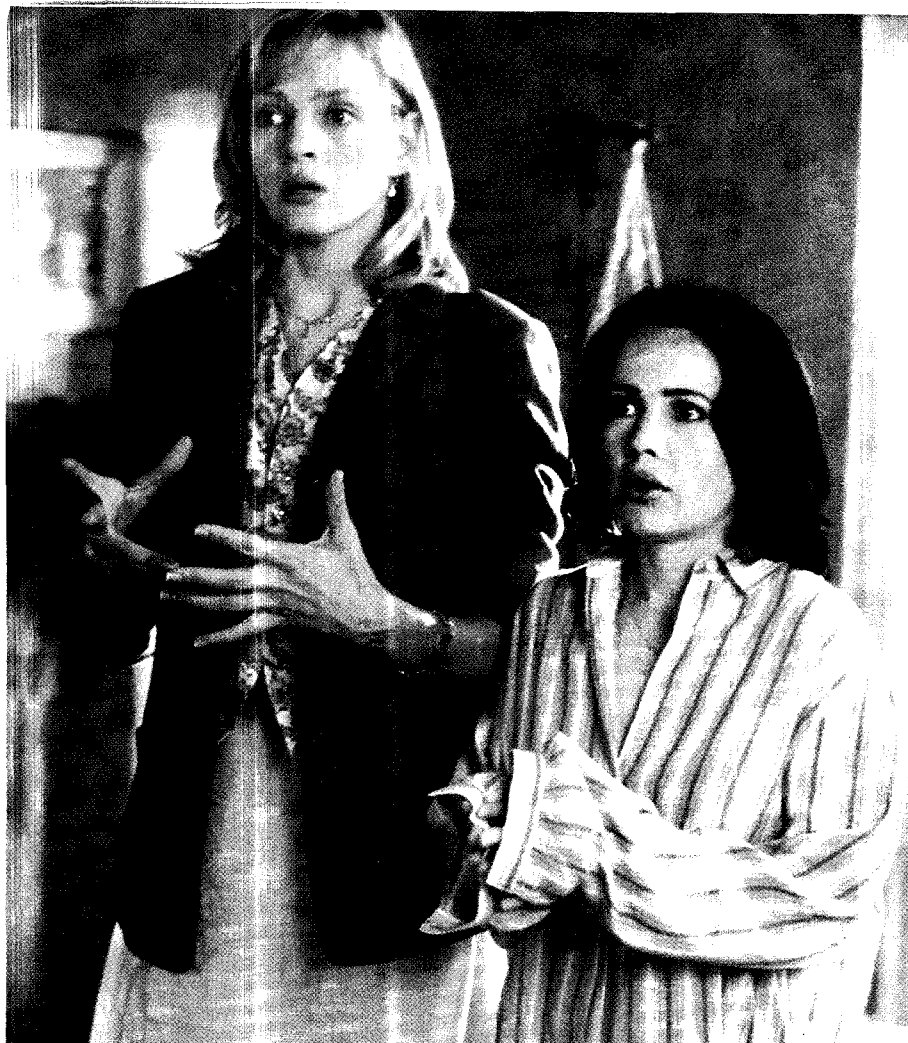
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MOVIES DAVID DENBY Women in Love

Its paper-thin, Cyrano-for-girls premise is one of the reasons 'The Truth About Cats & Dogs' is so charming.

Ladies' night:
Uma Thurman,
left, and Janeane
Garofalo.

WHEN ABBY BARNES (JANEANE GAROFALO), a young veterinarian, is on the air, hosting her popular radio call-in show in Los Angeles—"The Truth About Cats & Dogs"—she's crisp and authoritative. She tells her listeners how to gentle a nervous, pissy creature; she knows how to get a tortoise to come out of its shell (by using one's finger in a particularly tender spot). But for all her genius with animals, she's skittish and defensive with men. Short and round-faced, a lonely bachelor girl sawing away at her violin at night, she's convinced she can't compete in the endless L.A. beauty pageant, with its billboard ideal of the tall, leggy blonde. A handsome young British photographer, Brian (Ben Chaplin), falls in love with her radio voice and asks for a date, and Abby panics, asking her neighbor, a five-foot-ten-inch blonde model (Uma Thurman), to stand in for her. The model, Noelle, is a nice girl but

awkward and tongue-tied; she suffers her own humiliations—men treat her as if she's stupid and she doesn't necessarily disagree with their opinion. The photographer, easily smitten, falls in love with Abby on the phone and with Noelle in the flesh; he thinks they are both the same person, and each woman is too involved in the deception to end it.

The charm of **The Truth About Cats & Dogs**, as you may have gathered, depends precisely on its slightness and improbability—the sense that the entire concoction might blow away if the photographer actually noticed the most obvious contradictions or asked a single sensible question. Screenwriter Audrey Wells has borrowed the frame of the story from the Edmond Rostand warhorse *Cyrano de Bergerac*, though she's reversed the gender roles (two women vying for a male beau ideal rather than the other way around) and dropped Rostand's anguish and his tireless eloquence (which is fine with me). In mood and tempo, the picture is a contemporary variant of a thirties-Hollywood screwball comedy—casual and right-up-to-the minute, though it flirts with feminist ideas and the eternal question, Why are men so hung up on looks? Doesn't a man's interest in a woman eroticize her temperament and personality for him—to the point where she looks better and better? This is a challenging subject for movies, since "the camera never lies." We can play lip service to the idea of the beauty of the soul, but for the movie to work, an actress brought to life by love would have to begin to look better to us as well.

Director Michael Lehmann made a bright beginning in 1989 with the malicious, inventive *Heathers*. I didn't much care for that movie's sarcasm, but at least Lehmann's debut was small-scale and personal, and audiences came away with strong feelings about the characters. A few years later, Lehmann directed the multi-million-dollar fiasco *Hudson Hawk*, which had nothing going for it but sarcasm and was perhaps one of the most elaborately pointless movies of all time. One feared for Lehmann's career. After some further ups and downs, he has now landed on his feet. *The Truth About Cats & Dogs* is graceful and entertaining; it knows its own weight and wants only to charm us (which it does). Much of it was shot in Santa Monica, and Lehmann and the German-born cinematographer Robert Brinkmann have softened the L.A. glare, producing a Santa Monica primed for romance, with beaches and sunsets, the lovely tree-lined boulevard at the ocean, the curving houses and dark-wood neighborhood bars. Lehmann moves along lightly and quick-

ly, but there are no tricks or shortcuts; the movie is carried forward by the performances and by many, many intimate moments, always a risk in a comedy as unstable as this one.

Part of the movie's gentleness lies in the fanciful idea that single people can reach one another through their pets. When Brian becomes the owner of a troublesome Great Dane, Abby knows he's okay. A dog lover! Now there's a marriageable man. The English-born Chaplin has a mild, almost recessive presence; he's lean, darkly handsome, and highly attentive to women, but with an abashed, even puzzled air. (He takes nothing for granted: A man has to ask.) The English accent, which distances Chaplin, and his muzzy, slightly out-of-it quality work for the role. A macho American lover would have killed the comedy, but Chaplin is a little dense—dazzled by love, like a suitor in a Shakespeare comedy—without becoming ridiculous or unattractive. He deftly takes the pressure out of his lines.

Janeane Garofalo (from *Reality Bites*, *The Larry Sanders Show*, and, briefly, *Saturday Night Live*) puts plenty of pressure in hers. She's fast and confident—short, maybe, but a puncher. Garofalo handles sophisticated ideas and big words—and sounds very much like she knows what they mean. She projects a distinctive bitter ruefulness mixed with screw-you defiance. Her Abby may long for the banal perfections of TV-style beauty, but she knows that such perfection is a false ideal. The smart-girl ambivalence toward beauty and conventional success clicks for Garofalo, at least for the moment (I have doubts about it as a long-term strategy). Garofalo, of course, is actually very attractive, with a huge smile and extraordinarily warm eyes (if she weren't pretty, the role would be merely embarrassing). Those eyes come alive when anyone talks of animals, or when Abby thinks there's a chance of success with Brian. The two of them, gabbing the night away on the telephone, quickly become soul mates, and Chaplin and Garofalo pull off something I would have thought impossible—a bout of phone sex (of the nonprofessional variety) that is genuinely romantic. Phone sex is normally a pathetic fiction, a paid fantasy crudely fashioned by need. But if soul mates get on the phone—well, it could start a long-distance trend.

Both women want Brian, but neither is willing to compete for him. Men are not the only thing; there's also friendship between women, and there's pride, and for the women in the audience, this may be a relief: It's about time that feminism and romance, awkward partners at best in the movies of the past quarter-century, began to get along more easily. Certainly Audrey Wells, who has worked as a disc jockey and as a director and producer of com-

mercials for political campaigns, is one of the few screenwriters to understand that a movie can be funny and truly romantic without forgetting the rest of life. Uma Thurman's Noelle, a big goosy girl, unsure of herself when she's not posing, finds something like strength as the movie goes along. She doesn't need another man panting after her; she needs a strong woman to straighten her out. That may be an earnestly therapeutic point, but it makes sense for this character, and it doesn't feel like a compromise.

The filmmakers drag out the suspense as long as possible: Will Brian accept the actual Abby as the woman he loves? Garofalo fights for herself, and she pulls off the ugly-duckling role with style, letting the camera find her, but let me say that I fervently hope she will not play this part ever again. In *The Truth About Cats & Dogs*, we're asked to agree that even though Janeane Garofalo is short and not perfectly beautiful, she's really a superior woman. Okay, we believe it; we agree to stick with her as she works through her dismay and her pride, but having done it once, we don't need to do it again. The audience should like Janeane Garofalo—she's got courage and wit—and it would be awful if she needed reassurance over and over again, like a younger Sally Field. Audiences, I think, will accept her for what she is. Now she has to accept herself for what she is, and then, perhaps, she can be a movie star.

IF JANEANE GAROFALO HAD PLAYED RICKI Lake's role in *Mrs. Winterbourne*, the movie might have amounted to something. Through circumstances too improbable to write down on paper, Miss Lake's Connie Doyle, poor, shabby, and pregnant, is taken into the home of a wealthy New England family that is under the illusion that she is their surviving daughter-in-law after a train wreck. Connie, with a new baby and nowhere to go, doesn't break the illusion, and the family, including Shirley MacLaine and young Brendan Fraser (beefy but rather deft) fall in love with Connie, who is reborn as "Mrs. Winterbourne." They love her good-heartedness; they see her true class as a human being. There's only one problem: Ricki Lake really is common. Her talk-show persona spills into the performance: She lunges at her emotions, throws up her arms, and shouts, and in general she's rather clunky and anxious. And the movie, which cries out for the high style of a swank MGM or Paramount production of 55 years ago, is also rather commonplace. Director Richard Benjamin, whose talents have spiraled bafflingly downward since *My Favorite Year*, uses TV lighting and the squariness of camera setups. *Mrs. Winterbourne* is old-Hollywood fantasy without the old technique and glamour.

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Frost Flake

Jeffrey Meyers's mission is to resuscitate Robert Frost. But try as he will, he can't take the nasty chill out of America's favorite poet.

Robert Frost

BY JEFFREY MEYERS
Houghton Mifflin; 424 pages; \$30

Later biographies are governed by the mathematics of revisionism, but Meyers's new book doesn't add up.

ROBERT FROST WAS A UNICULTURAL POET, almost exotically Anglo and American—a writer who seemed to be made of hard white wood. In the manner of tortoises, battleships, and barns, the older he grew the more like himself he looked. His legs became roots, his hair a nest for songbirds. His face developed a layer of thick bark. And it was all on purpose, planned. Frost willed himself into monumentality.

Since Frost crashed to earth in 1963, biographers have taken their little hatchets to his massive trunk. The deepest cuts were made by Lawrance Thompson, whom Frost himself had chosen for the job. Thompson's three-volume opus, finished posthumously by an assistant, was encyclopedically nasty, a demonization. The poet came off as a psycho Jehovah, a toxic patriarch. The tragedies of his immediate family (five of six children dead before their time, one by his own hand) were laid directly at the father's feet. Frost was portrayed as competitive, resentful, and domineering. A militant narcissist. Thompson, a scholar who'd shadowed Frost for decades, staying awake through his late-night monologues and even sharing a mistress with him, got the old man good.

Robert Frost, Jeffrey Meyers's new biography, is a conscious attempt to prop Frost back up, to slide a slab back under his tilting statue. Its flap copy claims it "sets the record straight," the necessary pretension of later biographies—which are governed by the mathematics of revisionism as much as or more than by the search for truth. To his credit, Meyers does unearth new truths, or at least new facts, the main one being Frost's affair with his longtime secretary Kay Morrison, the kittenish wife of a starched Harvard lecturer. The revelation is meant to thaw Frost's image. It does, a little, but it hardly shocks, and it's certainly not enough to base a book on. Meyers's new Frost is softer than Thompson's but not much rounder. He's still one big, dry stick.

Part of the problem is Meyers's

prose. It's flat and scratchy, with shades of freshman comp. Descriptions don't rise from the page; they sink slightly beneath it. "Frost's adult appearance, tastes, habits, character and beliefs had formed by the time of his marriage. . . . He had a full, sensuous mouth, a square, blunt nose and moved his eyelids up and down very slowly." Frost, who looked and acted the part of poet like few before him and no one since, surely deserves more paint in his portrait, but Meyers seems wary of coloring outside the lines. If Thompson's fiendish Frost was overblown, Meyers's human Frost seems underinflated.

The man had a temper, both men agree. At least once, he smashed up a room full of furniture. He threw childish tantrums during rival poets' readings. He had a habit of setting things on fire, from stacks of paper to the fields and woods surrounding a New England summer home. Trying to persuade his wife to marry him, he took off to a swamp and threatened suicide. If Meyers wished to play armchair psychiatrist, he could go to town with this material. Throw in Frost's violent, embittered father and disappointed, doting mother, and let Freud do the rest of the work. But Meyers hangs back. He underplays the drama and mental turmoil, resisting not only easy analysis but any real analysis at all.

Headshrinking is a danger in modern biographies, but avoiding it isn't an option—especially when the subject's family grew bad apples by the bushel basket. In his attempt to be fair and evenhanded, to

let Frost off the hook that

Thompson hung him

on, Meyers squanders

a fabulous dark inher-

itance. Of Frost's son's

self-destruction, he as-

serts, "Frost's mistakes

as a parent, his ridiculing

the purchase of a rooster,

dominating Carol's house-

hold and criticizing his

farming habits did not begin

to account for Carol's suicide.

But like any father Frost was

devastated, felt terribly guilty

and attempted to find an expla-

nation for what had happened."

Meyers then goes on to list the real

"reasons" for the son's troubles,

throwing together a multitude of

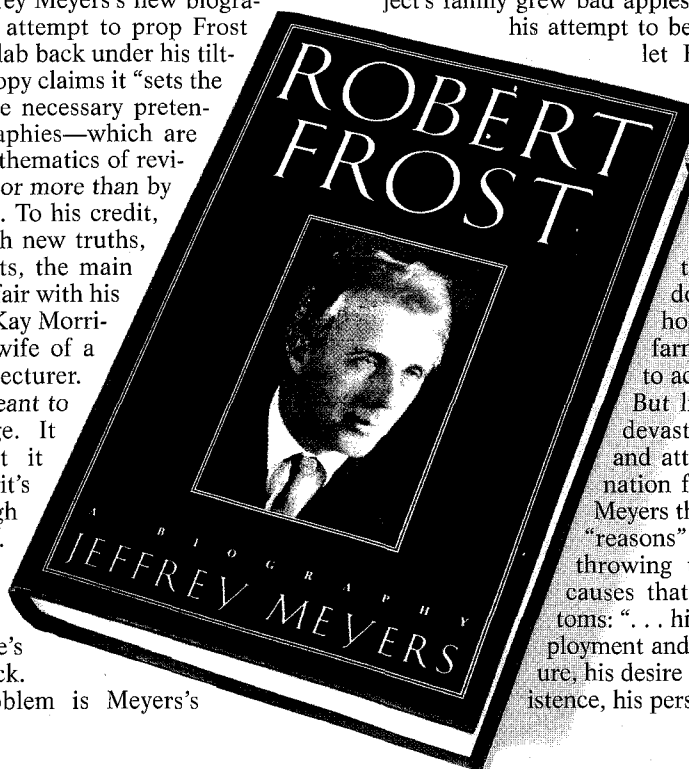
causes that sound more like symp-

toms: ". . . his isolation, his lack of em-

ployment and income, his sense of fail-

ure, his desire to escape from a futile ex-

istence, his persecution mania. . . ."



Frost liked to see himself as a latter-day Job. His children's illnesses, mental and physical, were trials from on high, a cosmic toughening. Thompson, it seems, held Frost himself responsible, while Meyers holds no one, or else life, or genes. Or something. He makes a lot of Henry James's notion that artists' families are sacrificial lambs, but there's just too much carnage here for such a brush-off. Frost may not have been a conscious monster, but something terrible lurked in him, it's clear.

Meyers is as superficial about Frost's art as he is about his psyche. Frost, who was often dismissed as a nature poet or a comfy regionalist—literature's answer to Norman Rockwell—underwent a re-evaluation in his late career. Critics emphasized his pessimism, his chilly existential ruthlessness. Meyers seems to share this view while offering readings of individual poems that are strictly junior-college: "The glassy piece of ice—which distorts, transforms and makes the familiar seem strange—like Keats' nightingale, a symbol of art." Meyers, who wrote a biography of Hemingway, fondly compares the two macho icons' writing styles and quotes Frost as praising Hemingway's choice to kill himself rather than face a decline in his powers. That Frost also said his own son was better off dead doesn't seem alarming to Meyers at all.

No matter how often Meyers tells us otherwise or emphasizes his acts of generosity, the evidence seems to speak for itself: Frost was a son of a bitch, in spades. A tough old crust who put survival first, and damn the consequences. Meyers documents well Frost's professional maneuverings and steady, crablike climb to national prominence. A master politician, he lectured nonstop, avoided public controversy, appeared on TV, and cultivated Kennedys, wangling so many honorary degrees that he cut up all the robes he'd been presented with and sewed them into a quilt. Shortly before the Cuban Missile Crisis, the government sent him to Russia, where he met Khrushchev. On his return, Frost implied publicly that Kennedy had failed to stand firmly enough against Communism. The president was of course infuriated. But when the crisis came, Kennedy stiffened up, and, says Meyers, "many people felt that Frost's remark, strangely enough, had influenced the President's strong stand."

Robert Frost, the poet who saved mankind. It's a far-fetched notion, of course, especially given the status of poets nowadays. In the years since Frost ran himself up the national flagpole, no one has even attempted the feat. And given how Frost got up there, maybe that's good.

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★★★ *Leo Jakobson,
East Side Resident, March, 1996*

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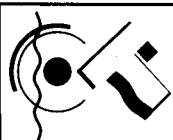
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American gladiators: Nathan Lane, William Duell, and Mark Linn-Baker in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*.

SOME GLOOMY THINGS HAPPENED ON THE WAY to the revival of **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**. One of our wittiest, sexiest, smartest, and most songful musicals has undergone a sea change from high to ebb tide. Some of the old felicities are still there, but an essential string is untuned, some crucial tesserae are missing from the mosaic of merrymaking—Thalia, the comic muse, has averted her face from the proceedings.

The original 1962 staging by George Abbott and the choreographer Jack Cole had a marvelously bawdy, lustily heterosexual character, with male and female flesh palpably yearning for each other and the air thick with Plautine bawdry. The cast comprised several mature, even elderly comedians, their Borscht Belt rowdiness as blissfully chomped on as a down-in-the-mouth stogie. Take Zero Mostel, whose Pseudolus I described at the time as “pungent, fatty, succulent, infinitely malleable . . . the memorial of (at least) twelve Caesars rolled into one, carved out of goat cheese and lecherous as the goats it came from.” This fellow, after many accumulated years of slavery, craved his liberty as hotly as he panted for the courtesans in Lycus’s next-door establishment. That round face and round body joined the bulging eyes in one ball of beady concupiscence. Nathan Lane, the currently slimmed-down pseudo-Pseudolus, is too young, too hyper, too campy—and

largely unconvincing as the womanizing Pseudolus.

As Hysterium, his fellow slave and castrato co-conspirator, we once had Jack Gilford, an older actor with a meltingly melancholy face, oozing comic plangency, and, in drag, scaling vertiginous heights of absurdity. Mark Linn-Baker is too chipper, not properly hysterical, almost believable in female disguise. Where is the tart savor of Gilfordian chopped liver in the voice, where the innate sweetness peeking through layers of downtroddenness? As Senex, the pussywhipped oldster, we had David Burns, the archetype of overripe, innuendo-mongering Catskill savvy; now, young Lewis J. Stadlen rasps up a storm, but must we recruit our geezers from among the artful whippersnappers?

Ernie Sabella, however, offers a zesty tub of a Lycus, a pumped-up pimp of full-bodied farce. Even so, John Carradine’s 1962 dourly cadaverous procurer was a more dazzlingly original creation. As the formidable termagant Domina, Ruth Kobart was huge, hatchet-faced, and horrific; compared with her, Mary Testa is a mere soubrette. But the usually lithe Cris Groenendaal provides an exemplarily strutting, vainglorious hulk of a Miles Gloriosus, puffed up with ludicrous grandeur. And exquisitely befuddled as Raymond Walburn’s Eronius was in the original, the emaciated William Duell, in his different way, is equally droll.

George Abbott made the young lovers, despite the madcap maelstrom around them, obviously in love,

with a grace that commanded our empathy and had us rooting for their nuptials; Preshey Marker and Brian Davies contributed a duly lyrical strain. The current Philia, Jessica Boevers, looks goony and acts goofy; Jim Stanek, the new Hero, is nearer the mark, but a silly wig and sillier staging hobble him. Jerry Zaks's direction swamps the romance with farce. And the gorgeous courtesans? The twins do not convey twins, the giantess is the size of one of the other girls, and none of them is remotely as stunning as Lucienne Bridou was back then. Even the all-purpose male trio, the Proteans, though nimble and versatile, prove flimsy in their martial mode.

Most of the singing passes muster, although Jonathan Tunick's orchestrations are brassy and acidulous even where the original ones, by Irwin Kostal and Sid Ramin, were ingratiating. Several songs in Stephen Sondheim's ear-entrancing score—one of his two or three best—suffer accordingly, and the frisky "Pretty Little Picture" is, unaccountably, cut altogether. Sad to say, even the incomparable Tony Walton, whose first Broadway assignment was designing the 1962 production, has tried too hard to compete with himself, and cutesiness sneaks in, with the courtesans' mourning garb worthy of Frederick's of Hollywood. But Paul Gallo's controlled

brash lighting nicely conjures up orange sunbursts and pomegranate nightfalls.

Rob Marshall's choreography, like Zaks's direction, has spots of inspired tomfoolery but is frenetically overzealous, with choreographic and directorial gags bordering on hysteria. It is like an illusionist who—not content with producing one elegant white rabbit—lets his top hat sprout an entire motley warren, thus turning magic into mere mass production.

What remains indestructible is the book by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, arguably the most urbane and literate musical-comedy text ever conceived. But much of this sophisticated comedy gets swallowed up by the sight gags, and the often less-than-spot-on delivery by a would-be ensemble frequently on the spot. As the Emperor Augustus upbraided his dead general, Quintilius Varus, for losing him an army in the Teuton forests, I say to Jerry Zaks, "Give me back my legions of joyous moments!"

TRISH VRADENBURG'S *The Apple Doesn't Fall*... closed after its first performance, though, in my view, it should have done so much sooner. The play does provide a useful lesson, however. This semi-autobiographical fantasy concerns a TV-sitcom writer like Miss Vradenburg, whose

mother has Alzheimer's and whose father has remarried—culpably, in his daughter's eyes. Mom's young doctor, who is romancing the daughter, comes up with a cure for Alzheimer's, and pretty soon Mom and daughter are taking a happy cross-country trip. Things go pretty wonderfully for all concerned, even Pop, who—with his new toupee, gold chains, and wife—is living it up in Miami, until it emerges that all this is daughter's fantasy, and that, with the exception of the good doctor, everything else is wishful thinking.

Now, the problem here is not, as some have thought, that you cannot write a comedy about Alzheimer's, though it's no easy trick. The problem is you cannot write a viable stage play if all you know is how to write gags for television. A cure for Alzheimer's may be found; for TV sitcoms, there can be none.

TWO OFF-OFF BROADWAY COMPANIES RECENTLY mounted two previously ignored French classics: Marivaux's *Successful Strategies*, or *L'heureux Stratagème* (see "Cue: Theater," page 79), and Roger Vitrac's *Victor, or The Children Take Over*. Here you could see the tragedy of New York theater: Broadway and Off Broadway have the talent, Off-Off has the daring, and never the twain shall meet.



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The cutest couple in all of operadom make an impressive first appearance together at the Met.



Angela Gheorghiu and Roberto Alagna in *La Bohème*.

NO, NEW YORK'S NO. 1 OPERA FAN, MAYOR GIULIANI, did *not* marry the two lovebirds onstage after their first performance together in *La Bohème* at the Metropolitan Opera, although much of the audience rather seemed to expect that he might. A romantic item in real life, **Angela Gheorghiu** and **Roberto Alagna** are right now the opera world's two most beautiful young people, and the publicity machines are grinding. Monthly glossies that seldom pay attention to classical music have been cooing over the happy couple in anticipation of Alagna's Met debut, and their record labels are positively salivating at the possibility of developing a commercial attraction comparable to the Three Tenors. And unlike that aging pop trio, Gheorghiu (30) and Alagna (32) lend themselves to glamorous promotion. Discovered singing in a Paris pizza parlor some eight years ago, this tenor is such a pinup boy that EMI Classics has plastered his face on illuminated ads at bus stops all over town (STEALING THE LIMELIGHT, CAPTURING YOUR HEART).

They sing rather nicely, too, although perhaps we'll have to wait for another occasion to get a better idea about that. Alagna was obviously not in best voice on the big night, having blown the first crucial high C in Rodolfo's Act I aria and another optional one offstage at the end of his duet with Mimi. Before the last act began, Met

general manager Joseph Volpe announced that "Roberto" was having problems with phlegm and craved audience indulgence. He has mine—making his Met debut under such intense scrutiny and trying to live up to absurd advance billing as the "fourth tenor," Alagna must have been under tremendous pressure to deliver. It's an odd coincidence—Luciano Pavarotti also had a cold when he made his Met debut in the same role at the same age nearly 28 years ago, but he was a young unknown at the time, no one had any special expectations, and he performed without apologies. Pavarotti's voice sounded fine to me back then, although the tenor tells us in one of his autobiographies that he had sung badly that afternoon, and some fool named Davis gave him a rave in the *Times*. So much for music criticism, and no doubt Alagna will also survive the bad (and good) notices of his debut.

Momentary problems with high C's apart, Alagna indicated that he is definitely a quality tenor, and one who sounds like no other I can think of. Perhaps that has something to do with his parentage: Sicilian by blood but French by birth and upbringing, which may account for the voice's forward placement and sunny, open tone coupled with the slight nasal tang. It's an appealing combination, clearly at the service of a thoughtful, musical singer who says he is basically self-taught and has learned mainly from listening to other tenors' records (while he's in town, Alagna might find it worthwhile to consult and compare notes with another famous, notoriously nervous tenor autodidact, Franco Corelli). Alagna is heard to best advantage on discs, not so much on his first solo EMI recital, where the top is also rather iffy, but on an attractive new collection of arias and duets with Gheorghiu. Always responsive to his partner, here he sounds fresh, ardent, secure, and nicely tuned to the expressive needs of the music.

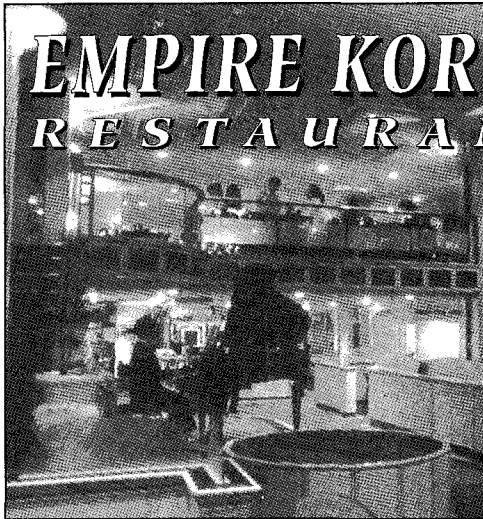
Gheorghiu is already a familiar Met Mimi. She reinforces earlier good impressions here, a soprano with a clear, unblemished tone who fills out a phrase with real musical values and honest sentiment. She is also a resourceful actress who knows how to use her dark beauty to good effect as she flirts gracefully with Rodolfo in Act I and dies touchingly at the end. If Gheorghiu understandably seemed extra solicitous about the welfare of her poet lover on this occasion, it only added to an af-

fecting portrait. There were two other debuts: William Shimell, a vocally elegant Marcello, and Simone Young, only the second woman ever to conduct at the Met. Under the trying circumstances, Young might have accommodated the singers more thoughtfully—the orchestral volume tended to be several decibels too high and her leisurely tempos did not help Alagna. This *La Bohème* hardly delivered all the storybook magic promised by the fan mags, but that may yet come, if the media hype ever dies down.

ONE DAY A COMPOSER WILL PROBABLY WRITE a musical memorial to the Vietnam War that draws together and expresses all the complex feeling this traumatic national catastrophe still seems to arouse. So far this hasn't happened, and perhaps even now, 21 years after the end of the war, it is still too soon. Or perhaps Elliot Goldenthal's *Fire Water Paper: A Vietnam Oratorio*, recently performed in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra led by Seiji Ozawa, just isn't up to such a daunting job. Certainly this hour-long score tries hard enough, and its musical and poetic images could not be more to the point or politically inclusive. The work opens with the chorus intoning an invocation by an eleventh-century Vietnamese monk and a soprano solo singing the suicide letter of a protesting Vietnamese student who immolated herself in 1967. Quotes from the Roman Catholic Liturgy, biblical passages, soulful contemporary poems, an electronic trope of Jimi Hendrix performing "The Star-Spangled Banner," fragments from the Pentagon Papers—the atmosphere is nothing if not dense with significance and charged with high drama.

Any commentary on *Fire Water Paper* must list all the twentieth-century musical ghosts that haunt this wildly eclectic score—Stravinsky, Mahler, Weill, Copland, Orff, Prokofiev, Britten, Shostakovich—but in its eagerness to reach out and please, the oratorio mostly puts me in mind of Leonard Bernstein about to envelop an audience in one of his sweatiest embraces; it has that kind of theatricality and populist touch, not surprising from a composer of film scores such as *Batman Forever*. Goldenthal even surpasses Bernstein in terms of sheer compositional technique as well as in his virtuosity at organizing so many diverse influences into a coherent musical structure. In the end, though, a listener is left more entertained than emotionally shattered—for all its awkward gestures and false moves, even Bernstein's *Mass* communicates more interior pain than this well-meant but glib melodrama. Few conductors control and present such grandiose statements more lucidly or effectively than Ozawa, who presided over a superheated performance that left little to the imagination.

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TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD It's Alive

'The Beast,' a mini-series based on the Peter Benchley novel about a very, very angry squid, has some nail-biter moments, but it's no 'Jaws.'



One big
Mother Sucker:
The Beast.

YOU ARE ABOUT TO SPEND SOME QUALITY TIME with the Cephalopod That Ate Seattle. You should therefore know something about giant squids. But **The Beast** (Sunday and Monday, April 28 and 29; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC), a mini-series deriving from Peter Benchley's watery best-seller, is too busy feeling bad about drowned wives, teen angst, gnomish manliness, overfishing and underemployment in the Northwest salt basin, and gender roles in the Coast Guard to supply more than a sketchy background on the Mother of All Mollusks. So I've done the homework for you. While there is surprisingly little inside info in the standard ref-

erence books on tentacle foreplay and the mating habits of these horny, ringed suckers, *Architeuthis dux* is indeed the largest living invertebrate, growing up to 60 feet long. And, just as Peter Benchley tells us, not only a carnivore, but "an adventitious eater"—that is, it will gobble up whatever's around, and when that runs out, switch to almost anything else. Whether, moving around in the murk by jet propulsion with a built-in nozzle, it would get so riled at the dynamite murder of its 3-month-old, 38-foot-long, 1,000-pound baby squid as to devour sozzled poachers, marine biologists, and Charles Martin Smith, not for food but for revenge, is another kettle of carp. In real life, your basic giant squid is rather less maternal than, say, an octopus. When your "egg mop" is full of 40,000 chicks waiting to be hatched, it's tough to get attached to one luckless adolescent.

Nevertheless, this squid is pissed. There it was, happily rappelling the lower depths of the coastal waters of Washington State, out of sight, out of mind, and off-camera, when trappers like Larry Drake scooped up its food supply in a steel cage. So it switched to yachts and baby sperm whales and an occasional snack of scuba diver. William Petersen as Whip Dalton, the last of the Great White Fisher Kings since Hemingway blew his brains out, must contemplate not only the odd claw left behind in an inflatable life raft stinking of ammonia but also Karen Sillas, the big, blonde Coast Guard lieutenant with a feminist chip on her shoulder. He consults Ronald Guttman, an excitable marine biologist, who will jet-propel himself to Graves Point Island with Murray Bartlett, his handsome young associate, and Denis Arndt, a Sea Land theme-park entrepreneur. While Petersen and Sillas slow-dance, and Guttman explains *Architeuthis dux*, and Arndt plays with his phenobarbital canisters, and Bartlett falls for the Fisher King's motherless daughter, a twitchy and affecting Missy Crider, the greedy landlord-boss of Graves Point, Charles Martin Smith, seeks to

save his fishless island for busboys, trinket salesmen, and the tourist trade by hiring Drake to slay the Mother Squid. Drake dynamites Junior instead.

You will recognize undigested lumps of *Jaws*, not to mention the family romance of Sigourney Weaver's *Alien* trilogy. As in those movies, we do not meet our nemesis head-on until well into the mayhem; for much of Sunday the squid snit is mostly shadow beneath the surface, with a sudden splenetic clutch of prehensile pincers. What's missing from *The Beast*, directed by Jeff Bleckner, is the Steven Spielberg/Ridley Scott/James Cameron genius for timing. We expected to be shocked, and still they sneaked up on us, to strike from ambush

whenever we were most off balance, as if jacked into the deepest apprehensions of the old reptilian brain. Bleckner knows how to up the ante with each attack—the gobbling of the submersible is scarier than what happened to the yacht or scuba divers, the demise of Drake is a marvel of scaly thrashing, and the Monday-night high noon with the big-eyed suction cup is enough to flummox a Karen Sillas, who is otherwise so immune to muss she might as well be an idol of Gaia, carved out of Ivory soap—but the payoffs arrive at intervals too predictable.

(It's a week in fact in which terrible things happen to handsome women all over television and yet none of them is much mussed. In *Angel Flight Down* [see "TV Notes," page 90], Patricia Kalember suffers a plane crash, a medical emergency, and more bad weather than the Donner party only to emerge as though from deep-pore cleansing. In *She Woke Up Pregnant* [see "TV Notes"], Michele Greene, while under sedation, is raped by her dentist and is nonetheless impossibly perky in a lumberjack shirt. In *Poltergeist: The Legacy* [Fridays, starting April 26; 10 to 11 P.M.; Showtime], you'd never know that just last Sunday Helen Shaver had not only buried her son and husband in a haunted Irish graveyard but had also been raped by a possessed antiques dealer, and had given messy birth to a noisy demon who may or may not be stoppered up now in one of five sepulchres scrawled all over with pentagrams and Druidic symbology. Way cool!)

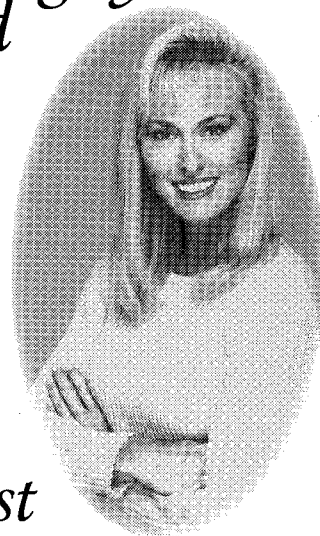
At least as interesting as the beast itself is the beastly relationship between Petersen and Sillas. He is asked to embody all three notions of manhood that got equal time in *Jaws*: the cop with secret doubts, Roy Scheider; the ichthyologist addicted to ironies, Richard Dreyfuss; and the comic-book Ahab, Robert Shaw. With his curly little beard, Petersen even resembles some sort of mind meld of Scheider and Dreyfuss. When he puts on his game face, we're never sure whose game he's playing, but he's concentrated, as if a lot of attitude had been condensed by black-hole gravity. Whereas Sillas, as we came to expect from her series role in *Under Suspicion*, is always elsewhere, outside her gorgeous but somehow embarrassing body, as if vapors took her thoughts away into the unbearable lightness of American being, as if she picked up radio signals from Platonic ideals in the dimple in her chin. Tangential, peripheral, marginalized in their own odd orbits, these two want to connect but don't know how. Like my swotting up the squid, they've consulted the standard reference works, but mating behavior remains a mystery.

Having said all this, I'm honor-bound to add that when we finally do see the Mother Sucker, she's damned impressive. Think of a soft helicopter.

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Bowled Over



Daniel, you're a star: Spectacular soups that approach the cosmic.

UNTIL RECENTLY, THE BEST MEAL I'D HAD IN A New York restaurant was at Le Cirque when Daniel Boulud was its chef. The best cocktail food I've had anywhere was at a reception Boulud gave for foodies congregated for the James Beard Awards two years ago (the next night, he was named Chef of the Year; the votes had been cast before the invitations arrived). So it's no surprise that a recent dinner at **Restaurant Daniel** beat my New York best-meal record.

Many mourn the passing from the restaurant scene of André Soltner, with his daily displays at Lutèce of his native Alsatian food. There's no need to mourn, though, when Boulud, 41, offers ceaselessly inventive bravura based on the classic Lyonnaise cuisine he began learning at 14. As many felt about Lutèce, I look forward to a meal at Daniel as much for what I will learn as for what I will eat. For days afterward I roll dishes around in my mind, wondering at the combinations of tastes.

You want the best?

The very best? A hint:

The chef's on a first-name basis with everyone.

At one Saturday lunch, in place of the usual mini-quiches the kitchen sent out seven little cream-soup bowls, each filled with a different and ravishingly pretty soup. Submerged like an underwater treasure in a wild-mushroom consommé was a quenelle-light foie gras flan topped with a slice of black truffle. Chilled fresh-pea soup had a fantastically sweet, pure garden-pea flavor. The bowl in front of me contained three small, glistening Malpeque oysters poised on a shallow pool of crème fraîche, with slices of lemongrass and a spoonful of Osetra caviar marking the center. The unexpected tang of the lemongrass, shored up with faint hints of lime, ginger, and garlic, gave new life to the few perfect things in the bowl. If it would be unwise for a tenor to stroll onstage and without preamble toss off a string of high C's, then Boulud is reckless.

Even at this preliminary stage, a curious and seemingly contagious selfishness began to settle on the table. With each course, a few diners (not always the same ones) would pretend to be so thoroughly absorbed in a conversational volley or concentrating so hard on a fugitive idea that they would simply forget to offer anyone a taste of what they were eating. Even I somehow forgot to offer anyone a

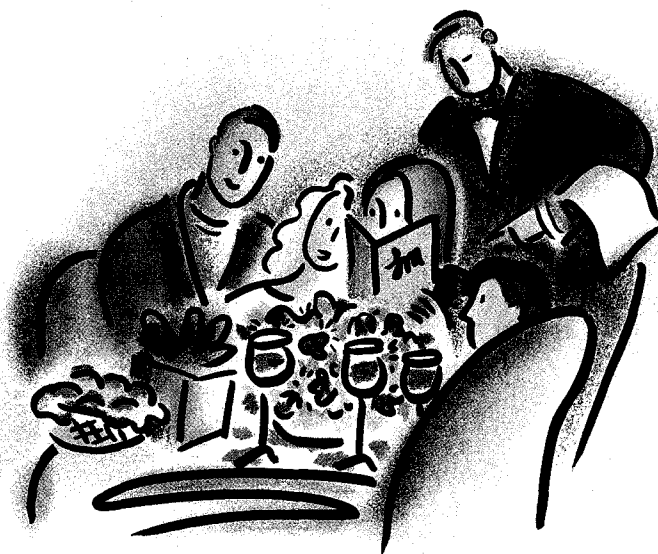
bit of my oysters and crème fraîche. The deprivation gave me an ideal excuse to return.

This was not hard to do, since I never had a problem getting a reservation, whatever name I used. When Daniel was New York's get-a-table-or-get-out-of-town-in-shame restaurant, service was spotty, and the noise and crowding interfered with and could spoil a meal. Getting someone to take a reservation was like waiting for Microsoft tech support. Recently I never waited longer than a minute on the phone, and was never refused a reservation—a specific time, yes, but never the day or meal or number of diners. Although by my second lunch I was recognized, the soups were sent out to welcome a large party, not a critic.

A year after Daniel's 1993 opening, Boulud literally went back to the drawing board. He had the chairs made smaller, so the same number of people could dine with fewer traffic jams, and he reconfigured the walls to hide the bathrooms and give people a comfortable place to wait to be seated. Alas, he'll never be able to raise the

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Illustration by Margaret Hewitt

nine-foot ceiling, and although lavish flowers adorn the very beige room, it still feels boxy. Even though you no longer risk bumping into another seated diner when you get up, things are tight: Private conversation is by no means assured, especially at the banquettes, and the constant rearrangement of tables all around you as the restaurant squeezes in yet another party can be distracting. The compensation is the attentive and really good-natured staff, and pacing of courses that seems preternaturally suited to your table without feeling rushed. There's a hidden, very late-twentieth-century explanation: Four tiny video cameras allow the kitchen to keep an eye on every table.

The food helps, too. Boulud works within a strictly classic French range of techniques, layering flavors to highlight the taste of what gives the name to the dish. Squab with dates, for instance, listed with little description on the winter menu, came as mahogany-rimmed roasted slices of meat rich as any duck breast, with a demiglace of pigeon stock infused with cinnamon, clove, and star anise; the sauce was serially reduced with port, white wine, and water, and thickened with a purée of dates. I didn't know all this when I ate it—I found out by asking. I knew only that I had never tasted better squab.

Many of the main courses are plain classic country French eating, with lavish touches: spoon-soft beef short ribs braised twice in red wine to concentrate the sweetness, served with truffled mashed potatoes, for instance, or rillettes of pieces of duck, quail, and rabbit interlarded with foie gras and truffles. Boulud isn't afraid of offal, which can make you feel you're in a dining room in someone's house near Lyon on a Sunday afternoon. Stuffed pig's feet are thick little round slices of deep-red meat studded with translucent bits of white fat. Often at lunch Boulud will improvise, as things he's ordered for dinner arrive from purveyors. A baby lamb comes in to be roasted for the evening, and suddenly the waiter suggests a frisée salad with fried brains. It would be understandable—but foolish—to refuse such an offer.

The kitchen can make missteps, as it seemed to do in abundance during the

lunch when I knew I had been recognized. The tipoff was an uncharacteristic and protracted lull before the arrival of a surprisingly overcooked seafood risotto with saffron and puréed Catalanian pimientos. Nine-herb ravioli, a house specialty, were swimming in butter in addition to the tomato coulis the menu promised; the garlic with the crisp-fried potato rounds, served to the side of (perfectly crisp and largely defatted) roasted duck confit, was blackened. What happened to the usually miraculous balance of rich and lean, bursts of flavor over steady and unobtrusive ones? Boulud joined us later and explained, "When the critic comes in, the butter comes out." He meant, unfortunately, that the butter comes out of the refrigerator and into the sauté pan, not out of the dish.

On my next visit, I sent word to put the butter back where it came from, please, and to send out three courses plus dessert. As at most great restaurants, this is the way to eat—and anyone can do it; give guidelines as to preferences and timing and especially as to price. Boulud enjoys preparing "theme meals," some of which he lists on the back of the menu and others of which he'll suggest if you call a day or two ahead, and also welcomes the challenge of any advance orders for the truly *grands plats*.

Simplicity again led to greatness at the dinner. A warm salad of octopus, shrimp, and squid with cranberry beans, arugula, tiny pieces of tomato confit, and fleshy halved black olives was dressed simply with lemon and a light pesto. Rather than start a fight, we ordered two more portions. Tender, brown braised lamb shank, served together with slices of sweet, milk-fed lamb, more than made up for a disappointingly firm and pale shank at a previous lunch.

François Payard's desserts merit the attention of Boulud's food. They're as varied and virtuoso as those soups were—there are two menus, one for fruit and one for chocolate desserts—and he is as attentive as Boulud to seasonality. Right now the two must-haves are coconut sorbet on a bed of pineapple, with a star-anise sabayon (I know—I don't like coconut either, and I'm not crazy about pineapple—but the sorbet is milky, grainy, and only a bit sweet, and the

sabayon is freckled with crusty, hot caramelized sugar) and a hexagonal milk-chocolate cake flavored with Earl Grey tea, hiding a wafer like a beatified Kit Kat. I want to keep marking the change in the weather by following the new menus of both chefs: Just now, the spring menu is starting.

This was not the most elaborate of the meals I had at Daniel, nor the most expensive (and I made sure our table was charged for everything): \$150 a head, including 20 percent service, with several mixed drinks before dinner and three bottles of wine divided among six wine enthusiasts. The total could have been less had we not given in to two full dessert courses or gone for the superb but slightly expensive wines recommended by Philippe, the sommelier, a 1993 white Burgundy (Mersault Clos Richemont) and a 1983 Bordeaux (Chateau Ducru-Beaucaillon). That food at that price best shows why it's hard to take much of Boulud's competition seriously.

Yet, of course, people do, especially a restaurant that is frequently rated higher than Daniel—Bouley, whose announced yearlong closing starting in June has precipitated a landslide of table requests. Over three months of my entering the fray, reservations takers were almost comically rude ("No, nothing at all. Oh, someone told you you could have a late lunch Friday? Now that I look more closely, I see a cancellation . . . it's very smudged"). Days after the two long meals I finally was allowed to eat, I was hard pressed to remember a single dish I was served. Everything merged into the sweet exotic-fruit slurry that seemed to drown every so-called savory. At a recent dinner, several dishes arrived with odd-colored tepid bubbly foams in place of sauces—a new fashion best left to the hair salon.

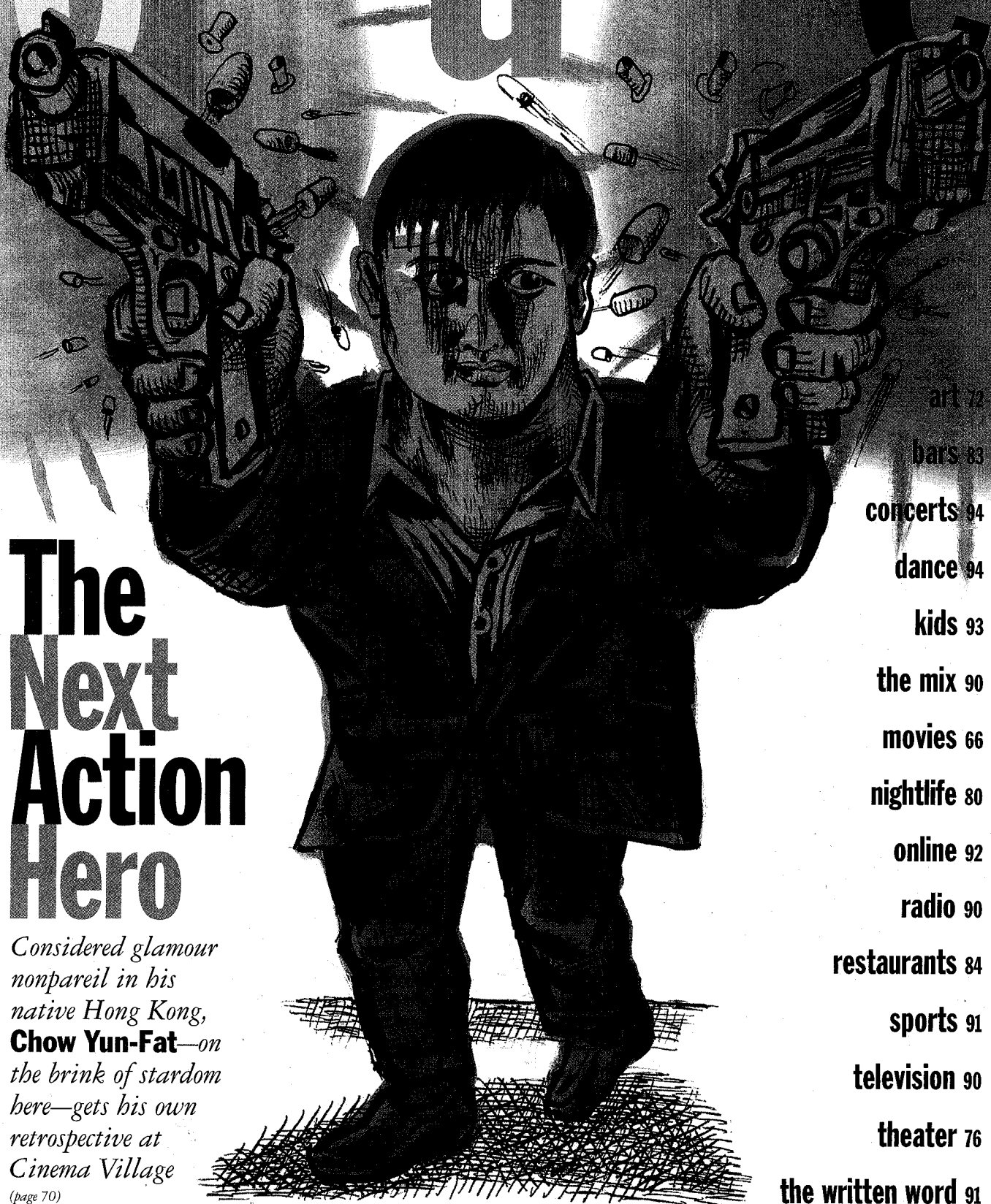
Bouley clearly has talent to have acquired such a large (and apparently non-Manhattan-based) following. But now his heart doesn't appear to be in the fey, wan dishes he sends out. The only thing that tastes like what it's billed as is the cheese plate, which the maître d', Dominique, sent our party to accompany his excellent, moderately priced red wines. When I challenged his description of a creamy, strong cheese as Italian goat (Italy produces very few such cheeses), he replied with some heat, "I can't remember the name, but I know it's Italian—I bought it this morning at Zabar's." Memo to would-be diners still on hold for reservations: Call back when Bouley reopens next year. Confidential to diners seeking greatness: Call Daniel.

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Sweet spots: Pastry chef François Payard in action.

"...I look forward to a meal at Daniel as much for what I will learn as for what I will eat..."



The Next Action Hero

*Considered glamour
nonpareil in his
native Hong Kong,
Chow Yun-Fat—on
the brink of stardom
here—gets his own
retrospective at
Cinema Village*

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movies

Two Friends . . . The Gen Art Film Festival

New Films

All Dogs Go to Heaven 2—A dead dog named Charlie (voice of Charlie Sheen) teams up with a fetching Irish setter (Sheena Easton) to retrieve an angel's lost horn. (1 hr. 21 mins.; G) *Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Nova.*

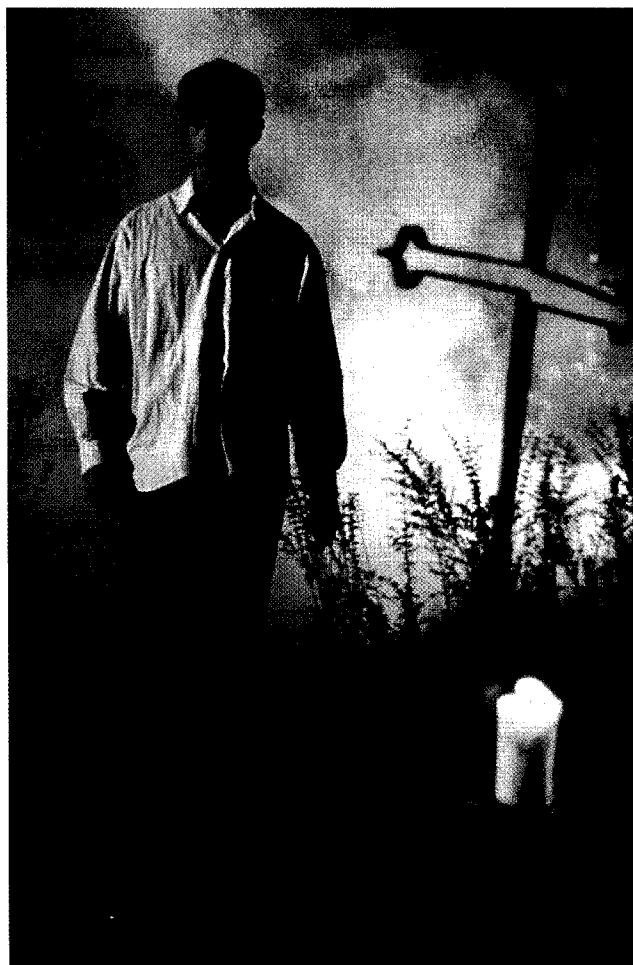
★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. He is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. The ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order, or by some dirty secret. Oblivious, Adamson goes on with his work. He marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A. S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Anne Frank Remembered—Jon Blair's documentary, which was made in collaboration with the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam, offers little in the way of revelation—but the testimony of the now elderly women who knew Anne Frank and who helped the Frank family, at considerable risk, both in Amsterdam and the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, is extraordinarily moving. (Denby; 3/25/96) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema 3.*

August—Anthony Hopkins makes his directorial debut with this fresh interpretation of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya." Also starring Kate Burton, Leslie Phillips, and Hugh Lloyd. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**The Birdcage**—Director Mike Nichols and writer Elaine May have set this remake of *La Cage aux Folles* in Miami's South Beach. Above the Birdcage club live Armand (Robin Williams) and Albert (Nathan Lane), who have been together through so many versions and productions that they easily qualify as the world's most famous married couple. Armand's loving son is about to be married to the daughter of an ultraconservative couple (the bride's father, played by Gene Hackman, is a right-wing senator), and Armand and Albert have to put on a respectable show for the parents. As Armand,



Opening The Living Dead

Rupert Everett (above) literally works the graveyard shift as a watchman who must re-slay the rather insistent dead in the zombie comedy 'Cemetery Man' (opening April 26).

Williams gives one of his most restrained and beautiful performances; he's the soul of the movie, a hardworking husband in love with a funny hysteric whom he will take care of till his dying day. Armand and Albert put on a memorable and hilarious dinner party for the senator and his wife, and the loveliest thing about this scene is that caricature turns to benevolent farce. When the senator finds himself charmed by a man dressed as a woman and even becomes jealous of the woman's "husband," he is softened and transfigured by absurdity. Opposites suddenly recognize each other as soulmates, and from this recognition flows reconciliation. (Denby; 3/11/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Plaza Twin.*

Brain Candy—The Kids in the Hall's comedy about an addictive anti-depressant that enslaves the nation. With David Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Kevin McDonald, Mark McKinney, and Scott Thompson. Directed by Kelly Makin. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Waverly; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

The Celluloid Closet—An engaging documentary about Hollywood's treatment and depiction of gays and lesbians in film. Based on Vito Russo's acclaimed book. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Celtic Pride—Two ardent Boston Celtics fans (Dan Aykroyd and Daniel Stern) kidnap the opposing team's star player (Damon Wayans). Written by Judd Apatow. Directed by Tom DeCerio. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Cemetery Man—Rupert Everett stars as a cemetery watchman who must re-execute the living dead. He faces a dilemma, however, when the woman he falls in love with is killed. Directed by Michele Soavi. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

★**Chungking Express**—Thirty years ago, Jean-Luc Godard identified his youthful characters as "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola"; writer-director Wong Kar-Wai's characters might be called the children of global hypercapitalism and Coca-Cola. *Chungking Express* was shot mostly at night inside a vast network of stores, fast-food restaurants and markets in the Hong Kong tourist district. This, we gather, is the future: a shopping-concourse Babel where the many languages and identities are held together, momentarily, by a chance meeting of interest and desire. Wong tells separate stories about two lonely Hong Kong policemen, each trying to cope with the loss of his girlfriend. In the first, a young cop known only by his badge number (223) decides to wait a month for his girl to come back to him. She left on April 1, so every day he buys a can of pineapple (her favorite food) with an expiration date of May 1. When he runs out of cans to buy, he'll know the affair is over. In the second story, a flight attendant, having decided to dump her policeman boyfriend, No. 663 (Tony Leung), leaves the key to his apartment at the fast-food stand where he stops every night. A strange girl who works there becomes obsessed with the abandoned cop; she takes the key and repeatedly goes to his apartment, brightening the place up. On the whole, Wong seems more at home with solipsistic characters, dreaming their time away, than with men and women together. When the policeman and his admirer finally face each other in his apartment, they can hardly speak. *Chungking Express* is charming and right up to the second; its theme is the transiency, the fleetingness, of life in the present. (Denby; 3/25/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Cold Fever—A young Tokyo executive decides to spend his vacation not in Hawaii, as originally

planned, but on a remote river in Iceland—the spot where his parents died. Directed by Fridrik Thor Fridriksson. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center*.

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shift"; he's mean, cut-off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Prêjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Prêjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, the filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment. The implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man. But if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinema*.

Diabolique—The 1954 original, directed with devastating precision by Henri-Georges Clouzot, was set in a boys' school outside Paris. Two women in thrall to the school's sadistic master—his religious wife and his knowing and tough-souled mistress—conspire to murder him, with unexpected consequences. This remake, directed by Jeremiah Chechik (*Benny & Joon*), puts new seats on an old chassis, and nothing feels quite right—not the school, now placed outside Pittsburgh; not the casting of the very urban and proletarian Chazz Palminteri as the school's menacing director; not the performance of Isabelle Adjani as the religious wife. The new movie is more explicit sexually but less interesting, and with the exception of Sharon Stone—the wickedest, most beautiful witch in the movies—it's a botch. (Denby; 4/1/96) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Tower East; Lincoln Square*.

Executive Decision—Six military operatives board a hijacked plane in midair and attempt to defuse a bomb loaded with nerve gas. With Kurt Russell and Steven Seagal. Directed by Stuart Baird. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six*.

A Family Thing—A drama about a middle-aged white Southerner (Robert Duvall) who, after learning his natural mother was black, sets out to find his half-brother. With James Earl Jones. Directed by Richard Pierce. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Beekman; Regency*.

★**Fargo**—In the dead of winter, a car drives toward us through a whiteness so enveloping that we cannot tell where ground and air meet. The brilliant opening shot of *Fargo*—a devastating new comedy-thriller from Joel and Ethan Coen—suggests something unspeakably sinister, a void without gradation or limits. The film is about Jerry Lundegaard, a Minneapolis auto salesman who hires two thugs to kidnap his wife. Why? So he can cop part of the ransom money his rich father-in-law will pony up to get his daughter back, of course. He arrives in a roadhouse north of Minneapolis and meets two thugs, one of them a jumpy little creep (Steve Buscemi) and the other a monosyllabic, barely conscious stone killer of indeterminate Scandinavian origin. Buscemi's punk is highly puzzled by Jerry's scheme to have his wife kidnapped and then collect part of the ransom himself. Why doesn't Jerry just ask his father-in-law

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby. ...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. ...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

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VS.
The Love of Power

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Story by the Screenwriting Partnership of PETE DEXTER and RICHARD D. ZANUCK. LUI FINI ZANUCK LEE TAMAHORI SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON EDEL AMERICA RECORDS
R RESTRICTED PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 17
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for the money? Buscemi's demand that crime make sense becomes a running joke in this peculiar north-country world, in which the conversational engine turns over and over but never really catches fire. As the Coens see it, people in northern Minnesota are so devoted to surface pleasantness that they don't notice the dark abyss opening at their feet. Joel Coen (who directed) stages the scenes as a deadpan comedy of squareness—but just when the satire is approaching burlesque, Frances McDormand turns up as police chief Marge Gunderson, and we see that blandness may have a hidden meaning. *Fargo* is not completely an exercise in attitude; it's a fable of good and evil, in which the pregnant Marge gets to restore order, one syllable at a time. (Denby; 3/18/96) (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Fear—A thriller about a spurned young man (Mark Wahlberg, a.k.a. Marky Mark) who goes psycho on his ex-girlfriend (Resse Witherspoon). (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six.*

Fires of Kuwait—An IMAX documentary about the firefighting crews who battled massive oil-well fires at the close of the Gulf War. (36 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Flirting With Disaster—David O. Russell's new comedy waltzes, tangles, and goes to bed with disaster, yet somehow survives and even flourishes. Russell's hero is Mel (Ben Stiller), an adopted son undergoing an identity crisis—he wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Manhattan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would probably make anyone look for new parents. The adoption agency sends out a very aggressive but “understanding” woman (Téa Leoni) along to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette), and their baby take off on a quest in which we know everything has to go wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity; although it's not always fun watching people undergo one humiliation after another, Russell is persistent. He clings to his idea and he scores. Everyone Mel meets is a mess (as is he), and the pace never lets up—with five or six people together in a scene, all blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows almost symphonic. This is one of the rare comedies that actually get stronger as they go along. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2-4; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Flower of My Secret—In Pedro Almodóvar's latest comedy, Marisa Paredes plays a romance novelist who finds it impossible to write when her marriage falls apart. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

For the Moment—An Australian airman is sent to Canada to train as a pilot before flying off into World War II and falls in love with a rural Canadian woman. Starring Russell Crowe and Christine Hirt. Directed by Aaron Kim Johnston. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Getting Away With Murder—Dan Aykroyd plays a man who, believing his next door neighbor to be a Nazi war criminal named Karl Luger, kills him—only to fall in love with a woman (Lily Tomlin) who confesses that her father is indeed Luger. A comedy. Written and directed by Harvey Miller. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *19th Street East.*

Girl 6—Just as in some of his earlier movies (*Mo' Better Blues*, *Crooklyn*), Spike Lee can't seem to grab ahold of the story he wants to tell. The movie begins as a slapdash, semi-satirical comedy about an aspiring young actress (Theresa Randle) trying to get ahead in New York. No one wants to give her work, and she finally takes a job doing phone sex, where she's given the title *Girl 6*. The phone-sex company works out of a high-rise corpo-

rate building, and it's funny that the girls sit under fluorescent light in front of computers and refer to themselves as “telecommunications sales representatives.” But only for a while. We don't get too far into the phone-sex episodes before we realize that the movie has mysteriously died, and not all of Spike Lee's energy and innovation can bring it back to life. As always, Lee throws in fantasy episodes and street sequences, but the theme that would unify all the whirling fragments and vignettes never emerges. We are left with very little except the idea that phone sex isn't much of a life for an aspiring actress. But who thought it was? (Denby; 4/1/96) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Imagine—A 3-D IMAX movie that explores human perception and imagination. (22 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

It's My Party—Eric Roberts portrays a young man who, shortly before succumbing to AIDS, hosts a two-day party for his family, friends, and an unexpected guest. With Gregory Harrison. Written and directed by Randal Kleiser. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

James and the Giant Peach—Based on one of Roald Dahl's children's books, director Henry Selick has turned James into a sophisticated fairy tale that doesn't choke on self-consciousness. In the beginning, a little boy (James) lives in perfect harmony on the English coast—until the parents are eaten by a rhinoceros. A rhinoceros! Even children will know that the movie is really about imaginary stories, and that the next sequence, in which the unhappy little boy is turned over to his witchy aunts Spiker (Joanna Lumley) and Sponge (Miriam Margolyes), is a riff on the more dolorous sections of old Disney movies. Lumley and Margolyes overplay deliciously, and just when we've had enough, James climbs into the giant peach he has made on the front lawn, and the movie goes from live action to stop-motion animation with puppets. Inside the peach, James joins a selection of talkative insects. The peach and its jabbering crew take off for New York, and James and his friends have terrific adventures in the air with menacing sea creatures—all done with puppets moving very freely but with more weight and body than drawn or computer-animated figures. The charming *James* flags slightly when it lands in New York, but it's got a freer and bolder visual style than anything Disney has done in years. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza.*

Jane Eyre—Franco Zeffirelli's version of the Charlotte Brontë classic about a young governess who eventually wins the man she loves. Starring Char-

lotte Gainsbourg, William Hurt, Joan Plowright, and Anna Paquin. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Paris Theater.*

L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico Lo Verso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastro D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Last Supper—A black comedy about a group of liberal college grad students whose politically-charged dinner parties always reach a morbidly satisfying end. Directed by Stacy Title. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Leaving Las Vegas—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret—and his death, from the beginning of the movie, is a certainty. Having dispensed with the usual suspense of such movies (when will the hero hit bottom and pull himself out of it?), director Mike Figgis is free to open his film to mystery and art. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don't need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she's touched by him. He needs tending, and her taking care of him is a way of leaving prostitution without leaving it. Figgis accepts Ben and Sera with something like awe: The doomed nature of their love transfigures it. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life. It's the most accomplished American movie of the year—the most active visually, the strongest and purest in emotion, and as close as we get to art in the American cinema of the nineties. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Loaded—Seven young friends spend a weekend filming a dark fantasy, and the line between fact and fiction becomes increasingly blurred. Directed by Anna Campion (Jane's sister). (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Lotto Land—A Brooklyn neighborhood is thrown into chaos when it's learned that a Lotto ticket worth \$27 million was sold in a local liquor store. Starring Larry Gilliard Jr., Wendell Holmes, and Barbara Gonzales. Written and directed by John Rubino. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Village East; Embassy 2-4; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Ma Saison Préférée—Catherine Deneuve plays a woman who is revered for her beauty but seemingly incapable of loving anyone; when her mother takes ill, she is forced to confront her estranged brother and daughter. Directed by André Techiné. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Monster—A comedy about a hapless man in a small Italian village who is fingered by police as a serial killer. Written by, directed by, and starring Roberto Benigni. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Mrs. Winterbourne—See Denby, p. 53. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Mulholland Falls—Four cops, members of the Los Angeles Police Department's “Hat Squad,” investigate what appears to be a routine murder. Starring Nick Nolte, Melanie Griffith, and Chazz Palminteri. Directed by Lee Tamahori (*Once Were Warriors*). (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

Mystery Science Theater 3000—The movie version of the TV series in which a man is forced to watch hilariously bad movies with two aliens. Here, you watch them watching *This Island Earth* and making wisecracks. Directed by Jim Mallon. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square.*

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—A lonely writer takes Nelly, a fragile young divorcee, under his wing, falls deeply in love with her, and begins to wither when he realizes that his publisher is also in love with her. Winner of two César awards (France's equivalent of the Oscar). Directed by Claude Sautet. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*



Festival Young Americans

With such mega-hipsters as Michael Stipe and Paul Auster on the advisory board, the 1996 Gen Art Film Festival—yes, works by that certain demographic—should be satisfyingly eclectic. *The Darden Gap* (above), still riding post-Sundance buzz, kicks it all off at Alice Tully Hall on April 27. (See “Museums, Societies, Etc.” for info.)

Oliver & Company—The re-release of Disney's animated tale of an orphaned kitten's misadventures. With the voices of Billy Joel, Bette Midler, Cheech Marin, and Dom DeLuise. Directed by George Scribner. (1 hr. 13 mins.; G) *23rd Street West Triplex; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Primal Fear—Richard Gere stars as a cutthroat, vainglorious defense lawyer who becomes invested in helping his client beat a murder rap. With John Mahoney and Andre Braugher. Directed by Gregory Hoblit. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; UA East; 84th Street Six; Pavilion/Windsor.*

The Quest—Jean-Claude Van Damme makes his directorial debut with this film, in which he stars as a globe-trotting pickpocket. With Roger Moore. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

***Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee understands the strains and stresses of social ritual extremely well. Lee stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, without pomp; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Sgt. Bilko—After World War II and Korea, the Cold War brought a new solemnity to the national mood. Against the background of nuclear-warfare anxiety, the sight of slap-happy American proles rolling stink bombs into the commanders' quarters offered a touch of anti-authoritarian tonic. *The Phil Silvers Show*, a TV sitcom that aired from 1955 to 1959, was sheer joy—as Sergeant Bilko, Silvers was dominating, superb, and rakishly charming, and taught a whole generation of young men how to be smart. But the new movie version is such a dud, with so much disastrously wrong, that it's beyond redemption. Director Jonathan Lynn barges from one coarsely-staged slapstick episode to the next; none of the minor characters register; and everyone seems to be working on automatic, especially the new Bilko, Steve Martin, who is mortifyingly unfunny. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

The Substitute—Tom Berenger plays a mercenary who infiltrates the Miami school system and straightens out a bunch of unruly minority kids. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Embassy 2-4; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

Sunset Park—Rhea Perlman stars in the latest film about a naive teacher who singlehandedly turns around the lives of misguided youths (she's a gym teacher; the kids play basketball). Directed by Stefe Gomer. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

A Thin Line Between Love and Hate—A hip-hop comedy about a nightclub owner who gets involved with the wrong woman. With Martin Lawrence—who also directed—and Bobby Brown. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th*



Sex, Drugs & Show Tunes

Before the self-censorship of the Production Code of 1934, Hollywood churned out 'Showgirls'-style sagas—like 'Palmy Days,' pictured—laden with sex, nudity, drugs, betrayal, and homosexual undertones. Film Forum celebrates the original sinners in "Musicals Before the Code," beginning April 26. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; Nova; Plaza Twin.

The Truth About Cats & Dogs—See Denby, p. 52. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

Two Friends—Jane Campion's first feature revolves around the intense yet highly precarious friendship between two teenage girls, told in flashback from his demise to its beginnings. Modest and incredibly affecting. (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR). *Film Forum.*

Up Close & Personal—Michelle Pfeiffer plays a tense, ambitious Reno weathergirl who fakes a demo tape and gets an interview at a bustling Miami TV station, where she falls under the tutelage of Robert Redford's newsroom pro, a man of great integrity who is mysteriously on his way down. *Up Close & Personal* is big, dull, and familiar; the story is another go-round for *A Star is Born*, one of whose earlier versions was written by the same screenwriting team (Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne). Directed by Jon Avnet. (Denby; 3/4/96) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG-13). *62nd and Broadway.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Antonia's Line; Chungking Express; Cold Fever; Flower of My Secret; It's My Party; Loaded.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Fargo; Fear.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *L'America.* Beginning 3/24: *Two Friends.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *August; Ma Saison Préférée; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud; The Monster.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-

6799) *Celtic Pride; Flirting with Disaster; Leaving Las Vegas; Lotto Land; The Postman; The Celluloid Closet; The Last Supper; The Substitute.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Winterbourne; Mystery Science Theater 3000; Primal Fear; The Birdcage.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Brain Candy.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Celtic Pride; Executive Decision; Fargo; Getting Away with Murder; The Substitute.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *James and the Giant Peach; Oliver & Company; The Postman; Sgt. Bilko.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The Birdcage.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Fear; Primal Fear; The Substitute.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2; Fear; Flirting with Disaster; Mrs. Winterbourne; Primal Fear; The Birdcage.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Fargo; Flirting with Disaster; Mighty Aphrodite.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615)

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) Opening 4/27: *The Last Picture Show.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Primal Fear.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Birdcage.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman; Anne Frank Remembered.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Antonia's Line*.

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Celtic Pride*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *For the Moment*.

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Broken Arrow*; *Diabolique*; *Executive Decision*; *Girl 6*; *Rumble in the Bronx*; *The Birdcage*.

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*.

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *August*.

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Celtic Pride*.

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Flirting with Disaster*; *Lotto Land*; *The Substitute*.

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *James and the Giant Peach*.

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Restoration*; *The Substitute*.

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Broken Arrow*; *Executive Decision*; *From Dusk Till Dawn*; *Helldriver 4: Bloodline*; *Rumble in the Bronx*; *Unforgettable*.

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Casino*; *Sgt. Bilko*.

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jane Eyre*.

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *James and the Giant Peach*.

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Babe*; *Bed of Roses*; *Heat*; *Jumanji*; *Last Summer in the Hamptons*; *The Juror*.

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Fear*.

61st Street and Above,
East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Monster*.

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Dead Man Walking*; *Fear*.

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *James and the Giant Peach*.

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *A Family Thing*.

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Brain Candy*; *Dead Man Walking*; *Fear*; *Sense and Sensibility*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Last Supper*.

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Executive Decision*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*.

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Primal Fear*; *Fargo*.

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Celtic Pride*; *Executive Decision*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Oliver & Company*; *The Birdcage*; *The Substitute*.

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Diabolique*.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Primal Fear*.

61st Street and Above,
West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Up Close and Personal*.

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Celtic Pride*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts.

(757-2280) *Angels & Insects*; *Flower of My Secret*; *Ma Saison Préférée*; *Mighty Aphrodite*; *Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud*; *The Celluloid Closet*.

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Across the Sea of Time*; *Brain Candy*; *Dead Man Walking*; *Diabolique*; *Fargo*; *Fires of Kuwait*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *Imagine*; *Into the Deep*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Mystery Science Theater 3000*; *The Birdcage*; *The Substitute*; *Wings of Courage*.

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *The Birdcage*.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Celtic Pride*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Lotto Land*; *The Substitute*.

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Lotto Land*; *The Substitute*.

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Dead Man Walking*; *James and the Giant Peach*.

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *A Family Thing*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Celtic Pride*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*; *The Substitute*.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Celtic Pride*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Lotto Land*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *The Birdcage*; *The Substitute*.

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Fear*; *Primal Fear*; *The Birdcage*; *The Substitute*.

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Primal Fear*.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Celtic Pride*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Homeward Bound II*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Lotto Land*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Rumble in the Bronx*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*; *The Substitute*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *James and the Giant Peach*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) . . . *When We Were Colored*; *Fear*; *Mighty Aphrodite*.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *The Substitute*.

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Fargo*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *The Monster*.

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Celtic Pride*; *Fargo*; *Fear*; *The Substitute*.

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Celtic Pride*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Celtic Pride*; *James and the Giant Peach*.

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Celtic Pride*; *Fear*; *Oliver & Company*; *The Substitute*.

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Primal Fear*; *The Birdcage*.

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Fargo*; *Fear*; *Primal Fear*; *The Birdcage*.

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (777-FILM#829) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Celtic Pride*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*.

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Brain Candy*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Primal Fear*.

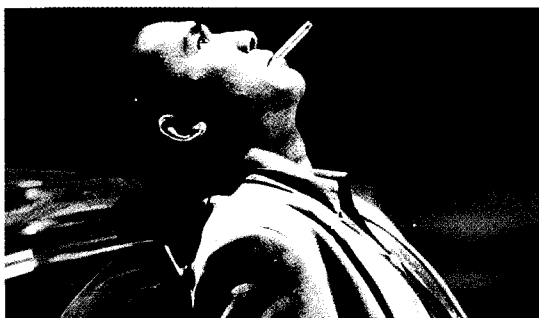
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *The Birdcage*. Opening 4/23: *Restoration*.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Celtic Pride*; *James*

Festival New Old-Fashioned Gangster

Now that John Woo's highly inventive, violently kinetic style has finally been embraced by mainstream America—as has Jackie Chan's comically astounding brand of martial artistry—actor Chow Yun-Fat looms large as the next Hong Kong export to break out of the ghetto of the cultishly-revered-yet-widely-unknown. Cinema Village (which similarly honored an on-the-cusp Chan last year) presents Chow Yun-Fat: Hero With a Thousand Faces, a three-week, fourteen-film retrospective of Chow's most impressive work, beginning April 26. Films like *Hard-Boiled*, *A Better Tomorrow*, *Once a Thief*, and *The Killer* showcase the singular reason Chow should, and will, translate into a major action star here: He is, today, one of a kind. Unlike our jaded action heroes, who exude an ironic contempt for the very genre that has made them beloved (Schwarzenegger, Stallone, Willis, etc.), he is glamorously romantic, unapologetically hard-core, blissfully unironic. In other words, old-school—a charming loner who connects, in brief bursts of time, with a gal and a gun. And like Woo and Chan, Chow (who is currently being courted by studios like Columbia and New Line) has lifted trite elements of style from retro American heroes—the swagger, the cigarette, the slightly lascivious soulfulness—and lovingly re-introduced them to Hollywood. But while Christian Slater can attempt the double-fisted pistol assault in Woo's *Broken Arrow*, he can't touch the graceful finesse of Chow, the balletic gangster who leaps, smokes, pivots, smiles, ducks, winks, slides, and rolls, all while firing lines and bullets with rat-a-tat accuracy. He is what we love most in our heroes: the thoroughly believable embodiment of cool.

MAUREN CALLAHAN



and the Giant Peach; Lotto Land; The Substitute.

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Brain Candy*; *Diabolique*; *Executive Decision*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*; *The Substitute*.

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Celtic Pride*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *The Birdcage*.

Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Celtic Pride*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *Sgt. Bilko*.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *James and the Giant Peach*; *Primal Fear*.

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Fargo*; *Fear*; *Flirting with Disaster*.

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *The Substitute*.

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Celtic Pride*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Primal Fear*; *The Substitute*.

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Diabolique*; *The Birdcage*.

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Brain Candy*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Primal Fear*; *The Birdcage*.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Celtic Pride*; *The Substitute*.

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*.

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Brain Candy*; *Executive Decision*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Sgt. Bilko*.

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Executive Decision*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Birdcage*.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *James and the Giant Peach*; *The Substitute*.

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Celtic Pride*; *Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*.

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *A Family Thing*; *Diabolique*.

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Fargo*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Primal Fear*; *The Substitute*.

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Celtic Pride*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Celtic Pride*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *The Birdcage*.



Opening Ending As It Began

Jane Campion's abundant storytelling gifts are evident in her first feature, "Two Friends," which chronicles—in reverse—the death of an intense teenage friendship. At Film Forum, April 24–May 7.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Celtic Pride*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Brain Candy*; *Celtic Pride*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Mrs. Winterbourne*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*; *The Substitute*.

Museums Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two IMAX films: *Destiny in Space* and *Titanica*. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5650); \$10 singly; \$13 double feature Fri. and Sat. nights.

American Museum of the Moving Image—4/28: "Special Effects Screenings." Tron (1982) and Zelig (1983). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$5.

Angelika 57—Through 4/23: "The 2nd Annual Avignon/New York Film Festival." 4/24-4/26: "Columbia University Short Film Festival." Call for program info. 225 W. 57th St. (586-1900); \$8.

Anthology Film Archives—"John Cassavetes." 4/25 and 4/27: *Shadows* (1959). 4/25 and 4/28: *Faces* (1968). 4/26: *Husbands* (1970). 4/28: *A Woman Under the Influence* (1975). "Czech Literature, Film, and Animation." 4/27: *An Invention for Destruction* (1958). 4/28: *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1959). "Abe Ravett and John Cohen." 4/27: *Horse/Kappa/House* (1995) and *Three Music Films*. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); \$7.

Cinema Village 12th Street—"Chow Yun-Fat: Hero With a Thousand Faces." 4/26: *Hard-Boiled* (1992) and *City on Fire* (1987). 4/27: *A Better Tomorrow* (1986) and *Tragic Hero* (1987). 4/28: *Hong Kong 1941* (1984) and *The Story of Woo Viet* (1981). 4/29: *Full Contact* (1992) and *Prison on Fire* (1987). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); \$8.

A Different Light—4/28: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (1966). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—4/23: *Candy Machine* (1972) and *Just Another Girl on the IRT* (1992). 4/25: *Flavio* (1962), *Willie* (1980), and *Praise* (1982). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 4/25: Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964). Beginning 4/26: "Musicals Before the Code." 4/26 and 4/27: *Flying Down to Rio* (1933) and *Just Imagine* (1930). 4/28 and 4/29: *Whoopie!* (1930), *Good News*

(1930), and Peter Mintun presents "Lost Chords," a live concert of good songs to bad musicals. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Third New York African Film Festival." 4/23: *Hold Up the Sun (Part 2)* (1992) and *Head in the Clouds* (1995) with *The Voyage of Memory* (1993). 4/23 and 4/24: Program of African Shorts. 4/23-4/25: *Aduefue, the Lords of the Street* (1988). 4/25: *Waati* (1995). 4/26: *And Life Goes On* (1992). Beginning 4/26: "Abbas Kiarostami Retrospective and Recent Films From Iran." 4/26 and 4/27: *The Spouse* (1994) and *Pari* (1995). 4/27: *Homework* (1990) with *Breaktime* (1972). 4/28: *The Journey* (1995), *Through the Olive Trees* (1994), and *The Blue-Veiled* (1995). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); \$7.50.

French Institute—4/23: *Un Carnet de bal* (1937). Beginning 4/23: "An Homage to French Comedy." Call for detailed program info. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, \$5.50 seniors.

Gen Art First Exposure Series—4/27: *The Darien Gap* (1995). At Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 4/28: *Mr. Spockman's Boat* (1995). 4/29: *Personal Belongings* (1995). Gramercy Theater, 127 E. 23rd St. (462-9400); \$8.

Japan Society—Beginning 4/26: "Sex and Sensuality in Japanese Cinema." 4/26: *Nanami: Inferno of First Love* (1968). 4/27: *Intention of Murder* (1964). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); \$7.50.

Lighthouse Cinema—Through 4/25: *Mod Fuck Explosion* (1995). 4/26-5/2: "Coming to Power: Sexually Explicit Films by Women Artists." 116 Suffolk St. (bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts.) (979-7571); \$7.

Museum of Modern Art—4/22: *The Trial* (1962). 4/22 and 4/23: *The Last Laugh* (1924). 4/23: *Little Vera* (1988), plus "Personal Views of People, Part 1" and "Personal Views of People, Part 2." 4/25: *Potemkin/Battleship Potemkin* (1925), *The Battle of Chile, Part 1* (1973-76) and *The Battle of Chile, Part 2* (1973-76). 4/26: *The Blue Light* (1933), plus "Conundrums, Part 1," and "Conundrums, Part 2." 4/26 and 4/27: *La Chinoise* (1967), *Week-end* (1967), and *Cinema on the Road* (1995). 4/27: "Literature and Prose." 4/28: *Salvador* (1986), *Mafioso* (1962), and "Animation and Shorts." 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.

Museum of Television & Radio—Through 5/18: "Directed by John Frankenheimer: The Television Work." 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); \$6.

National Museum of the American Indian—"North/South: Selections From the 1995 Native American Film Festival." Call for program info. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

New York Hall of Science—4/26-4/28: "International Science Film Festival of Quebec." 4/26-4/28: *Falling Cats, Messages in Stone, Prince of the Arctic, and The Boundless Universe of the Brain*. 4/27 and 4/28: *Twice Born and Death by Design*. 47-01 111 St. (718-699-0005); \$4.50.

Symphony Space—Tuesdays, through May 14: "The Best Films of Our Lives, Part II." 4/23: *Wild River* (1960) and *Rashomon* (1950). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); \$7.

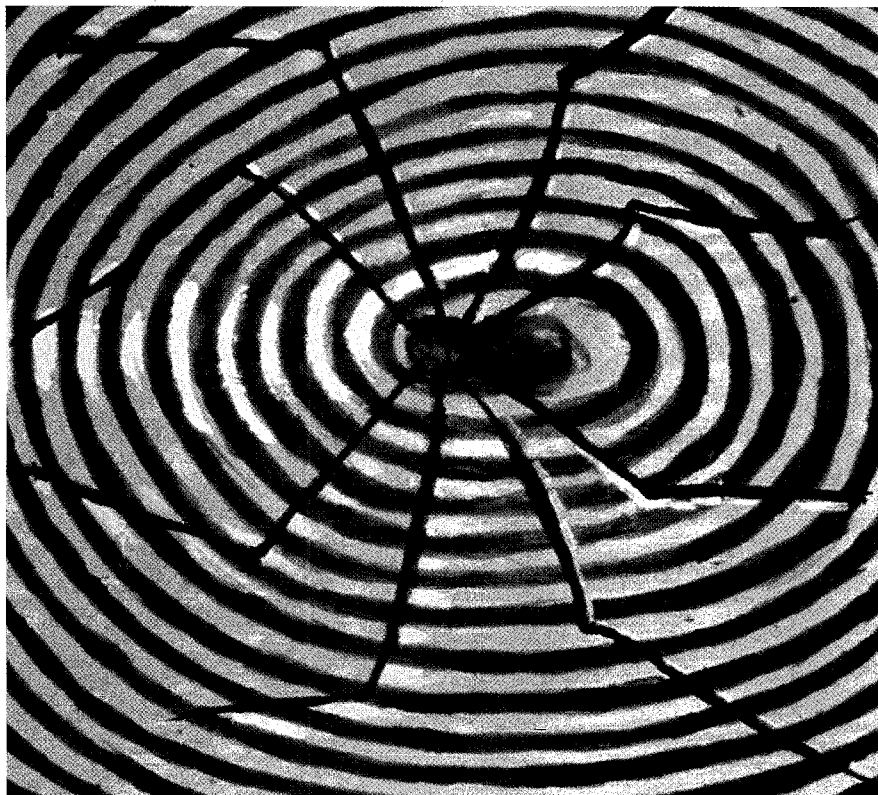
Whitney Museum of American Art—"Lesbian Generations." 4/24 and 4/26-4/28: Two programs of shorts: "Philia" and "Relative Values." Call for detailed schedule. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); \$8.

Movie Listings Online

New York Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at go NYMAG.

art

Will Barnett... Louise Bourgeois... Paul Strand



Preview Louise Bourgeois's by-now-well-known psychosexual underpinnings—most apparent in her drawings of spiders giving human birth—are on display, both in a major retrospective at The Drawing Center (April 25–June 8) and a mini-exhibit at Books & Co. at 939 Madison Avenue, next door to the Whitney Museum (through May 31).

Openings

More than 70 photographers have donated works to benefit the **Domestic Abuse Awareness Project**. The auction and a party take place on April 25, from 6:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. at the Madison, 29 East 23rd Street. For information, call DAAP at 353-1755.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Will Barnett—Paintings of the artist and his family inspired by his late sister's memories; through 4/27. Dintenfass, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

Bill Barrett/Biala—Recent welded bronze sculptures/Paintings of landscapes and interiors from the past five decades. Through 5/25. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Fritz Bullman—A survey of the artist's geometric abstract paintings, collages, and bronze sculptures; through 5/18. Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (734-3600).

Willem de Kooning—Paintings made between 1982 and 1986; through 6/1. C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Richard Diebenkorn—Sixty figure drawings from the artist's estate that were produced between 1958 and 1967, when the California artist took a hiatus from abstraction; 4/26–5/23. Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. (734-6300).

Katharina Fritsch—A recent series of silkscreened works based on images from the children's version of *Bildwörter Duden*, an illustrated lexicon or dictionary published in Germany in 1936; through 6/8. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Nancy Graves—Thirteen sculptures that were produced by the artist during the two years preceding her death in October 1995; through 5/24. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Stephen Hannock—The artist's first exhibition with this gallery includes recent paintings of views of the Connecticut River Oxbow in Massachusetts, shooting or spiraling rocket launches, and Tuscan cityscapes and landscapes; through 5/4. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Addie Herder/Lucian Freud—Collages of found materials that deal with the urban landscape/A selection of paintings, drawings, and etchings by the British artist. Through 5/31. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

Morton Kaish—Paintings executed over the past year, including a series titled "Stars and Stripes" that combines images of American flags, barn doors, and intricate antique hardware; through

5/15. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (628-4000).

Doug Trump—New paintings of abstracted figural and architectural forms; through 5/11. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

57th Street Area

Jack Beal/Sandy Winters—A survey of drawings and prints/Works on paper. Through 5/3. Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

Katherine Bowling—Paintings whose semi-abstract imagery evolves from Polaroid photographs of the woods surrounding the artist's home in upstate New York; through 5/4. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Warren Brandt/Susan Shatter—Recent still-life paintings/Small-scale paintings of flowers; through 5/4. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Sue Coe—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper from the past decade celebrating the publication of the artist's book *Dead Meat*; through 5/24. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Gregory Gillespie—New allegorical paintings that draw on the artist's subconscious, at Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545), through 6/7, and paintings executed between 1978 and 1995, at Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200), through 5/31.

Al Held—New large-scale, black-and-white drawings in charcoal and graphite that depict complex systems of architectonic forms; through 5/11. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

James Hyde—Sculptures of handles and other design objects; through 5/4. Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

Alex Katz—Recent paintings of the landscape surrounding the artist's summer home in Maine, and figurative works; through 5/11. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Robert Medvedz—Paintings that hover between the figurative and the abstract and incorporate drawing, silkscreen, and collage; through 5/8. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Patrick Mimran—Geometric abstract paintings in encaustic and metal leaf on panel; through 5/11. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Joan Mitchell—Gestural abstract paintings executed between 1956 and 1958 that the artist had chosen to retain for herself; through 5/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Lika Mutal—A retrospective of the artist's stone sculptures from the past three decades; through 5/14. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

John Newman—Recent drawings, sculpture multiples, and prints; through 5/18. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

John Opper—A survey of the artist's abstract paintings; 4/25–5/31. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Pablo Picasso—An exhibition of drawings and paintings executed in Spain during the artist's formative years that focuses on his rebellion against his academic training; 4/25–6/15. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

William Tucker—New sculpture and drawings; through 5/25. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Tom Wesselmann—Painted paper maquettes of landscapes, still life, and figures that are studies for the artist's large metal cut-outs; through 5/4. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

David Baker—Recent oil and enamel paintings and unique xerox-collage drawings; through 5/18. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Will Berry—Gestural abstract paintings built from saturated colors; through 5/11. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Louise Bourgeois—A retrospective of 100 drawings by the artist known for her quirky, fetishistic sculptures and room-size installations; 4/25-6/8. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

Mary Ellen Carroll/Jan Rothuizen—An installation of 236 photographs of Manhattan from the Harlem River to Battery Park that were taken with a camera mounted to the artist's back, and photographs of parking lots in New York City/A 40-foot-long wall drawing that incorporates shooting-range targets and photographic and drawn images. Through 5/11. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Eyal Danieli—Paintings and drawings that depict the figure simplified to the point of abstraction; 4/25-5/12. Lust, 61 Sullivan St. (941-9220), Thurs.-Sun. 12-6.

Nancy Dwyer—New sculptures of cut-out wooden letters that form words, and paintings; through 5/25. Cristinero, 395 W. Broadway (431-1862).

John Carhart Ebeling—New paintings whose sanded surfaces reveal traces of brushstrokes and words; through 5/18. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Judy Fox/Bo Bartlett—Painted clay sculptures of life-size naked children/Two recent large-scale paintings—*Homecoming*, which presents a scene from a high-school prom night, and *Oil Painting*, which depicts the burning oil wells in Kuwait after the Gulf War; 4/25-5/25. P. P. O. W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Hamish Fulton/Susan Leopold—Photographs and text documenting seven one-day walks taken by the artist in Kent, England, during February 1996/New works. Through 5/18. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Gregory Gillespie—Portraits, self-portraits, fantasy scenes, and other paintings made between 1971 and 1996; through 5/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200). See "Solos"; "57th Street Area."

Paula Hayes/Aki Fujiyoshi—An ongoing garden "construction" on the gallery's back terrace/Videos that explore the traditional genres of still life and self-portraiture; through 5/18. AC Project Room, 15 Renwick St. (219-8275).

Fabrice Hybert—The French artist's first exhibition in America consists of three-dimensional works derived from real objects, drawings, paintings, and preparatory notes; through 5/18. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Cisco Jimenez—Works that comment on the sociopolitical situation in Mexico and incorporate such materials as Mexican comic books, indigenous road maps, popular paintings, leather, hand-carved wood, and store signs; through 5/11. Stellweg, 87 E. Houston St. (431-5556).

Kahn/Selesnick—An installation of fresco portraits by the collaborative team Nicolas Kahn and Richard Selesnick; through 5/18. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2093).

Steve Keister—Cast sculptures of styrofoam packaging materials; through 5/18. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Jung Hyang Kim—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper that juxtapose botanical and geometric forms; through 5/31. API, 470 Broome St. (343-2599).

Elen Levin—An installation titled "Gotcha" that incorporates such materials as copper tubing, Plexiglas, wire, dolls, and spray paint and suggests an inner world of fears, phobias, and anger; through 5/11. Fao, 558 Broome St. (334-8125), Wed.-Sat. 12-6.

Jody Lomborg—New paintings; through 5/18. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Charles Luce—Paintings in gouache on paper that chart the great rivers of the world and invite a viewer on a cosmological rafting trip; through 5/31. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Suzanne McClelland—New paintings that investigate the origins of languages and their relationship to geography; through 5/11. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Creighton Michael/Jean-Marie Haessle—An installation of drawings and sculpture/Paintings that incorporate Renaissance allegorical images and European anthropomorphic alphabets. Through 5/18. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Laura Newman—Large-scale paintings that read like gigantic autobiographical notations; through 6/1. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

John Okulick—New free-standing sculptures and wall constructions; through 5/29. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Pepon Osorio—An installation titled *Badge of Honor* that confronts the subject of family separation and consists of two adjoining rooms, a prison cell and a teenage boy's fantasy bedroom retreat; 4/25-6/1. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Tony Oursler—An installation of fiberglass spheres that resemble enlarged eyeballs onto which videos culled from television surfing, films, and computer games are projected and matched with corresponding soundtracks; through 5/25. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Manu Parekh—Recent paintings by the Indian artist; through 5/18. Bose Pacia, 580 Broadway (966-3224).

Pat Passlof—Paintings that depict images of centaurs and classical caryatids; through 5/24. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Dan Peterman—An installation utilizing reprocessed plastic; through 5/18. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Richard Phillips—Large, confrontational paintings of female heads that draw on Pop Art and popular photography from the seventies; through 5/25. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Monique Prieto/Peter Sarkisian—Paintings designed with a computer paint program and then translated, by hand, to acrylic on canvas/Sculptures that incorporate film and video. Through 5/11. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Georgina Starr—Two recent video installations; 4/27-5/25. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

William Beckman—Three double-portrait "couple" paintings—one from 1978, one from 1985-87,

and a recently completed one—accompanied by charcoal studies of the same subject from 1993; through 4/30. K & E, 462 Broome St. (431-7783).

Rob Wynne—An installation of photography, painting, prints, and handscreened wallpaper that weaves together text and image; through 5/4. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Jerry Zeniuk—Recent abstract watercolors; through 5/25. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Other

Mary Beyt—Paintings whose monochromatic fields of color are painted over thin impressions of floral-patterned lace; 4/27-6/2. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753), Wed.-Sun. 11-6.

Arturo Elizondo—New paintings by the Mexican artist; through 5/11. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695), Wed.-Sun. 11-6.

Raquel Rabinovich—A survey of the Argentinian-born artist's minimal, abstract drawings from 1978 to 1995; through 6/7. Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. (695-6134), Mon.-Fri. 12-6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Hare's Fur, Tortoiseshell, and Partridge Feathers: Chinese Brown- and Black-Glazed Ceramics, 400-1400." An exhibition of Chinese black and brown-glazed pottery organized by the Arthur M. Sackler Museum, Harvard University; through 7/6.

Colnaghi—21 E. 67th St. (772-2266). The first United States exhibition of still-life paintings by the St. Petersburg Group, Russian artists who have worked in close collaboration since 1993 and are graduates of the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts; through 5/4.

Martin—23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213). "Love and Pain," with works by Climent, Gerzso, Kahlo, Romo, others; through 5/11.

Installation Be My Guest



Home is where the art is. At least, that's what photo artist Barbara Pollack believes, since home is where much of the art shown in galleries winds up, and where Pollack and her artist-friends live with their own and each others' work. To emphasize the point, Pollack has curated a show of new work by 42 friends and installed it in the large, loftlike West Village apartment she shares with her husband Joel Berger, an attorney, and their 8-year-old son, Max. The show is called "My Friends In My Apartment," and what helps is that Pollack's friends happen to form a cross-section of respected New York artists—Ellen

Brooks, Joyce Kozloff, Frank Moore, Marilyn Minter, Dan Wiener, and Todd Watts among them. Actually, "installed" might be the wrong word to describe a show that was designed to celebrate the life of art outside of the impersonal precincts of white walls and optimum lighting. Pollack says she simply "arranged" her friends' artworks amid her "totally bourgeois" thirties French furniture, which also meant putting away her collections of bride-and-groom figures and dollhouses so viewers can distinguish the art from the tchotchkes. "One of the artists I'm putting in Max's room is Matt Freedman, who does these twelve-inch-tall men, like G.I. Joe guys. He's just going to cover the place with them. How you're going to tell them from the Ninja Turtles and the X-Men toys that are already in there, I don't know." Hoping to stay friends with her co-op board, Pollack hastens to add that the opening party is already overbooked. However, calling her machine at 608-5912 will score you an invitation to c'mon over. (April 27 through May 19, by appointment only).

STEPHEN GRECO

New York Academy of Sciences—2 E. 63rd St. (838-0230), Mon.–Fri. 9–5. “Health and Happiness in 20th-Century Avant-Garde Art,” with works by Beal, Chihuly, Cunningham, Fish, Graves, Matisse, Picasso, Toby, others; through 6/21.

57th Street Area

De Nagy—41 W. 57th St. (421-3780). Small-scale paintings on the theme of nature by Rudy Burckhardt, Sharon Horvath, and Helen Miranda Wilson; through 5/11.

Rosenberg—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Paintings on paper from the forties and fifties by the playwright Clifford Odets; WPA mural studies and other works from that era by Carter, Covarrubias, Gellert, Hirschfeld, Reiss, Shahn, others; through 6/8.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). Paintings of Cape Ann, Massachusetts executed between 1840 and 1940, by Avery, Davis, Hartley, Hassam, Homer, Hopper, Lane, Prendergast, Sloan, and Twachtman; through 6/22.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by Bladen, Brooks, Hofmann, E. de Kooning, W. de Kooning, Smith; through 5/18.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). “Mr. Dead and Mrs. Free: The History of Squat Theatre” features original Squat Theatre stage props, films, and videos from the seventies and eighties; through 5/25.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). “In Quest of the Absolute,” with paintings by Federle, Malevich, Marioni, Mondrian, Newman, Marden, Martin, Reinhardt, Rothko; through 6/8.

Spot—71 Vandam St. (727-3378), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6. “Subjective Play,” with works by Marine Hugonnier, Nina Katchadourian, and Kelly Hashimoto and Cynthia Fiss; through 5/11.

Other

Mansion/Dorfman Projects—54 St. Marks Place (505-7055), Thurs.–Sat. 1–5. “Personal/Impersonal,” with works by De Sana, Glantzman, Malka, Minter, O’Hara, Sandlin, Simmons, Webster; through 5/30 (by appointment after May 1).

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.–Sun. 12–6. “Sugar Mountain,” with paintings, photographs, and video by Ackerman, Curran, Doran, Goldin, Hill, Morrisroe, Phillips, others; “White Room Program,” with works by Harp, Pines, Vanderlip; through 5/12.

Photography

Aperture—20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555). “France: New Visions,” with works by contemporary French photographers, among them Jeanloup Sieff, Raymond

mond Depardon, Jean-François Lepage, Keiichi Tahara, and others; through 5/18.

Susanna Briselli/Margaretta K. Mitchell—Hand-painted black-and-white still lifes and landscapes/Iris digital prints of garden and flower imagery. Through 5/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). “Chicago Photography 1935–1965,” with works by Callahan, Cartier-Bresson, Evans, Feininger, Moholy-Nagy, Siskind; through 5/18.

David Duncan Douglas—Photographs of Picasso accompanied by the artist’s works in all media; 4/26–6/30. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Barbara Ess—Recent large-scale color photographs of landscapes and figures that continue her exploration of the ways in which humans perceive and situate themselves in relation to nature; 4/26–5/25. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Horst—A survey of photographs from the beginning of his career, in the thirties, to the present, including fashion work, nudes, still lifes, landscapes, and architectural interiors; through 6/1. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; \$4, \$2.50 students and seniors. “Josef Sudek: The Pigment Prints, 1947–1954,” “Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection”; through 7/7.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. “Horst: A Retrospective.” A survey of works by the fashion photographer who is also the recipient of the 1996 ICP Master of Photography Award; through 6/2. . . . “Intimate Nature: Ansel Adams and the Close View.” Photographs that depict the minute, specific aspects of nature; through 6/2. . . . “She Loves It, She Loves It Not: Women and Technology and Mistaken Identities,” multimedia installations by Christine Tamblin; through 6/2.

William Klein—An exhibition of contemporary and vintage prints and the film, *Broadway Light*, which coincides with the recent publication of *William Klein: New York 1954.55*, a re-edition of the 1956 title, *Life is Good and Good for You in New York*; through 5/11. At Greenberg and Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Reagan Louie/Helen Levitt—Color photographs that explore the uneasy meeting of ancient culture and modernity in Asia and the islands of the South Pacific/Rare vintage prints from her 1941 trip to Mexico, color work done in New York City in the 1980s, and newly uncovered work from New York made in the late thirties and early forties. Through 5/23. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Irving Penn—Works made between 1939 and 1995 that have not been previously exhibited, among them a recent series of still-life images and self-portraits; through 5/11. Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Louis Stettner—Photographs of New York’s original Penn Station that were taken in 1958; through 6/1. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Paul Strand—The photographer’s portraits of his

first wife, Rebecca Salsbury, made between 1920 and 1932; through 5/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Museums

Alternative Museum—“Jerry Kearns: White Lies.” Paintings that splice and combine images of well-known early American paintings, comic art of the fifties, and original drawings, together with historical images, to suggest a revisionist perspective of American history; through 6/8. 594 Broadway (226-2158), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; \$3 donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—“Klaus Moje Glass.” Fifty mosaic glass works created between 1977 and 1994; through 6/9. . . . “The Art of Peter Voulkos.” A survey of the artist’s ceramic sculptures and related collages and monotypes produced since 1978; through 6/9. . . . “Form-Light-Glass: Contemporary Glass From the Czech Republic”; through 6/9. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; \$5, \$2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—“Amber: Window to the Past.” A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . “Witness: Endangered Species of North America.” Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; \$7 suggested contribution, \$5 students and seniors, \$4 children.

Asia Society—“Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars’ Rocks”; through 8/18. . . . “Points of View: Selections From the Permanent Collection”; through 5/5. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6–8 free), Sun. 12–5; \$3; \$1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—“Bronx Spaces.” Works by 23 Bronx-based artists; through 6/23. . . . “Amidst the Silence: Enrique Martínez Celaya and Alberto Rey”; through 6/23. . . . “Women of Hope: African Americans and Latinas Who Made a Difference”; through 6/23. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; \$3, \$2 students, \$1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—“The Art of Thomas Wilmer Dewing: Beauty Reconfigured”; through 7/9. . . . “Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America.” Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 7/14. . . . “Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum”; through 8/31. . . . “Alison Saar: The Woods Within.” A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—“Hanne Darboven: Kulturgesschichte 1880–1983”; through 6/29. . . . “Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume”; through 6/29. . . . “European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin”; through 6/23. . . . “Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web”; through 6/29. . . . “Gerhard Richter: Atlas”; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; \$3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—“Image and Memory: Latin American Photography, 1880–1992”; through 6/13. . . . “Recent Acquisitions: Works From the Permanent Collection”; through 5/6. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—“Soane: Connoisseur & Collector.” A selection of architectural drawings from the collection of works housed in Sir John Soane’s Museum in London; 4/30–7/7. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—“Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline.” The history of abstraction, from paintings made as early as 1912 by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Male-



On View The starkness and stillness that has always characterized Will Barnett’s painting lends itself eerily well to his recent works, which depict the artist, his late sister, and the spectral presence of their family in his childhood home in Beverly, Massachusetts. At Dintenfuss/Salander-O’Reilly, 20 East 79th Street; through April 27.

vich, to works made by Frank Stella and Richard Long specifically for this exhibition; through 5/12 (from May 2 through May 12 certain sections of the exhibition will be closed to the public). 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$8, \$5 students and seniors.

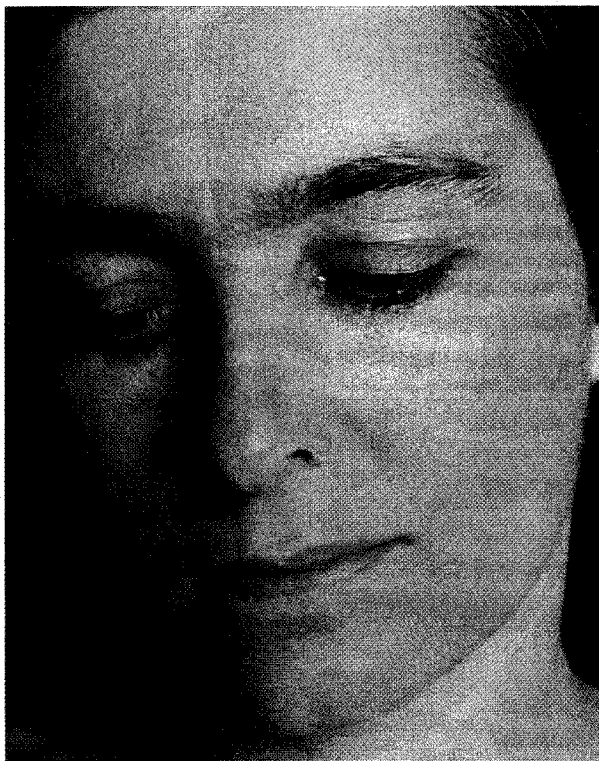
Jewish Museum—"Marc Chagall 1907-1917." An overview of the artist's early career, including paintings, gouaches, and drawings; through 8/4. . . "Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities"; through 7/14. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5 free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Splendors of Imperial China: Treasures From the National Palace Museum, Taipei." The full breadth of Chinese art is displayed in this exhibit of 475 objects from the Neolithic period through the eighteenth century, including paintings, calligraphy, ceramics, and jades; through 5/19. . . "Fabergé in America." All of the 400 objects in this exhibition were collected by Americans, including 15 of the 44 extant Imperial Easter Eggs commissioned by the last Russian czars; through 4/28. . . "Modern Glass in The Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/30. . . "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York"; through 7/28. . . "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity"; through 8/18. . . "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25. . . "Klee in Munich"; through 6/30. . . Textiles of Late Antiquity"; through 4/30. . . "Enamels of Limoges"; through 6/16. . . "Works Progress Administration Color Prints in the Metropolitan"; through 6/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$7 contribution, \$3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.-Fri. 10:34-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Discovering Ellis Rukey." Paintings by the self-taught African-American artist (1882-1959) from Norwich, Connecticut; through 4/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation." The first comprehensive survey of the artist's portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; 4/28-9/17. . . "Roy DeCarava"; through 5/7. . . "Projects: Hirsch Perlman"; through 5/21. . . "Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar's E-Type"; through 8/20. . . "Come Sunday: Photographs by Thomas Roma"; through 6/18. . . "From the Collection: Abstraction, Pure and Impure"; through 5/21. . . "Deformations: Aspects of the Modern Grotesque"; through 5/21. . . "Sol LeWitt Prints 1970-1995." More than 200 of the artist's prints, ranging from his early, austere screenprints to the baroque, undulating woodcuts of 1995; through 5/7. . . "Lilly Reich: Designer and Architect"; through 5/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 11-6, Thurs. and Fri. noon-8:30, closed Wed.; \$8, \$5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish).



Photography Model Wife

It's said that Paul Strand kept his portraits of Rebecca Salsbury, his first wife, hidden to avoid their comparison with Stieglitz's O'Keeffe images—not surprisingly, as the physical resemblance between the women was striking. The Strands are on view at Robert Miller Gallery, 41 East 57th Street; through May 4.

Museum of the City of New York—"Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. . . "The Talk of the Town: Rea Irvin of The New Yorker." Original covers, drawings, and cartoons by The New Yorker's first art director, from the museum's own collection; through 5/5. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"The Figure in American Sculpture: A Question of Modernity." Organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, this exhibition explores the basic concepts of early-twentieth-century modernism through the works of 80 figurative sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, José de Creeft, Harriet Frishmuth, Malvina Hoffman, Paulanship, and Isamu Noguchi; through 5/5. . . "Rodin: Sculpture From the Collection of Iris and B. Gerald Cantor"; through 5/19. . . "American Masterworks From The National Academy of Design Collection"; through 5/25. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—An exhibition of works by more than 130 artists that will be auctioned to benefit the museum on May 5; through 5/12. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12-8 (6-8 free), Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"The Global Library <http://www.nypl.org>." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5000-year history of communications; through 8/17. . . "The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters." This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection's holdings

includes such treasures as the typescript of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/27. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Then and Now: The Upper West Side." Vintage photographs of New York's Upper West Side from the Society's permanent collection; through 5/19. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$3, \$1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815-1860." An exhibition of early-nineteenth-century drawings, watercolors, and prints of Bermuda that was organized by the Bermuda National Gallery and the Bermuda Government Archives; through 8/18. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Dennis Adams: Ederle." A site-specific installation based on the Gertrude Ederle Amphitheater, a 1939-40 World's fair ruin located in Flushing Meadows Corona Park; through 7/7. . . "Larry Sultan: Pictures From Home." A series of 202 photographs that traces the entire adult lifetime of the photographer's parents; through 7/7. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$3 suggested donation, \$1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945-1965"; through 6/2. . . "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Kienholz: A Retrospective." The first museum retrospective of the artist's own work and his twenty years of collaborations with his wife and partner, Nancy Reddin Kienholz, including more than 100 pieces ranging from intimate objects to house-scale environments; through 6/2. . . "Willem de Kooning's Door Cycle." Paintings on doors that were created in the mid-sixties and explore the motif of a single, standing woman; through 5/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Jane Dickson: Paradise Alley." Paintings from the artist's "Times Square" series; through 6/28. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 4/24 at 10: "Japanese Art." On view from 4/20. 4/29 and 4/30 at 10 and 2: "Prints." On view from 4/27. 4/30 at 7: "Impressionist and Modern Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture, Part I." On view from 4/27.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 4/30 at 1: "Modern and Impressionist Art." On view from 4/26.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 4/24 at 10: "Couture." On view from 4/20. 4/24 at 3: "Textiles." On view from 4/20.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 4/24 and 4/25 at 10, 2, and 6: "Onassis Estate." On view from 4/19. 4/26 at 10 and 2: "Onassis Estate." On view from 4/20.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 4/24 at 10:30 and 2:30: "19th- and 20th-Century Photographs." On view from 4/20.

theater

Eric Overmyer... Comédie-Française

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. \$42.50-\$70. Through 4/27: Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Beginning 4/30: Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 4/28. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. \$20-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 4/25. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Buried Child—Playwright (as opposed to actor) Sam Shepard, a mainstay of avant-garde New York theater for more than 30 years, is currently making his Broadway debut with a revival of what is perhaps his best script, a grotesquely funny chronicle of an American family hiding a dark secret. \$42.50-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 4/30. *Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. \$30-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3; added preview 4/29 at 8. Beginning previews 4/25 for a 5/1 opening. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—Hours after his newest production's first dress rehearsal, the talented young writer and composer Jonathan Larson died—suddenly, unexpectedly, and sadly—of a heart attack. The show—a reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village—in the best theatrical tradition, goes on, having become in the process the most-talked-about theatrical production of the current season. Following the end of its downtown run at the New York Theatre Workshop, it's currently making the move from there to Broadway. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.



Opening Perky. Damn Perky.

Those who find it hard to repress a shudder remembering the cheery robo-optimism purveyed by early-seventies groups like *Up With People* may find themselves calmed (or less likely to drop fragile objects, anyway) by *Have a Nice Day*, Rick Lewis's musical spoof of the phenomenon, at Theatre East.

and 7. Opening 4/29. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Christianne Tisdale plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$67.50. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. \$47.50.

Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVE-MAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Delicate Balance—The writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize-winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. \$25-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara ("Another World") as bad boy Danny Zuko, Joe Piscopo ("Saturday Night Live") as the deejay, and Chubby Checker (no identification necessary) as Teen Angel. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. Matthew Broderick has recently returned to the starring part in which he opened the production last spring, this time opposite his real-life girlfriend Sarah Jessica Parker as the girls-just-wanna-get-married secretary Rosemary. \$25-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the current Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. \$15-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. \$37.50-\$49.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. \$32.50-\$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

A Midsummer Night's Dream—How like a winter hath their absence been! England's Royal Shakespeare Company returns to New York for the first time in eight years with its current and enthusiastically received production of the Master's most sweetly lyric play. With Desmond Barrit, Lindsay Duncan, and Alex Jennings; directed by Adrian Noble. \$30-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/26. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Brian Murray) and a Micauberish husband (Colin Lane), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. "You will be glad to see a play as fine as Brian Friel's *Molly Sweeney*; you'll be thrilled to catch three performers making drama the way a marvelous chamber group plays, say, the Fauré trio; and you'll be telling your grandchildren that you saw, at the apex of this triangle, Catherine Byrne as Molly. Do not, I implore you, miss this play, miss this cast, miss Ms. Byrne's self-tamed tiger burning bright." (Simon; 1/22/95.) \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. \$40-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams didn't rely on tricks of dramaturgical strategy to compose his plays; they're written directly from a volatile mixture of emotion and nerve, a manner of working that faltered with the declining energies of his later years. When he was on his game, though, the results were incomparable. Cherry Jones (*The Heiress*) and William Petersen star in this production of Williams's final (1961) commercial and critical success, in which a lusty widow and a defrocked priest seek for some sort of shared solution to the agony of their common loneliness. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Roundabout Stage Right, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. \$15-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involuntarily that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) \$30-\$75. Opened: 10/2/94. Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'!) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$60-\$70. At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

State Fair—Had enough of the snow, New Yorkers? Take heart: In this new (and first-time-ever) stage adaptation of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II's 1945 musical film, about corn-fed Midwesterners experiencing pretty much

the complete range of human emotions (boy meets girl, farmer meets pig, etc.) at the Iowa state fair, it might as well be spring. \$55-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) \$25-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unbelievably second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Antigone in New York—\$25. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opening 4/23. Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).

Previews The Even Longer Goodbye

Scott Glenn chases Marisa Tomei through the languorous noir shadows of Eric Overmyer's 'Dark Rapture,' a Chandleresque mystery about a screenwriter and his missing wife. At Second Stage.



Dark Rapture—\$37.50–\$42.50. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Beginning previews 4/23 for a 5/23 opening. *Second Stage*, 2162 Broadway (873-6103).

Have a Nice Day—\$15. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. Beginning previews 4/18 for a 4/22 opening. *Theatre East*, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).

Papa—In stripping American prose to its hard essentials, Ernest Hemingway fell prey to a self-created myth that ultimately claimed his life. Len Cariou stars as the writer in John deGroot's one-man play. \$37.50 in previews, \$40 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 5/5 opening. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre*, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

The Skriker—England, always this country's master with regard to ghost stories and the uncanny in general—must have something to do with all those ruins—continues its dominance in that field with British playwright Caryl Churchill's contemporary drama about a shape-shifter who invades the lives of two young women. \$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Beginning previews 4/23 for a 5/12 opening; through 5/26. *Newman Theater at the Public*, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).

Valley Song—Since three springtimes ago, when South Africa elected Nelson Mandela to its presidency, the dramatist Athol Fugard has something new to write about: freedom. His newest play about his homeland is a response to what he calls "the great changes that have swept into our lives"—a parable about a young black girl (Lisa Gay Hamilton) longing to leave her native village for a taste of the new liberties and an old man (Marius Weyers, taking over the role played by Mr. Fugard in the play's Manhattan Theatre Club production earlier this year) who must move beyond a lifetime of painful experience to let her her go. \$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Opening 4/23. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I*, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).

Venus—A new script by Suzan-Lori Parks (*The America Play*) about the trials of the 19th-century African woman plucked from her home to be exhibited, and degraded, throughout Europe as the "Venus Hottentot." \$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 5/2 opening. *Martinson Hall at the Public*, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club early last year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is currently a few blocks west. Following several months of playing one of the two female roles, Ms. Meara—what's life without variety?—has decided to step into the other one. Her replacement in the vacated part is MGM grandee Jane Powell (*Royal Wedding*, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*). Also with Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller. \$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four*, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).

The Alexander Plays...Suzanne in Stages—The Signature Theatre Company brings its Adrienne Kennedy season to an end with this bill of three one-acts about a black woman writer's attempts to locate herself in American society. \$20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/19. *Shiva Theater at the Public*, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).

Below the Belt—As the fanatic, unanticipated popularity of the comic strip "Dilbert" has shown over the past couple of years, the corporate battlefield, with its viciously trivial backstabbing and petty ironies, has advanced to a point in the popular imagination beyond anything dreamed of by Franz Kafka (who would have liked Dilbert, we bet). In Richard Dresser's new, blackish comedy, Judd Hirsch (*Taxi*,

Conversations With My Father) and Robert Sean Leonard crunch numbers, climb the business ladder, and watch their backs (and each other) in a remote industrial outpost. \$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre*, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$35–\$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre*, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).

The Bear's Carcass—Things get fast and things get furious when a young man places a personal ad for sexual, er, equipment. Stephanie Dickinson's comedy-thriller is directed by David Calvitto. \$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/5. *Theatre at St. Peter's*, 619 Lexington Ave. (935-5820).

The Bundle—Edward Bond's examination of the moral dilemma(s) faced by two men in deciding whether to rescue an abandoned child. \$22.50 Fri. and Sat., \$15 Wed. and Thurs., by donation on Tues. *Theatre for the New City*, 155 First Ave. (633-1292).

Call Me Sarah Bernhardt—Impresario of Ridiculousness Everett Quinton stars as turn-of-the-century stage diva "Mimi London" in his latest defense of the proposition that theatrical success depends less on talent than (a) heartfelt sincerity and (b) really heavy eye shadow. \$27.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Chelsea Playhouse*, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).

Checkmates—A revival of the 1988 drama by Ron Milner, featuring Ruby Dee. \$15. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/12. *Harry De Jur Playhouse*, 466 Grand St. (279-4200).

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery re-creation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. \$20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre*, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfit and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. \$29.50–\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre*, 18 Minetta Ln. (420-8000).

Curtains—The New Group, which has emerged within the past year as one of the city's most promising Off-Broadway companies, continues

its program of bringing smaller, quality British plays to New York with this production of Stephen Bill's award-winning drama about euthanasia and the moral issues thereof. \$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. *INTAR*, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

A Fair Country—The enduring subject of the young dramatist Jon Robin Baitz is a currently unfashionable one: the demands of what used to be called Conscience. In such dramas as *The Substance of Fire*, *Three Hotels*, and *The End of the Day*, Baitz has impressed critics and hypnotized audiences with a kind of modern morality play, featuring characters caught between a morass of compromising circumstances and their own elusive sense of what it means to Do the Right Thing. His latest script, based on a childhood experience, examines the private and public agonies of a family of American diplomats assigned to a nowhere posting in South Africa, including a man whose status as husband and father is corroded by a series of vicious, petty compromises as his Cassandra-like wife quietly (and sometimes not so quietly) goes mad. \$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/30. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center*, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater*, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls*, *Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much he knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. \$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).

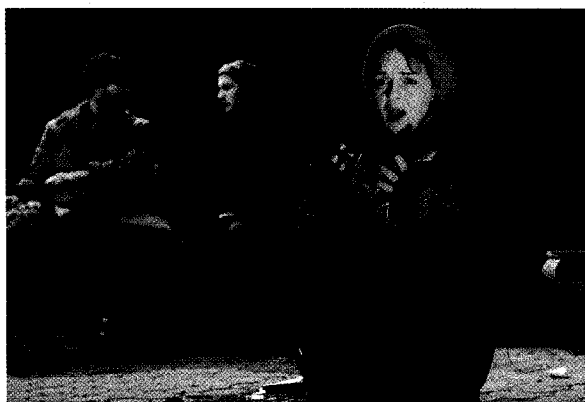
Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway*, has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. Getting the whole *Waterworld* thing into a smallish cabaret setting with limited plumbing facilities will be a challenge, of course, but we have no doubt he'll work out something. \$35–\$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 5/19. *The Triad*, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$35–\$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse* (formerly *Playhouse on Vandam*), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).

I Do! I Do!—After *The Fantasticks*, Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt will be best remembered in theatrical history for this musical adaptation of Jan de Hartog's play *The Fourposter*, which chronicles with rueful, knowing cleverness the ups and downs in the 50-year love affair of—surprise!—a married couple. Karen Ziemba (*Crazy for You*) and David Garrison star in the roles created on Broadway in 1966 by Mary Martin and Robert Preston. \$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Life Is a Dream—The drama by Calderón. \$21–\$26. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 5/5. *Pearl Theatre*, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran



Opening Mean Streets

A homeless Latina and two eccentric Eastern European émigrés struggle to maintain their dignity on New York's sidewalks in Janusz Glowacki's 'Antigone in New York,' at the Vineyard.

Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. \$40-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/2. *Lucille Lortel Theatre*, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).

Nixon's Nixon—After a successful run at MCC Theater last fall, Russell Lees's two-character play about a certain former ketchup-on-cottage-cheese-eating U.S. president and his national-security adviser has transferred uptown. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theater*, 407 W. 43rd St. (315-2244).

Nude Totally Nude / A Line Around the Block—Two alternating one-woman shows, respectively written/performed by the brilliant comedienne Andrea Martin (*SCTV*, *My Favorite Year*) and Marga Gomez. Each show \$22.50; call for detailed schedule. *Public Theater*, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre*, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. \$40-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade*, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).

Sabina—Based on Aldo Carotenuto's book *A Secret Symmetry*, Willy Holtzman's new drama explores the breach engendered between psychoanalytic pioneers Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung by Sabina Spielrein, Jung's first analysand and later his lover. \$33 Tues.-Thurs., \$35 Fri.-Sun. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 4/27. *Primary Stages*, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC-TV children's series. \$20-\$25. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

The Slow Drag—Carson Kretzler's play-with-jazz is a deconstruction of sexual and ethnic identity. With Vernel Bagneris, Ann Crumb, and Peggy Shaw; directed by Elise Thoron. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *American Place Theatre*, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. \$39.50-\$42.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum*, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).

Sunset Salome—In a theatrical variation on the old literary game of guessing what happened (happens?) to characters in novels after the book ends, this new musical by Peter Wing Healey and Max Kinberg checks in on *Sunset Boulevard*'s Norma Desmond—ready for her close-up and then some—as she stages a private version of *Salome* with her fellow inmates at a California hospital for the criminally insane. \$20. Fri. and Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3:30. *HERE Performance Space*, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).



Onstage Comédie Classics

Pride of its nation, the 316-year-old Comédie-Française has arrived at the Brooklyn Academy of Music for its first New York visit since 1979 with one work apiece by the top two comic playwrights in its formidable repertoire. Everyone knows about Molière, whose ebullient take on humankind's foibles is right up there with Shakespeare's. The seventeenth-century master weighs in April 30 and May 2-5 with one of his lesser-known, and somewhat atypical, works: *Don Juan*, which, with its hero's brazen treatment of women and God, got itself banned in its opening season for libertine attitudes. The dark horse of this engagement—probably glossed over in the breakneck pace of your one-semester survey of French lit—is the eighteenth-century dramatist Marivaux. He'll be represented by one of his masterworks, *The Inconstant Lovers* (May 7 and 9-12). Marivaux's specialty is the psychology of love in all its subtle and fascinating permutations. This is a fellow who serves as a glowing exception to the current condemnation regarding the opposite sex: "He just doesn't get it." **Tips:** Projections with subtitles will allow non-Francophones to follow what's happening, but don't let them keep you from paying proper attention to the C-F's dazzling diction. And watch the schedule of the Alliance Française, which has planned an orgy of Comédie-Française events. Among them are screenings of vintage films featuring the company's actors; the premiere on May 8 of Frederick Wiseman's new, exhaustive documentary on the institution; and a Marivaux roundtable on May 5 moderated by New York's own John Simon, whose affinity for this writer suggests an unexpectedly tender heart.

TOBI TOBIAS

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate homage to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. \$27.50. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 6/2. *Judith Anderson Theatre*, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Tartuffe—Molière's famous comedy, in Richard Wilbur's equally famous translation. \$24; \$19 seniors, \$12 students. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/11. *Jean Cocteau Repertory*, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$60-\$75. Tues.-Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Tovah: Out of Her Mind—An evening of character comedy by the actress Tovah Feldshuh. \$30. Tues.-Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Playhouse 91*, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).

The Tragic and Horrible Life of the Singing Nun—Some show titles hardly need a plot summary, do they? Suffice it to say, then, that Blair Fell's play-with-music takes a distinctly unsentimental approach to the real-life story of the Belgian *sœur* who captivated American audiences in the sixties as one of

Ed Sullivan's favorite guests, only—good heavens—to commit suicide with her lesbian lover twenty years later. \$20/TDE. Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Grove Street Playhouse*, 39 Grove St. (279-4200).

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater*, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).

Where the Truth Lies—That reliable old dramatic standard *The Truth Game*, as rendered between two estranged sisters by playwright Catherine Butterfield. \$20. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 5/5. *Irish Rep*, 132 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).

Off-Off Broadway

The 14th Ward—A dramatization of the Henry Miller story. \$12/TDE. Thurs.-Sun. at 7. Through 4/28. *La Ma-Ma*, 74 E. 4th St. (475-7710).

Cardenio—Literary scholar Charles Hamilton caused something of a sensation in 1993 when he identified a manuscript that had turned up in the bowels of the British Museum Library as a collaboration (putatively) between William Shakespeare and John Fletcher that had been known about but lost for nearly 350 years. The script is currently receiving its New York premiere, with costumes by Donna Karan and music by Dead Can Dance. As they say, *Habent sua fata libelli*. \$12. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Linhart Theatre*, 440 Lafayette St. (673-5375).

Catfish, Guns and Corndogs—\$8, plus two-drink minimum. Mon. at 8. *Duplex*, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).

How He Lied To Her Husband/Village Wooing—Two one-acts by George Bernard Shaw, in a production by the National Asian-American Theatre Company. \$12. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th St. Theatre*, 309 E. 26th St. (505-3003).

Love Is Not a Water Solution/The Little Venice Makes a Good Drink—Two new dramas by Leonard Melfi. *Love* is in previews for a 4/26 opening; *Venice* is in previews for a 5/3 opening. Thereafter, *Venice* plays the first and third weekends of each month and *Love* the second and fourth weekends. \$15; \$12 seniors/students. Fri. at 9, Sat. and Sun. at 8. 2628 Broadway (961-0962).

Mother Courage—"Don't Goggle So Romantically!" That's how Bertolt Brecht used to admonish the complacent bourgeoisie of Weimar Germany. But there's little chance of that happening with his classic indictment of capitalism as war by other means. \$10-\$12. Tues., Thurs.-Sun. at 8. Through 5/12. *Ontological Theatre* at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).

Split Ends...And She Cooks Too!/The Housekeeper—A mixed bill of three separate shows offering cabaret, murder mystery, and lighthearted comedy. \$15 (groups over 20: \$12), plus a two-drink minimum; all three shows, \$30. Call for detailed schedule. *Theatre East*, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).

The Corner Bar's My Lover Since You Ran Out on Me—Tues.-Sat. at 8. *HERE*, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).

The Odd Couple/The Mousetrap—*Couple*, Fri. at 8; *Mousetrap*, Sat. at 8. \$15, plus two-drink minimum. Through 5/25. *Trocadero*, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).

Theatre of Dreams—\$15. Fri.-Sat. at 8. *Jan Hus Playhouse*, 351 E. 74th St. (1-800-373-2631).

Valhalla—\$12/TDE. Thurs.-Sun. at 8. *Theater for the New City*, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).

nightlife

Los Lobos... Ani DiFranco... Sonic Youth

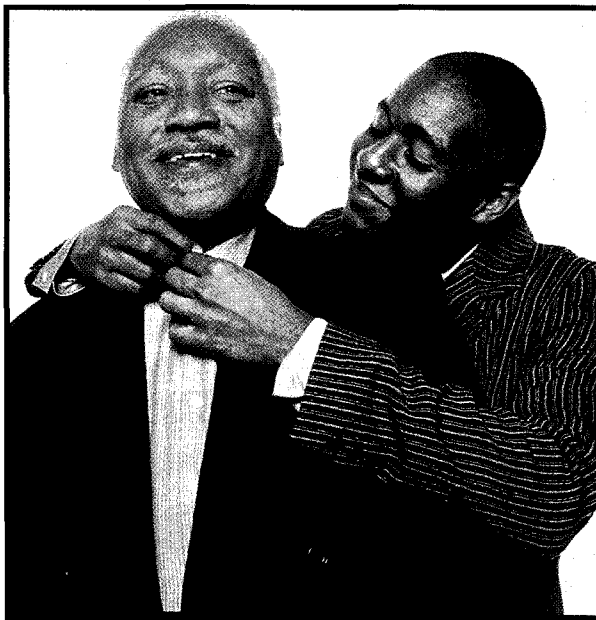
Concerts

Cracker—An indie-rock graybeard, David Lowery makes sly reference to his sharp-tongued, 35-year-old self in his latest record title, *Golden Age*. Once the head of California prog-punkers Camper Van Beethoven, Lowery has spent the nineties sending out pithy notes on personal and cultural erosion in his post-punk outfit Cracker. Typically, *The Golden Age* offers a few raucous anti-anthems ("I Hate My Generation," "Nothing to Believe In"). But Lowery's more affecting when he sings wistful, country-tinged meditations on lost love and regret, like the wonderfully bittersweet title track, where he sings "It seems like I'm high, but baby I'm crawling / Through the unbearable days I threw away, but I should have savored..." Nothing gets your heart-strings like a crack in the sneer. With Cornershop. 4/25 at 8 P.M. *Roseland*, 239 W. 54th St. (307-7171). \$18.50.

Ani DiFranco—This bubbly folk-punk has released eight albums, toured the country constantly, and provided one of the most compelling alternatives to alt-rock dude-ism of the nineties—all without the benefit of a record label. Since she's appearing at the rather roomy Beacon Theater, it's clear that her unsigned status is not for lack of offers. Her music, which tends toward fiercely strummed acoustic songs, has gained fans well outside the lovestruck grrrls and boys crowding the stage. And her self-determination—she records exclusively for her own Righteous Babe label—is as self-taught as her guitar style (she electrician-tapes fake nails on her fingers for added ferocity). Her new *Dilate* shows some arty lo-fi studio experimentation and the first recorded appearance of two crowd-pleasing sing-alongs whose choruses defy FCC approval. 4/26 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre*, 2124 Broadway at 74th St. (307-7171). \$19.50.

Sonic Youth—Since headlining last year's Lollapalooza, New York's favorite noise combo has certainly pushed the notion of "post-punk" in some interesting directions. Bassist Kim Gordon has her own clothing line, she and guitarist Thurston Moore have their own kid, and their band's newest video—for the song "Trouble Girl," off their latest album, *Washing Machine*—was directed by Mark Romanek, who did Michael Jackson's multi-million-dollar freakout-in-space epic, "Scream." At least Romanek reportedly reduced his fee considerably for the lower overhead. They play with Boston's Helium. 4/26 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland*, 239 W. 54th St. (307-7171). \$16.

Toadies—Todd Lewis, the bony, bespectacled singer of this Texas grunge act, says he was raised by a Baptist-preacher dad who told him rock and roll was Satan's music and wouldn't let him listen to the radio until he was 13. That goes a fair way toward explaining the seamless marriage of seventies metal and murder tales that fill the majority of their record *Rubberneck*, including the pop-savvy single "Possum Kingdom." They play with New York hardcore outfit CIV. 4/25 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland*, 239 W. 54th St. (307-7171). \$15.



Performance It's a Family Affair

Saxophonist Branford Marsalis gives thanks to his earliest mentor, pianist and pops Ellis, playing duets from their record *Loved Ones* (Columbia) at Town Hall April 26. The survey of classic love songs includes the Ellis original "Dear Dolores," dedicated to Branford's mom.

Geri Allen—The electrifying jazz pianist, one of the two or three best of her generation. 5/2 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space*, 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). \$15.

"Brazil Meets India!"—Brazil's dynamic guitar duo Duofel join forces with Badal Roy, leading jazz tabla player of India. 4/27 at 8 P.M. *Tishman Auditorium at the New School*, 66 W. 12th St. (545-7536). \$16.

David Broza, David Amram, and Hani Naser—A power trio of Israeli pop unite to support the Middle East peace process. 4/30 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House*, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719). \$35-\$50.

Branford and Ellis Marsalis—Saxophonist Branford and his pianist père Ellis celebrate the ladies in their lives on *Loved Ones*. The album offers warm-hearted duets on classic American love songs like "Laura," "Bess You Is My Woman," "Sweet Lorraine," and Leonard Bernstein's "Maria." An added bonus is the Ellis original, "Dolores," which is dedicated to the matriarch of the Marsalis clan. The father-son team offer a jazz preface to the Levert show the next night. 4/26 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall*, 239 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). \$19.50-\$35.

LeVert: Father and Son—Two generations of quiet-storm legends converge to make ladies of all ages shiver and quiver on 4/27 at 7:30 P.M. *Beacon Theatre*, 2124 Broadway at 74th St. (307-7171). \$45.

Joe Lovano and the Manhattan School of Music Orchestra—Backed by the Manhattan School of Music Orchestra, the renowned, robust saxophonist

brings along vocalist Judy Silvano to play selections from his album, *Rush Hour*. 4/20 at 8 P.M. *Borden Auditorium at Manhattan School of Music*, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. (749-2802). \$12-\$15.

Van Morrison—Ireland's mystical answer to the rotund Pakistani trance singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, the Celtic soul man presents his latest incarnation, as a singer of jazz standards, which he does quite convincingly. 4/28-5/1 at 8 P.M. *Supper Club*, 240 W. 47th. (921-1940). Sold out.

Rod Stewart—The blond continues to have more fun, performing "in the round" at Madison Square Garden, giving full, 360-degree exposure to his mod, 51-year-old bod. 4/23 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden Arena*, Seventh Ave. between 32nd and 33rd St. (307-7171). \$30-\$75.

Celtic Fiddles—Scotland's Brian Mcneill, Ireland's Martin Hayes, and Canada's Natalie MacMaster fiddle it out, Celtic-style, on 4/26 at 8 P.M. *Washington Square Church*, 135 W. 4th St. (545-7536). \$14.

Billy Taylor—The jazz pianist and educator. 4/26 at 8:30 P.M. *Colden Center at Queens College in Flushing* (718-793-8080). \$21.

Michel Legrand—The pianist and film-soundtrack composer. 4/26-4/27 at 8 P.M. *Assembly Hall at Hunter College*, E. 68th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). \$30-\$150.

Yehudit Ravitz—4/27 at 8:30 P.M. *Town Hall*, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). \$25-\$35.

Clubland

Bottom Line—4/23: Cesaria Evora, the famed "barefoot diva," sings "morna" variations on Portuguese folk songs of sadness and longing—straight from her native island off the coast of Senegal. 4/26: "Required Listening: A No Risk Evening of Discovery" features the Chenille Sisters, Julian Dawson, and Jim Infantino. 4/29: Jazz piano dynamo Jacky Terrasson Trio. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Brownie's—San Francisco's wonderful Mommyheads play 4/23, a mix of Velvet Underground organ, XTC melodicism, and Beatlesque harmonies. Expert musicians with a commitment to sound and invention over slickness and facility, plus a great sense for the perversely compelling pop hook. 4/24: Chorderoy. 4/25: Run On. 4/27: Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments. Shows nightly at 9. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

CBGB & OMFG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flitter-strewn pit—in a good way. Next door, CB's Gallery offers a more well-heeled atmosphere and, Fridays at midnight, a new Middle Eastern series that features the music and dance of Ishtar and the Transcenders. 4/26: Ska outfit Goldfinger. 2/27: Rogue's March. 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfort-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

Gallery Openings:

Ah yes,
the bold strokes,
the raw emotion,
hey, an open bar.

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ably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 4/26-4/27: James Cotton. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridor home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.s. 4/26: Skadanks. 4/27: Cake Like. 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Fez—Patty Griffin, a promising new singer-songwriter, recorded her major-label debut *Living With Ghosts* in a Boston bedroom and a kitchen in Nashville—apparently well enough to impress this club's bookers enough to give her two months of Tuesdays. She's here through May 28th. Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—4/26: England's Black Grape. 4/27: Ruby's lead screamer Lesley Rankine is to Björk what Jennifer Jason Leigh's tortured singer was to

her more melodious sister in the film *Georgia*. The 30-year-old Scotland native winds her stormy dramas over the kind of moody techno-trip-hop that would suit Nine Inch Nails and summons a feral power that belies prettiness or courtship. She's out for blood. 17 Irving Place. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 4/23: The brilliant young avant-garde pianist Matt Shipp leads a trio; Wolfgang Muthspiel, Marc Johnson, and Paul Motian follow up. 4/28: Kamikazi Ground Crew. 4/29: David Murray Big Band. 74 Leonard, bet. Broadway and Church. (219-3055).

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 4/25: Nancy Boy. 4/27: Health and Happiness Show. 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).

Mercury Lounge—Quite a buzz has been following Wayne Hancock, Texas's latest honky-tonk man ascendent. He's played alongside Joe Ely and Butch Hancock and has been called a cross between Hank Williams, Jimmie Rodgers, and Lefty Frizzell—which alone is enough to get our attention. He warbles songs from his new record *Thunderstorms and Neon Signs* here on 4/23, playing with Ian Moore and others. 4/25: The mighty Los Lobos. 4/29: The Auteurs. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 94 Ave. A. (473-7373).

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 4/23: Frankie Jackson's funk and R&B vinylfest, Soul Kitchen. 4/24-4/26: Bossa-nova queen Astrud Gilberto. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 4/25: G. Love and Special Sauce; Fun Lovin' Criminals. 4/26: Loup Garou. 4/27: Skatalites. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Jazz

Birdland—An uptown jazz outpost—a comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. Shows nightly. 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and charges accordingly. 4/23-4/28:

Sweets Edison All-Stars featuring the natty trombonist Al Grey; Clark Terry Quintet. 4/30-5/5: J. J. Johnson Quintet; Johnny Griffin Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 4/28: Trombonist Steve Turre. 4/29-5/4: Pianist John Hicks, and bassist Ray Drummond. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 4/26-4/27: Baritone saxophonist Ronnie Cuber Quintet. 7 W. 31st St. (631-0100).

Iridium Room—Max Roach leads a quartet here through April 23. A tireless innovator and equally tireless trampsman, Roach remains a wonder to behold, commanding his crew from the drum stool and pushing them with the same buoyant polyrhythmic vitriol he once used with Bird, Dizzy, Monk, and, of course, Clifford Brown. 4/23-4/28: Cyrus Chestnut Trio. 4/30-5/5: Hank Jones Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 4/24-4/27: Pianist Joanne Brackeen and bassist Cecil McBee. Trumpeter Michael Leonhart and trio play every Sunday in April. 33 University Pl. (228-8490).

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. 4/27: Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Thurs.-Sun., shows start at 10. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 4/23-4/28: Avant-saxophonist Jane Ira Bloom leads a phenomenal quartet of progressive-minded heavies, including trombonist Julian Priester, the amazing bassist Mark Dresser, and drummer Bobby Previte. 4/30-5/5: Yosuke Yamashita Trio. Every Monday it's The Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 4/28: The husky-voiced southern belle Judy Argo sings cabaret classics like "Where or When" and "Falling in Love With Love." Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. 4/23-4/28: Lou Donaldson Quartet with Dr. Lonnie Smith. 4/30-5/5: Jimmy Heath Quintet featuring Jimmy's brother "Tootie." Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 5/1-5/4: David Liebman Group. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. 125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).

Zinno's—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Every Sunday in April it's pianist Leslie Pintchik, bassist Scott Hardy, and Drummer Rich DeRosa. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).

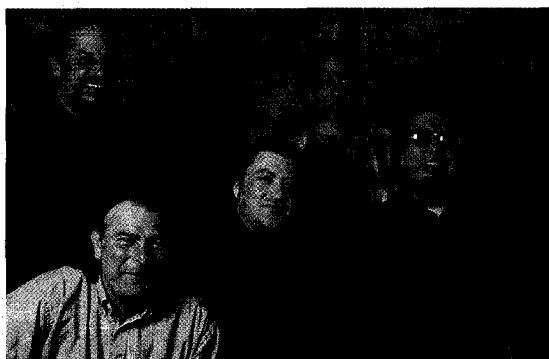
Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show. 4/23: New

Talent Weird and Out in L.A.

Somehow, sometime in the early nineties, something happened to Los Lobos (Mercury Lounge, April 25). For years, they had been a gutsy, simpatico crew of Chicano roots-rockers, most famous for covering Ritchie Valens's bouncy dance tune "La Bamba." Then in 1992, the band re-emerged deeply, wonderfully weird. Instead of the tidy, Tex-Mex rockabilly of earlier albums, *Kiko* (Warner Bros.) offered echoey atmospheres, bristling funk, banjo folk tunes, and a creeping edge of urban fear—an artful, surrealistic mimesis of L.A. spaces that sounded as much Captain Beefheart as *norteño*. "We started *Kiko* at this really funky studio in downtown L.A.," explains saxophonist Steve Berlin, "where there were just blocks and blocks of people living in crates. That, plus the fact we were broke and disillusioned with the whole rock-and-roll thing, definitely affected us." The *noirish*, avant-garde vibe was enhanced by the production of sonic auteur Tchad Blake and soon became the signature of Los Lobos and their artier, vocal-less spin-off, the Latin Playboys. The evocative, cinematic drama is even more fully realized on Los Lobos's excellent new *Colossal Head*, which, Berlin says, reflects their work on film soundtracks for *Desperado* and the upcoming *Feeling Minnesota*. "You sit and watch movies all day for six months and you start to look at life in an entirely different way. Like, 'I have a really good sound for that car crash.'" As for the lyrics, the title track's etymology gives a fair, if not entirely reassuring, sense of where these guys' heads are at these days. "The inside reference is to those giant Olmec heads dotting the landscape in Central America. But we thought it might be a dance craze. You know, you just pretend you're a 180-ton stone head."

CHRIS NORRIS



York Comedy Nights. 4/24: Hot 97's Phat Comedy. 4/25-4/28: Larry Miller. 4/30: "Funny Shorts" Film Festival. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 4/28: Greg Fitzsimmons; Jeff Ross; Dave Attell; William Stephenson; Todd Barry. Shows Sun.-Thurs., 9-2. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 4/28: Nancy Redman; Brian McFadden; Billy Jaye; Ben Creed; Lenny Varnedoe; Gregory Carey. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's "The State" and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. 171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.-Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. 241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 4/26-4/28: Susie Essman; Larry Amoros; Keith Robinson; Sam Brown. Sun.-Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Singer Weslia Whitfield reprises her well-received visit her last fall with a show titled "My Shining Hour: The Songs of Harold Arlen." Through 5/11. Tues.-Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.-Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). \$30; \$15 minimum. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).

Asté—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder and bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Bemelmans Bar—Pianist and singer Peter Mintun is back for a return engagement here through 5/4. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. \$10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel*, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Carlyle—Through 4/27: Barbara Cook. Tues.-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. \$45 cover; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel*, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. \$10; jacket and tie required. 2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).

F. ili Ponte—Pianist/singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.-Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. 39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, \$45. Performance only: \$15 with a \$20 minimum. Tues.-Thurs., \$20 with a \$20 minimum. Fri.-Sat. 327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).

La Rivista Ristorante—Singer-pianist Chris Barrett. Tues.-Sat. from 8 to midnight. No cover, no minimum. 313 W. 46th St. (245-1707).

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. \$35 minimum. 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).

Rainbow and Stars—In that *Ocean's Eleven* mood? Then better get yourself down (or up, actually) to Rockefeller Center's dim little room in the sky, where Vic Damone's swinging in *le style classique*, baby.



Roll Over, Alanis

A wolf in babe's clothing, Ani DiFranco (Beacon Theater, April 26) joyously dashes folk, punk, and riot-grrrrl expectations. She plays a mean guitar, too.

Through 4/27. \$40 cover. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, vocalist Giacomo Gates performs a salute to bebop. No cover, no minimum. 234 W. 44th Street (221-8444).

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. 29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) 231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and

whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. 889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).

b0b—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. 235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. 358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. 145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).

restaurants

Downtown Hot Spots... American Cookbooks



Opening Hip Happy Meals

Boarding the East Asian bandwagon a tad late, veterans Lynn (Odeon) Wagenknecht and Nell (Nell's) Campbell, along with pal Eamon Roche, open E&O this week (100 West Houston Street). The "Eastern & Oriental" menu features a model-friendly roster of bean-sprout- and sesame-based snacks and, in a pleasant reminder that even scenesters grow up, a children's menu.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blaubeck's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blaubeck uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in

town. 260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. 193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. 165 Du-

ane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only

Dean & DeLuca Cafe—The flagship of Dean & DeLuca's ultramodern, high-style cafés that are scattered between upper Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, this coffee bar offers much more, including gourmet sandwiches and salads and the same luscious pastries available at the market's bakery counter. 121 Prince St. (254-8776). (I) AE, MC, V

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. 340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. 4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. 203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15-\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Apple Restaurant—This Village restaurant features two kitchens: one for vegetarians, one for carnivores. And a Vietnamese menu. Dishes worth sampling include duck, sautéed tuna and broiled salmon, and fresh jumbo oysters from the raw bar. 17 Waverly Pl. (473-8888). (I) AE, MC, V.

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune and serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Casani's—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. 54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) (\$).

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickie," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. 83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassiolette. 314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break

the bank. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. 156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Campagna—The *Late Show* With David Letterman crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that...? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.

Hudson Place—This Murray Hill newcomer serves a varied selection of Italian and American dishes, including angel's-hair pasta with Scottish smoked salmon, Black Angus steak, and rack of baby back ribs. Hudson River scenes enliven the wood-paneled décor. 538 Third Ave., at 36th St. (686-6660). (M) AE, MC, V.

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the

flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scalion pancakes. 40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

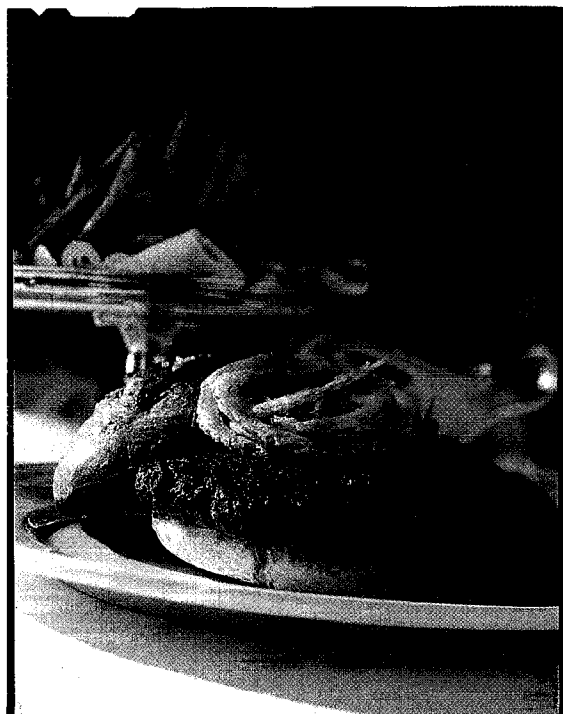
Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. 200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Object of Desire Where the Buffalo (Free-) Roam

The Hudson River Club's first-ever burger is composed of buffalo meat so p.c. it roamed free, abstained from hormones, and was butchered—traditionally, of course—by a Native American cooperative in Montana and Wyoming. It's gussied up with portobellos and a cucumber-cornichon-fennel salad. (250 Vesey Street.)



Simply Pasta—A casual Northern Italian spot that claims to have the best tiramisu in town, as well as a host of pasta specialties. Try the black fusilli with seafood in a marinara sauce. 120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathe-

dral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Gianbelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-

Oriental cooking. The \$46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Paparazzi—Informal Italian restaurant offering family-style dining. Separate rooms for smokers and non-smokers. 964 Second Ave., at 51st St. (759-7676). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave., at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. 230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade tamales. 953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M-E) AE, DC.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

American Festival Café—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Café Un Deux Trois—Theater District landmark serving French bistro food like steak au poivre, steak tartare, and grilled salmon. 123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Century Café—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. 132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels



Ask Gael Trader Bolshevik's

Where are all the pretty people?

Pravda, Keith McNally's cozy, detail-obsessed fantasy of a Russian bar, is spring's imperative for nocturnals. Just south of the Puck Building, but not easy to find, and literally underground—that helps too. Slavesque beauties in black tote vodka 73 ways, retro cocktails, Euro-smokes, and unremarkable caviar with lovely warm blinis. It's a celebration of booze and smoke, but for \$304 our hungry four make it dinner too. Two smidgens of caviar (\$63), chips and frites, some pastry bits (dandy and not so), fine smoked trout on toast, and greasy potato pancakes wearing a salmon swirl. Still starved, we divide the ham-and-cheese melt and a zesty steak sandwich, then dessert and a languorous cigar. (281 Lafayette Street.)

like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. 44 W. 44th St., in the Royaton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. 802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I-M) AE, DS, TM.

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and Richard Leach in charge of elaborate pastry design, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. Open Sundays. 60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a club-like setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket



Opening Comfort Station

Midtown's new Comfort Diner makes up for some excessively overt kitschiness—Leave It to Beaver-esque sconces, for instance—with genuine hospitality and a creative (for this neighborhood) menu of healthy renditions of blue-plate specials, with grace notes like Gus's pickles and H&H bagels. (214 East 45th Street.)

and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Remi—Even the blockbuster mural of Venice isn't enough to distract diners from elegant Italian cuisine, with roasted baby goat and unique pastas like ravioli with tuna and ginger. In warmer weather, dine (and smoke cigars) alfresco. 145 W. 53rd St. (581-4242). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Roadhouse America—Roadhouse serves regional American cuisine like jambalaya, Missouri chicken-fried steak, and Texas short-rib chili to the accompaniment of nightly live entertainment. 240 W. 52nd St. (489-2323). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

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Restaurants

57th-60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under \$10. 201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. 42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. 104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. 182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. 225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) (\$).

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central

Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. 354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crust pizzas. 1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. 1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, haute fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. 58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. 1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. 133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Quisisana—This cozy Upper East Side Italian restaurant specializes in seafood. Try the grilled calamari, linguine with lobster, the John Dory, or anything out of the wood-burning oven. 1319 Third Ave., nr. 75th St. (879-5000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. 685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. 477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Human Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was David Letterman. 235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, *Human Park Two*, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch, a deal at \$17.95, make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen

cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The \$26.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. 222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sarahbeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with home-made, award-winning jams and preserves. 423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. 2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) (\$).

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. 1

Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) (\$).

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. 5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) (\$).

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0035). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. 296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) (\$).

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. 1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

In Print

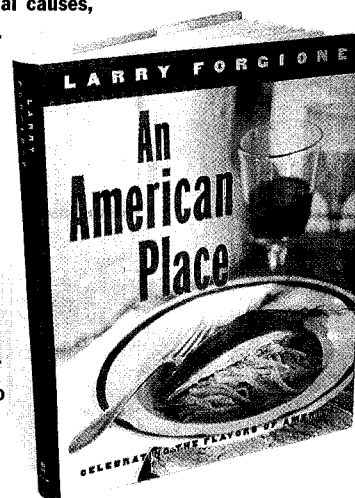
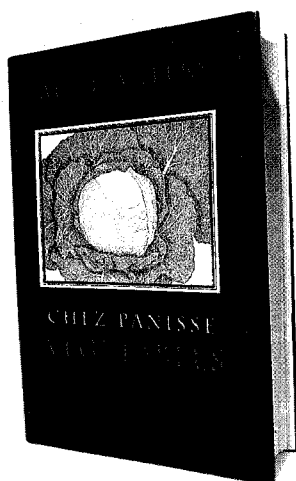
American Studies

From opposite coasts, chef-restaurateurs Larry Forgione (An American Place) and Alice Waters (Chez Panisse) have set the current standard in "New" (read: organic, locally grown, multi-ethnic) American cuisine. This month, the friends are publishing new books, reason enough for gustatory salivation among the Kitchen Arts & Letters crowd. Though Waters's single-subject *Vegetables* (Harper-Collins; \$32.50) and Forgione's all-encompassing *An American Place* (Morrow; \$30) tread very little common ground, there are enough inherently American strands in their culinary DNA to detect patterns.

For both, childhood impressions foreshadowed culinary careers. Forgione's visceral memories of the chickens his grandmother raised led him to coin the buzzword "free-range" in 1980; Waters's family ate out of its postwar New Jersey victory garden. Both books' introductions speak of Magi-like strangers bearing gifts: "Local suppliers started to call me up" with offers of local bass or chanterelles, reminisces Forgione, while Waters says that shortly after

opening Chez Panisse in Berkeley, "an assortment of people began to show up at our kitchen door . . . bringing us bunches of radishes, sorrel, and herbs." Waters and Forgione effusively praise their "foragers," a term used for professional hunters and gatherers who track down unique ingredients. "This book would have been impossible without the special contributions of Alan Tangren," raves Waters; Forgione calls his friendship with his Michigan forager one of his "most rewarding relationships."

Blatantly commercial sidelines like Forgione's American Spoon Foods and Waters's gourmet granola are counterbalanced by strong commitments to (locally relevant) social causes, like Forgione's Fresh Start, an inmate cooking program at Rikers, and Waters's Edible Schoolyard, an organic-agriculture-and-cooking program at a local junior high. Waters, though, is one step ahead when it comes to supporting local agriculture: Forgione has yet to start carting his compost up Park Avenue in exchange for fresh tomatoes and cherries. ROBIN RAISFELD



the mix

Couture Creatures... Sam Shepard... The Winners Within

John Leonard's TV Notes

Birth of a Jet Fighter (4/24; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) is an episode of the Bill Kurtis "New Explorers" series that might as well be a commercial for McDonnell-Douglas, Northrop, Hughes, Grumman, General Electric, and the U.S. Navy, celebrating the Super Hornet as it speeds its Mach 2 way toward our next Top Gunning, with a nostalgic look back at the F/A-18, E/F's predecessor, the F/A-18-C/D, which flew 11,000 sorties (and dropped 18 million pounds of artillery on Saddam Hussein) during Desert Storm. Public television will obviously do almost anything to pander to a budget-cutting Congress.

Procedure 769 (4/24; 6:30 to 7:50 P.M.; Cinemax) is another remarkable episode in the "Cinemax Reel Life" documentary series that gave us *The Dying Rooms* and *Heidi Fleiss, Hollywood Madam*. Bureaucrats, journalists, clergy, voyeurs, relatives of victims, and other species of the committed and the curious sit in on the 1992 gas-chamber execution, at San Quentin, of Robert Alton Harris for the kidnap-murder of two teenaged boys. All these witnesses will talk on camera about what they saw and how they felt. It may not change your mind about capital punishment—this new American blood lust seems immune to qualm—but it will slow you down in the rush to judgment about

what's civilized and whether we want to be.

The Rockford Files: Friends and Foul Play (4/25; 8 to 10 P.M.; CBS) requires Jimbo to go back to school for a college class in criminology, where he learns that honor students can shoot straight, and that manic-depressive mobsters were not the only lowlifes involved in the unsolved murder of a super-goody-two-shoes college boy and his saintly waitress of a mother (Wendy Phillips), and that, really, he should have been tipping more than 10 percent. Stephen J. Cannell wrote this one, with some zip; Gretchen Corbett is back from retirement as a trashy novelist to lawyer Rockford out of jail; and Stuart Margolin also returns, not only as the tiresome Angel but also as the so-so director of this so-so TV movie.

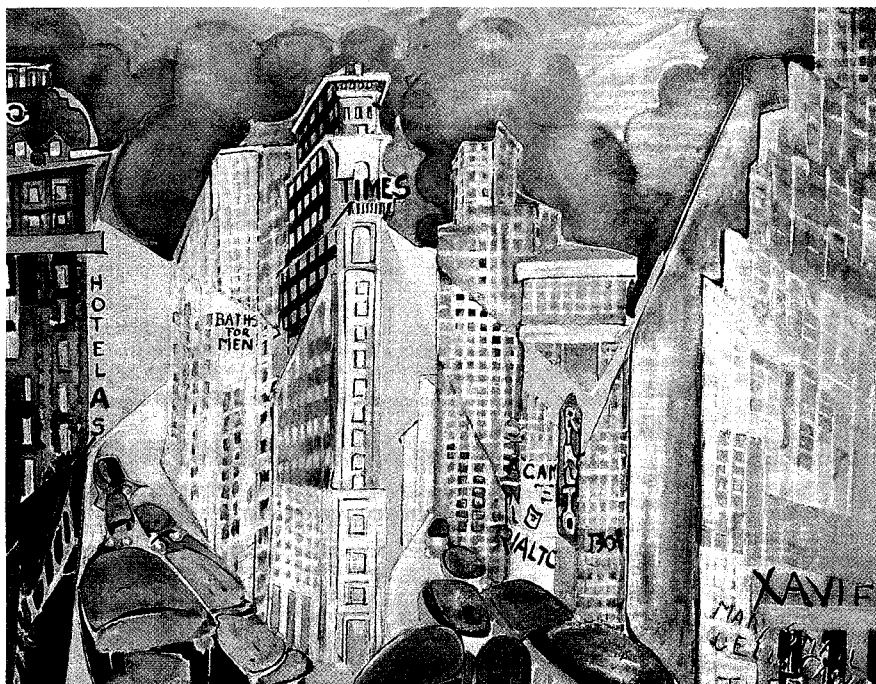
In the Life (4/24; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), the gay-and-lesbian TV newsmagazine, returns with a lively mix of reportage (health-care issues, primary politics, gay journalists in mainstream news organizations), interviews (Kate Clinton at home with Barney Frank), and culture-watching (Marga Gomez and her one-woman play, *A Line Around the Block*, at the Public Theater). Maybe I should take back what I just said about public television. This almost makes up for the jet fighter.

She Woke Up Pregnant (4/28; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), even though her husband had undergone a vasectomy. "She" is Michele Greene, who's never had another lover. Her husband is William R. Moses, who is bewildered and indignant. Then there are her dreams, which have something to do with a visit

to a dentist. Since Joe Penny plays the dentist and Lynda Carter plays his lawyer, we know who did what to whom in pretty short order, but proving it requires a lot of help from prosecutor Theresa Saldana, detective John P. Connolly, and a female cop who covers undercover and under sedation. I can't think of any reason why you should watch this, or why they made it.

In Search of the Oregon Trail (4/29; 8 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) applies a Ken Burns style to an old story, freshening it up considerably. Robert Culp, Susan Ruttan, Wes Studi, and Adrienne Barbeau are among the actors who read excerpts from diaries; scholars and historians beg to differ from white-wash treatments of the great land-grab in textbooks and Hollywood movies; Native Americans tell their dissenting side of the story; cameras see some stunning stuff; Stacy Keach is good company; and silly reenactments should have been refrained from.

Angel Flight Down (4/29; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) gives good weather. Or, rather, rotten weather nicely nudged: converging Rocky Mountains snowstorms, beneath which a crash-landed emergency medical airplane full of freezing survivors waits for discovery and rescue. Patricia Kalember, playing the Colleen McMurphy Super Nurse, must cope not only with a pilot who is in and out of delirium (Garwin Sanford), a paramedic who's working the macho rub-bish out of his stubbly system (David Charvet), a blonde-haired, deathly ill 2-year-old (Paige Magnuson) about whom everybody feels very guilty, and her possessive but wounded father (Christopher Atkins). Meanwhile, without an alien anywhere in the nation available to help him, Gary Graham as Kalember's husband must use helicopters and common sense instead. An hour into this one, you'll be happy you stayed home and warm.



In Print Beautiful, Damned

Mrs. Scott Fitzgerald had a peculiar sense of merriment (e.g., boiling friends' wristwatches over the stove) called schizophrenia in her lifetime and artistic frustration in ours. The foremost accessory of the Jazz Age (and her "self-expression," above) is remembered in *Zelda: An Illustrated Life* (Abrams; \$24.95).

Radio Highlights

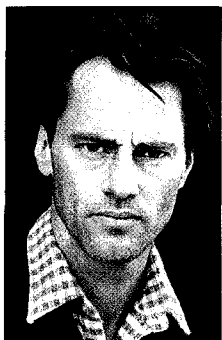
Symphony Hall—4/22: Vivaldi's Violin and Oboe Concerto in B flat, RV 548, and Delius's Violin Concerto. 4/23: Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1 in D, Opus 19, and *Cinderella*: Suite No. 1, Opus 107. 4/24: Galuppi's Flute Concerto in D and Bizet's Symphony in C. 4/25: Mendelssohn *The Fair Melusina Overture*, Opus 32, and Beethoven's Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Piano in C, Opus 56, *Triple*. Beethoven's *The Ruins of Athens*, Opus 113, and Schumann's Symphony No. 2 in C, Opus 61. 4/29: R. Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben*, Opus 40. 4/30: Sibelius's Symphony No. 2 in B flat, Opus 52, *Hymn of Praise*, and Schoenberg's *Friede auf Erden* (Peace on Earth), Opus 13. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Opera's Next Generation—4/27 at 1: A showcase of the great young singers who have made recent debuts at the Metropolitan Opera. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—4/28 at 8: Verdi's *Macbeth*. With Leonard Warren, Leonie Rysanek, Jerome Hines, Carlos Bergonzi, William Olvis and the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. Erich Leinsdorf conducts. WQXR, 96.3.

Live From the Upper West Side—4/28 at 11 A.M.: Mike Feder interviews author Samuel Delany on *Dahlgren*. WBAI, 99.5 FM.

New York and Company—4/23: James Houston on *Confessions of an Igloo Dueller*; Warren Rudman on twelve years in the U. S. Senate; Petru Popescu on *Almost Adam*, a novel. 4/24: Melissa Fay Greene on *The Temple Bombing*; Louise Erdrich on her new novel, *Tales of Burning Love*; Marion Winik on



Reading

"I've about seen / all the nose jobs / capped teeth / and silly-cone tits / I can handle / I'm heading back / to my natural woman," Sam Shepard wrote in *Los Angeles* in 1981. And away from both megalopolises he has more or less stayed—minding Jessica Lange's house in Virginia, chaperoning slumber parties, avoiding air travel. But a new collection of stories, *Cruising Paradise* (Knopf), brings him to New York and PEN/The New School for an April 29 reading. (See listings.)

her memoir *First Comes Love*. 4/25: Larry Sabato and Glenn Simpson on corruption in American politics; David Karp on his book about race, housing, and suburbia; John Medina on his book about aging. Leonard Lopate is the host. Weekdays at noon on WNYC, 820 AM.

The Written Word

John Lancaster—4/23 at 7:30: Reading from *The Debt to Pleasure*. Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800); free.

Central Park Poetry Reading—4/23 at 12:30: Readings by elementary- and high-school poets from Bank Street School and NYC Public School Repertory Company. Waterways Project/Shakespeare Gardens. (718-442-7429); free.

Spirit to Spirit: Nikki Giovanni—4/23 at 3: Wakefield Branch of NYPL, 4100 Lowerre Pl., Bronx. Film.

Louise Erdrich—4/23 at 7:30: Reading from *Tales of Burning Love*. Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St., (253-0818); free.

A. M. Homes—4/23 at 8: Reading from *The End of Alice*. Posman Books, 1 University Place. (533-2655); free.

Extraordinary Liberty: A Celebration of Frank O'Hara—4/24 at 7:30: Featuring readings and recollections of O'Hara by Jane Freilicher, Kenneth Koch, Ron Padgett, Larry Rivers, David Shapiro, and more. Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (737-1450); free.

A. B. Yehoshua—4/24 at 7:30: Reading from *Open Heart*. Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800); free.

Selected Shorts—4/24 at 6:30: Hosted by Louise Erdrich. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway. (864-5400); \$16/\$11 members.

Tribute to Virginia Hamilton Adair—4/24 at 7: With Jorie Graham, Galway Kinnell, Robert Mezey, and Maurya Simon; introduced by Alice Quinn. Academy of American Poets/New School, Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (274-0343); \$5.

Debra Weinstein and Joan Larkin—4/25 at 7: A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Readings by the Writer's Studio—4/26 at 8: Ilise Benun, Joi Brozek, O. B. Crowder, Martin Walker, Cynthia Weiner, and Jody Winer. Eureka Joe, 168 Fifth Ave., at 22nd St. (741-7500); \$3.

Sam Shepard—4/29 at 8: Reading from his forthcoming collection of short stories, *Cruising Paradise*. PEN/New School, Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (334-1660); \$10/\$5 students.

William T. Vollman—4/30 at 8: Unterberg Poetry Ctr./Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. \$12.

J. S. Marcus—5/1 at 7: Limbo, 47 Ave. A (477-5271); free.

Roddy Doyle—4/29 at 7:30: the author of *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*, winner of the 1993 Booker Prize. He will read from his new work *The Woman Who Walked Into Doors*. Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); \$10.

Lectures and Panels

David Lehman—4/23 at 6: "Must the Avant-Garde Be Political?" Part of the Pforzheimer lecture series. Public Education Program/NYPL, Fifth Ave.

and 42nd St. Celeste Bartos Forum (930-0571); \$40 for series/no single tickets available.

Dick Cavett with Joan Rivers—4/25 at 8: 92nd St. Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$18.

Elizabeth Hardwick, Catherine Texier, Peter Schjeldahl, and David Rosenberg—4/26 at 7:30: A discussion with the contributors to *Communion: Contemporary Writers Reveal the Bible in Their Lives*. Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Why Do the Good Suffer?—4/28 at 2: Harold S. Kushner, author of *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*, will speak about why good people suffer tragedies in life. Co-sponsored by the International Center for the Disabled and the Brotherhood Synagogue. His lecture focuses on the ability to cope with suffering. Brotherhood Synagogue, 28 Gramercy Park So. (East 20th St., west of Third Ave.). (679-0100, ext. 289); \$20.

Women and the Theater—4/28 at 8: With Anna Deavere Smith, Graciela Daniele, and Wendy Wasserstein. 92nd St. Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$18.

All Shook Up: Lessons and Legacies of the 1950's—4/30 at 8: Allen Ginsberg, Victor Navasky, Odetta, Morton Sobell, Paul Robeson, Jr., Nora Sayre, Calvin Trillin, Ring Lardner Jr., and Barbara Ehrenreich discuss turning-point issues of the fifties in America, from Joseph McCarthy's blacklist to the Cold War and Elvis. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824); \$25, \$15.

Technology in the 1990s: The Human/Machine Interface—Mondays at 6:30 P.M. 5/13, and 5/20: Part of the Video Viewpoints Series at MOMA, this series of symposia showcases several pioneering digital artists who are succeeding in various areas of new media. Speakers include Jane Veeder, Julia Scher, Benjamin Weil, Jim Campbell, and Simon Penny. Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400).

Tours

Art in General—4/27 at 3:30: A benefit tour for Art in General, a nonprofit arts organization that provides 3,500 square feet of exhibition space in lower Manhattan. Choose from three different tours that each visit five artists' studios and are led by a curator. A reception from 6 to 8 follows at the home of Charles Cowles, collector and owner of the Charles Cowles Gallery. Meet at Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473); \$75 per person and \$125 per couple. Reservations are suggested.

Culture and Counter-Culture—4/27 at 1: A walking tour of the East Village from the site of the Tompkins Square riot—an area rich in ethnic diversity. Meet at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, Second Ave. and 10th St. (242-5762); \$12.

Events

The Health-wise Woman: New Information and New Options—4/27 from 9 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.: "Affairs of the Heart," a committee at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, is sponsoring its second annual health symposium. Topics covered will include female cancers, common intestinal disorders, depression, cosmetic surgery, thyroid disease, and complementary therapies. In addition to seminar classes, there will also be yoga and meditation classes, nutrition counseling, and health screenings for colon cancer, breast cancer, and high blood pressure. The program will be held at Columbia-Presbyterian's Clark Conference Center, located in the Milstein Hospital Building, 177 Fort Washington Ave., off W. 168th St. Call Deb-

orah McGregor at 1-800-543-2782; free.

Armory Antiques Show—5/1 through 5/5: Wendy Management, producers of seven major New York antiques shows, will be bringing their New York season to a close with this last Armory show before the summer. Over 100 major dealers exhibit seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century American, English, French, Continental, and Oriental furniture, decorative accessories, and tribal and ancient arts, plus designer and estate jewelry. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. and 67th St. Wednesday 4-9 PM; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, noon to 9 P.M.; Sunday, noon to 6 P.M. (472-1180); \$10.

Sports

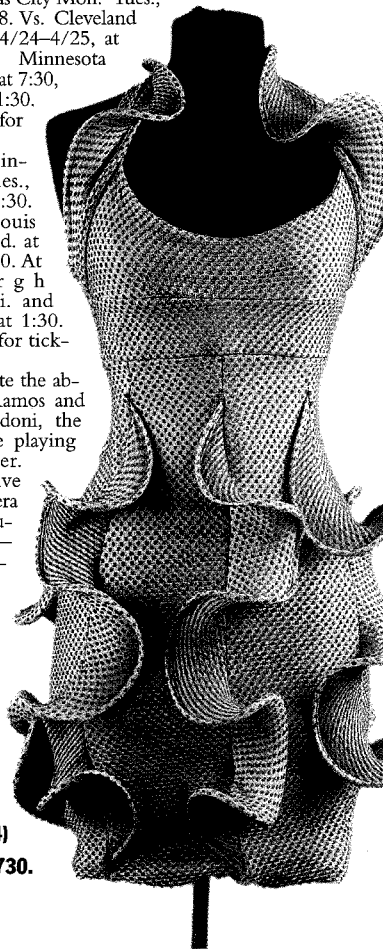
Knicks—The beginning of the end for these Knicks was Patrick Ewing's missed finger roll vs. the Pacers last spring. Starting with Grunfeld's Folly—hiring Don Nelson to replace Pat Riley—the denouement has been overlong and overinvolved. At press time, the races for the Nos. 4 through 7 spots in the Eastern Conference playoffs were too close to call, with the Knicks at best having the home-court advantage in round one vs. the Cavaliers, the Pistons, or the Hawks. Regardless of whom they meet, expect unentertaining, offense-deficient games in the low to mid-80s, i.e., classic Knicks basketball. But don't be fooled by the resemblance; the kings of smashmouth basketball are dead (see "School's Out Forever"). Playoff dates TBA.

Rangers—The Rangers' roster possesses more than a dozen Stanley Cup championship rings. Trouble is, most of that jewelry was won a decade ago; "playoff experience" can become "old age" in a hurry this time of year. And somehow all that wisdom hasn't stopped the team from taking bonehead penalties. If Mark Messier's sore ribs survive this round, they're in for a thorough pounding against Philadelphia, which is showing what a first-round tune-up is supposed to look like. Game four vs. the Canadiens Tues., 4/23, at 7:30 in Montreal. If necessary: Game five at Madison Square Garden Fri., 4/26, at 7:30. Game six in Montreal Sun., 4/28, at 3. Game seven at the Garden Tues., 4/30, at 7:30. CHRIS SMITH

Yankees—At Kansas City Mon.—Tues., 4/22-4/23, at 8. Vs. Cleveland Wed.—Thurs., 4/24-4/25, at 7:30. Vs. Minnesota 4/26-4/28, Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 1:30. Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

Mets—Vs. Cincinnati Mon.—Tues., 4/22-4/23, at 7:30. At St. Louis 4/24-4/25, Wed. at 8, Thurs. at 1:30. At Pittsburgh 4/26-4/28, Fri. and Sat. at 7, Sun. at 1:30. Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

MetroStars—Despite the absence of Tab Ramos and Roberto Donadoni, the MetroStars are playing dynamic soccer. Flushing native Damian Silveira has been particularly audacious—reaching teammates with sud-



Shopping Suit Yourself

In the past, when fashion dictated unbenevolently, one needed a certain self-possession to appear in Rosalind Russell suits when everyone else looked like Annie Hall. Today, the woman who wears a Zandra Rhodes piece from the seventies, or a forties Claire McCardell, or a sixties Balenciaga (they're all for sale at William Doyle Galleries on April 24) will be noted less for eccentricity than for plain good taste. Call 427-2730.



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Solutions to last week's puzzles

M	F	T	A	A	A	T
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den slicing passes, eluding opponents with crafty ball control. This weekend the MetroStars take on the Columbus Crew, a team that stars South African Doctor Khumalo and American Paul Caliguri. Sat., 4/27, at 7:30 at Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, N.J. Call 307-7171 for ticket information. ADAM LEHNER

New York Road Runners Club—Sun., 4/28, the Queens Half-Marathon (13.1 miles), at 10:10 A.M., and the Skaggs-Walsh 5K benefit race, at 10 A.M. Both races start at Fifth Ave. near 119th St., adjacent to McNeil Park in College Point, Queens. Call 860-4455 for more info.

Project ACES 1996—At 10 A.M. EST on Wed., 5/1, millions of schoolkids in some 50 countries all over the world will promote physical fitness in our youth by taking part in Project ACES (All Children Exercise Simultaneously) 1996. Contact project coordinator Len Saunders, Valley View School, Montville, N.J. (201-696-2668) for more info.

Online

Barbara Lippert—Author of this week's cover story about Jackie O's posthumous allure will be chatting away in the *New York Magazine* Forum. On CompuServe, go NYTALK: 4/25 at 9 P.M.

The Belle of Broadway—Chat with Christianne Tisdale, who is currently starring on Broadway as Belle in Disney's *Beauty and the Beast*. On America Online: 4/22 at 8 P.M.

Henry Cisneros—Secretary of the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development talks about the current HUD projects and some of the plans he has for the department. On America Online: 4/22 at 9 P.M.

NYC Congressman—Congressman Jerrold Nadler (D-NY)—the first member of Congress to set up a World Wide Web page—will discuss and answer questions about recent developments in online-computer-service regulation. On America Online: 4/22 at 10 P.M.

Sister Helen Prejean—Author of the best-selling book *Dead Man Walking*. Sister Helen will discuss her book and the film as well as the issue of the death penalty. On America Online: 4/23 at 5 P.M.

Mom-and-Pop-Shop Advice—Rieva Lesonsky offers hints for managing a small business. On CompuServe: 4/23 at 7 P.M.

Wu Tang Clan—SonicNet's "Hip Hop in Cyberspace" presents Wu Tang Clan. Ghostface Killer, a.k.a. Tony Starks is the newest member of the Wu Tang Clan to drop a track, this time for the movie *Sunset Park*. He is known for laying down phat tracks with Raekwon on his album *Built for Cuban Linx*. On Prodigy in the SonicNet area: 4/23 at 8:30 P.M.

The Muscles from Brussels—One of the world's fiercest action-film stars, Jean-Claude Van Damme, is marking his directorial debut with his latest project, *The Quest*, co-starring Roger Moore and set to be released April 26. He'll be on Prodigy: 4/23 at 9 P.M.

Herbs for Good Health—Author Judith Hurley discusses the use of herbs in healing and cooking. Go to the Cooks Online Forum on CompuServe: 4/23 at 9:30 P.M.

Shape Up for Summer—From the author of *Bottoms Up!* comes a book that can benefit men and women alike. Joyce Vedral explains her no-nonsense approach to fitness in *Definition: Shape Without Bulk in 15 Minutes a Day!* Chat with Vedral about how to spend your minutes. On Prodigy: 4/23 at 10 P.M.

Dennis Miller—Cable-channel comic and failed-talk-show host kicks off Prodigy's new *WiseAcres* chat series. Miller's new book, *The Rants*, is a collection of the bilious monologues that showcase his singular point of view. Chat with Miller on Prodigy in the WiseAcres area: 4/23 at 11 P.M.

Brit Hume—The ABC correspondent will be instructing members on his understanding of Windows 95, plus the usual fare of "objective" chat about current politics. On MSN: 4/24 at 9 P.M.

Richard Benjamin—Director of *My Favorite Year*, *Racing With the Moon*, *City Heat*, *The Money Pit*, *Mermals*, and *My Stepmother Is an Alien*. His current project, *Mrs. Winterbourne*, is a screwball whodunit love story starring Ricki Lake, Shirley MacLaine, and Brendan Fraser. Join him for a chat about working with his all-star casts. On Prodigy: 4/24 at 10 P.M.

Oliver Stone—Join the consistently controversial director for a discussion about the issues that concern him about the '96 presidential election. On America Online: 4/25 at 9 P.M.

Edwin C. Moses—Olympic champion answers questions about the upcoming summer Olympics in Atlanta. On CompuServe: 4/26 at 1 P.M.

Health for Women—Discuss general health concerns and, specifically, issues surrounding hysterectomies in the Women's Wire Forum on CompuServe 4/29 at 9 P.M.

Sports School's Out Forever

Wandering through the Knicks locker room these days, one senses that it's late April not for a group of mercenary professionals but for graduating college seniors: Everyone's so obsessed with the tests at hand that no one thinks about the very blunt end to follow.

Pat Riley, after all, instituted an academy as much as a game plan, infusing Knicks players (and fans) with an extreme variant of the Lombardi ethic: that winning without winning it all is actually losing. His tenure lasted an appropriate four years; he published, then his team perished, only to be abandoned again in March by adjunct lecturer Don Nelson. Indeed, this season, without the Winner Within, felt like a fifth college year: ragged, directionless, touched with fear.

On Thursday the playoffs start. Maybe, against the odds, Riley's ex-pupils will regroup for one last fandango march through the second round under new coach Jeff Van Gundy. Regardless, after the buzzer sounds, graduation will likely commence: Derek Harper is unsigned. John Starks is lost. Even Patrick Ewing's fate is as uncertain as his knees.

At future reunions (like those held nightly on WFAN), the cranks will remember only missed clutch layups. The rest of us, however, will picture Patrick striding off-court, flashing that Nixonian salute to overachievement. Yes, he never flashed it in Houston. But he flashed it enough, after small, grand moments. Visions of this will remind the New Yorker Within—that is, us—that it was better to have won and lost than never to have won at all. ALEX WILLIAMS



Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

KIDS

Light Years... Magic Lantern...

Children's Events

"Deuces Are Wild"—Accomplished physical funnyman Bill Irwin curates three collaborative shows for family audiences at the newly restored **New Victory Theater** (see photo, essay). Program A, which teams up Irwin and the GhettoOriginal Productions Dance Company in *Hip-hop Wonderland* for ages 6 and up, is 5/1 at 7, 5/2 at 7, 5/3 at 7, 5/4 at 2 and 7, and 5/5 at noon (with Hands On signing for the hearing-impaired), and 5. Program B, *Goin' for Dolo*, with Danny Hoch and Dael Orlandersmith (for kids over 12 and adults who aren't afraid of earthy language), is 5/7 at 7, 5/8 at 7, 5/9 at 7, and 5/10 at 7 and 9:30. Program C, *Soul Deep*, with Urban Bush Women and the David Murray Octet, for ages 6 and up, is 5/11 at 2 and 7 and 5/12 at noon and 5. **The New Victory Theater**, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); \$10 to \$25.

Mythological—Greek Myths choreographed to the music of Gluck, Chopin, and Schubert by Isadora Duncan are performed in a "dance-and-tell" program for children ages 4 and up. The American Heritage Dance Company's program, the second in a series, centers around Artemis, goddess of the hunt, with a nod to Iphigenia, Aphrodite, Narcissus, and a handful of wood nymphs. **Theater of the West Side Dance Project**, 162 W. 83rd St. (865-0854), 4/27 and 4/28 at 4; \$12 adults, \$5 children. ●

Get Cooking—You can almost see the wheels in the parents' brains turning: If I just enroll them in a few cooking classes, maybe... The classes, camps, and one-shot workshops given by the **Peter Kump's School of Culinary Arts** at the Y's on 23rd and 92nd Sts. offer instruction in the useful arts of making pizzas and calzones (5/4 from 10 to 12:30 for ages 6 to 9 at the 92nd St. Y), birthday cakes (5/4 from 2 to 5 for ages 9 to 12 and 5/18 from 2 to 5 for ages 12 to 16), and more. The above classes cost \$30; some others cost \$40 and \$45; weeklong camp sessions are \$595. For a complete schedule, call the cooking school at 410-4601.

Cherry Blossom Festival—The Brooklyn Botanic Garden is scheduled to be awash in pink blossoms right around now. The annual "Sakura Masuri" festival to coincide with all that fragrance and pinkness includes a demonstration of origami, Japanese doll-making, and calligraphy techniques (Sat. and Sun. from 1 to 5 in the Magnolia Plaza), 1000 Washington Ave. (718-622-4433 ext. 215). General admission is now \$3 for adults, \$1.50 for students and seniors, and 50 cents for children over 5. ●

Gizmo Alert—Student-scientists from all five boroughs will be on hand to explain their science projects—everything from a solar-powered glider to a study into the effects of secondhand smoke on tomato growth and which in-line-skate lubricant works best at the fifty-eighth annual New York Acade-

my of Sciences' Science and Technology Expo. Six hundred high-school students (in grades 9 through 12) are competing for a \$10,000 grand prize—and other prizes, including a four-year scholarship to NYU. Kids in grades three to six are invited to join in an informational scavenger hunt by collecting facts from the exhibit. Projects are on display to the general public 4/27 from 9 to noon. (Students who observe the Jewish Sabbath will exhibit at a different location on 4/26.) New York Information Technology Center, 55 Broad St. (838-0230 ext. 422). ●●

Bright Lights, Big Top—This year's **Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth** is especially strong on visual drama—elephants in glittery outfits, Roman soldiers, lions, tigers, major tightrope action, and, of course, the much-hyped "human arrow." Children may not want to sit down throughout—or close their mouths. **Madison Square Garden**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (307-7171), through 4/28; \$10 to \$35. ●

Moving—and Growing—The **American Museum of the Moving Image** has just unveiled a \$3 million renovation with *Behind the Screen*, a show of film and television ephemera—including nineteenth-century zoetrope toys, early television sets, and lots of interactive stations, among them several that fill visitors in on hundreds of industry job descriptions. Opens 4/20 at 11. New hours are Tues.-Fri. noon to 5 and weekends 11 to 6. 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). General admission is \$7, \$4.50 seniors, \$3 students and children.

Dad's on the Ceiling—Inspired by the Chagall exhibition currently hanging in the museum, families paint murals with artist and educator Benny Ferd-

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

man. The workshop, from 1 to 4, will be repeated 4/28 and 5/4. **The Jewish Museum**, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3271). General admission \$9, \$7 seniors and students, free to children under 12.

Show and Tell—Children ages 4 to 8 can take a break from SoHo gallery-hopping for some free "Visual Storytelling" and refreshments at **The Drawing Center**. Alexander Hammid screens his twenty-minute black-and-white film *The Private Life of a Cat*, in which a litter of kittens is born; Anton van Dalen's collection of glass slides lit by a kerosene "magic lantern" projector shows round hand-painted images of Cinderella, Jack in the Beanstalk, and the world according to late-nineteenth-century artists. 4/28 at 3. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166). ●●

Onstage—Gilbert and Sullivan's *Princess Ida*, a hilarious battle of the sexes, is given a full-stage production in an early-sixties world of bouffant hairdos and bright colors by the Blue Hill Troupe. 4/26-4/28 and 5/1-5/4, with additional matinees on 4/28 at 3 and 5/4 at 2. **John Jay College Theater**, 899 Tenth Ave., at 58th St. (988-2012). Tickets (which benefit the Burden Center for Aging) are \$15 to \$50. "Singer illusionist" J. P. Jarrett gets the audience to help make ghosts float and bunnies appear out of nowhere in a show called *Altered Reality*. Sundays at 12:30 and 3 through 5/26. **Theatre East**, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528); \$12.

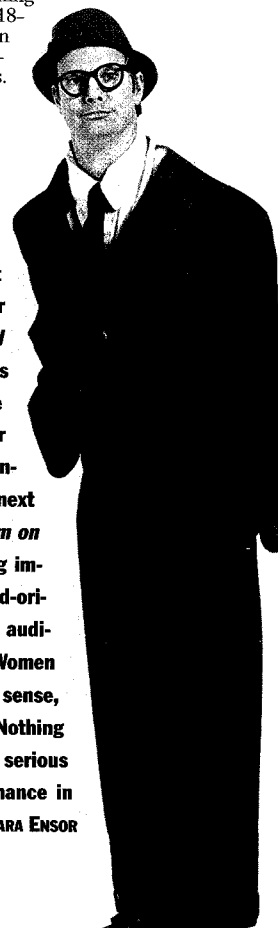
Get Virtual—Snowboard on into spring (well, virtually) at an up-to-the-minute "Virtual World" exposition at **Liberty Science Center**. 4/27 and 4/28, 11 to 4. Exit 14B off the New Jersey Turnpike, Jersey City (201-200-1000). Hours are Tues. through Sun. 9:30 to 5:30. Admission to the museum is \$9 for adults, \$8 for students and seniors, \$6 for children ages 2 to 12.

"Window on the Universe"—This week **The New York Hall of Science** doubles in size with an immense interactive exhibit that includes out-of-this-world images of the solar system and beyond, and a new technology gallery where your preschooler can happily cruise the Internet. Hours are Wed. to Sun. 10 to 5. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005). General admission is \$4.50 for adults, \$3 for children (ages 3 to 16) and seniors.

Performance Class Clown

Bill Irwin used to get giggles out of the other kids in his Tulsa first grade by imitating their teacher, Mrs. Curtis, out on the playground. "Poor woman—she was obsessed with prayer in the schools, and it had just been declared unconstitutional," he recalls mischievously. Four decades later, although he's meandered a bit from the schoolyard—with *Fool Moon*, for example, last year's playful grown-ups' show on Broadway—Irwin is still eager to ham it up for an audience of children. "Deuces Are Wild," three Irwin-curated performances for family audiences, is at the New Victory Theater beginning May 1. In *Hip-hop Wonderland*, he plays the uptight geek who meanders into the spotlight after a bet has been placed about converting the next passerby to hip-hop devotion. The hip-hopsters are GhettoOriginal—whose *Jam on the Groove* recently took break dancing to new knee-spinning, mind-bending impossibilities. (Other standout performers making rare forays into the field of kid-oriented drama are Danny Hoch and Dael Orlandersmith in *Goin' for Dolo*—for audiences ages 12 and up; and *Soul Deep*, a collaboration between Urban Bush Women and the David Murray Octet.) Now that he's a father, Bill Irwin finds he is, in a sense, always performing for children—specifically for his 5-year-old son, Santos. "Nothing seems as important to me now as his take on a show," explains the clown in serious tones. That Santos didn't fidget much during Dad's recent Seattle performance in *Waiting for Godot* was considered, intra-family, a triumph.

BARBARA ENSOR



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in concert

Beverly Sills...Bolcom Premiere...Donizetti

Classical Music

Tuesday, April 23

New York Philharmonic—Performs with singers from the Kirov Opera; Valery Gergiev, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 7:30; \$15-\$60.

Maia Quartet—Performs the world premiere of Pierre Jalbert's *String Quartet* (1995). *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (769-7406), at 8; free.

Chamber Music at the Y—Works by Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Dvořák; Jaime Laredo, artistic director. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave.* (996-1100), at 8; \$22.50-\$25.

Chanticleer—Performs works by Bach, Britten, and spirituals. *Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum of Art* (570-3949), at 8; \$30.

Wednesday, April 24

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs an all-Beethoven benefit for the American Friends of the IPO. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave.*, at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$75-\$250.

Chamber Music at the Y—See 4/23.

Thursday, April 25

Bargemusic—Music by G. Crumb, Prokofiev, and Schumann. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge* (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$15-\$23.

New York Philharmonic—Performs Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto in E minor*; Herbert Blomstedt, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 8; \$15-\$60.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs an all-Tchaikovsky program. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave.*, at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$15-\$75.

Christine Brewer, Soprano—Performs works by Purcell and Handel, and American concert songs. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 8; \$25.

Debuts—A tribute to Beverly Sills, hosted by Werner Klemperer. *New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St.* (873-3400), at 8; \$15.

Friday, April 26

New York Philharmonic—See 4/25, at 2.

Great Narrations—The New Jersey Symphony with guests Ted Koppel, Lynn Redgrave, and Dudley Moore. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave.*, at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$15-\$75.

Beaux Arts Trio—Performs works by Hummel, Smetana, and Schubert. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art* (570-3949), at 8; \$25.

Saturday, April 27

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Performs works by Bartók, Mozart, and Schumann; Roberto Abbado, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave.*, at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$13-\$60.

New York Philharmonic—See 4/25.

Beaux Arts Trio—See 4/26.

Sunday, April 28

Tchaikovsky Piano Trio—Performs works by Copland, Schedrin, and Smetana. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 11; \$15.

Terrence Wilson, Pianist—Performs works by Prokofiev, Stravinsky, and Rachmaninoff. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave.* (996-1100), at 3; \$15.

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Performs Bolcom's *Concerto for Two Pianos Left Hand*; David Zinman, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave.*, at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; \$14-\$65.

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Roussel, Chausson, and Debussy; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 3; \$20-\$42.

Bargemusic—See 4/18, at 4.

Chamber Music Society—Performs an evening of serenades by Nielsen, Dvořák, and Mozart. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500), at 5; \$22-\$30.

Monday, April 29

Chamber Music Society—Perform four New York pre-

mieres by Judith Weir, Richard Rodney Bennett, Marilyn Shrude, and Margaret Brouwer. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St.* (362-8719), at 8; \$23.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Final week. Wagner's *Die Walküre*, 4/23 at 6:30; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 4/24 at 8, 4/27 at 12:30; Giordano's *Andrea Chénier*, 4/25 at 8; Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, 4/26 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center* (362-6000); \$23-\$175.

Amato Opera—Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*. 4/27 at 7:30, 4/28 at 2:30. *319 Bowery* (228-8200); \$18.

Donizetti Double Bill—Manhattan School of Music's Opera Theater performs *L'Aïo nell'imbarazzo* and *Il Campanello di notte*. 4/24, and 4/26 at 8, 4/28 at 2:30. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway and 122nd St.* (749-2802, ext. 428); \$15-\$20.

L'Opéra Français de New York—Presents a semi-staged version of Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène*. 4/24 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center* (721-6500); \$30-\$40.

Dance

Ballet Builders—Contemporary ballet works. 4/25-4/27 at 8, 4/28 at 3. *Clark Studio Theater, Rose Building, Lincoln Center* (924-0077); \$18.

Jennifer Lacey—Performs *Fleshpot (Our Dainty Little Tracks)*. 4/25-4/28 at 9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave.* (477-5288); \$12.

ODC/San Francisco—Celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. 4/23-4/27 at 8, 4/27 and 4/28 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave.*, at 19th St. (242-0800); \$25.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Performance Birthday Bash

Zubin Mehta leads the Israel Philharmonic in two composer-dedicated concerts at Carnegie Hall, celebrating both his and the orchestra's sixtieth birthdays. On April 24, Itzhak Perlman, Yo-Yo Ma, and Emanuel Ax perform an all-Beethoven program. On April 25, young violinist Gil Shaham joins the IPO for an all-Tchaikovsky evening.

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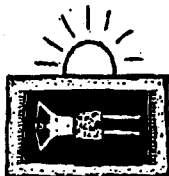
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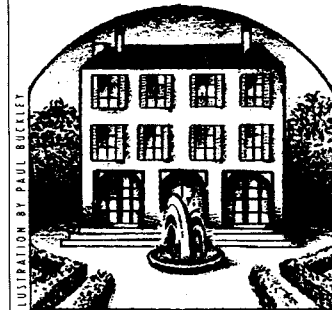
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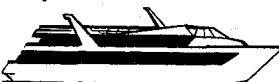
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Be Mine Forever—Be my best friend, my partner in life, my lover and my true love forever. I'm a 40, single white Jewish male in Manhattan, 6'1", fit, attractive, very wealthy and (I'm told) very sexy. I'm into the arts, travel, shopping and good TV. I'd love to spoil you and let you spoil me. I love kids and dogs (have none, want both). You are smart, funny, very pretty, 25-35, and tired of being single. My heart has so much love in it to give, sometimes it hurts. Photo/phone a must. 6918 ☐

Do You Know Her?—Successful, handsome executive, 36, 6', 180 lbs, seeks a very attractive, athletic, well-educated woman who is thoughtful, generous, trusting, trustworthy, stable, confident and down-to-earth. She's also under 32, Christian, and interested in a monogamous relationship, as well as sharing outdoor sports (tennis, bicycling, golf, scuba, running, etc.). She has an upscale, balanced life style, and she likes dogs, wine and weekends away. Our priorities are straightforward (happiness, a sound relationship and two careers). Only the optimistic and genuine woman needs to respond. I can't wait to hear from you and let the magic begin... Note/photo preferred. 6968 ☐

Beautiful, Sweet—Pretty teacher, never married, seeks easygoing Catholic professional, 35-45, with a sense of humor. Note/photo. 6910 ☐

Irish Eyes—Passionate, fun-loving, very attractive professional woman, 45 - loves Manhattan, movies, romantic dinners, long walks, endless love. Looking for warm, huggable professional man with smiling eyes. 6932 ☐

Slender, Ivy Christian Blond—34, down-to-earth, financially secure graduate student with a generous heart. Loves the beach, her big friendly dog and good conversation. Seeks a tall, decent, bright, accomplished man with warm and good intentions. Prefers thoughtful letter to a photo. 6942 ☐

Your Chance To Decide—If I'm the caring, sensitive, creative, vivacious, intellectual and sensual auburn-haired beauty of your dreams. At 49, successful career behind me, financially independent as are you, I'm looking for my best friend and lifelong traveling companion. You're probably tall, extremely bright, definitely warm and loving. RSVP. 6914 ☐

Follow The Yellow Brick Road—Pretty, 5'8" (without ruby slippers), blond, slim, emerald-eyed Dorothy, 38, seeks a mensch (not a munchkin) with a brain, a heart and the courage to spend a lifetime in Oz. Let's share movies, theater, summer sun and laughter along the way. Click heels three times for the real-life dream to begin. 7007 ☐

Vivacious, Eye-Catching—Professional Jewish female, 5'4", slender, 36, dark hair, blue eyes, seeks professional Jewish male, 32-45, for tennis, skiing, theater, fine dining - in short, good times and great friendship. 7019 ☐

Extremely Successful, Generous—Well-built, tall and very handsome, single white male, 39, advanced-degreed entrepreneur - outgoing, passionate about life, never married, nonsmoker. Enjoys daily workouts, boating, tennis, romantic dinners, world travel and much more. Seeking exceptional, single white female under 35, who is very intelligent, selective, adventuresome and extremely attractive, slender, with looks, brains and body. Please be considerate, sincere, sensual, and enjoy life and friends. Photo/description a must (will exchange). 7001 ☐

Hugs Teddy!—Pretty, slim, 54, cute Jewish gal seeks teddy bear substitute. 6958 ☐

Smashingly Attractive, Refined Blond—Waspish, 49, seeks genteel, successful, attractive, 57-65 male, for country, travel, commitment. NY/CT/LI. 6896 ☐

Wealthy, Witty, Warm - That's Me—But where are you - my petite, classy, pretty, sailing (beautiful yacht), swimming, dancing, financially independent, 45-65, sporty companion of this "elderly" (stop the tears - they guess me 60-70, but it is 80 plus!), short but handsome, wealthy but lonely, Jewish (Reform) linguist (four languages - even English!), retired CEO, Westchester home (minutes from private beach), New York apartment... Where are you? Sense of humor, please! Note/photo please. 6951 ☐

Some Enchanted Evening—Beautiful, loving, vivacious woman who is as comfortable in the boardroom as the kitchen, seeks handsome, dynamic, family-minded Jewish man, 40-55, with a zest for life and sense of humor - for the evenings, mornings and days of our lives. 6944 ☐

Love Story—Attractive, tall, slim, classy white male, 32, successful, financially secure. Loves traveling. Seeks classy lady, any age, for very serious relationship leading to marriage. Photo/phone. 7010 ☐

Appealing, Petite, Asian-Indian—5'2", 104 lbs, vivacious, well-educated, seasoned traveler, great job, well-established, (212), seeking cultured man for friendship and possibilities. At 43, look 33, don't smoke, don't drink and am hassle-free. You should be an emotionally mature and stable professional who is financially secure. Photo/letter/phone. 7005 ☐

You Won't Be Sorry!—Affectionate, pretty, intelligent, outgoing and fun, green-eyed brunette, 31, Jewish, 5'5", inner/outer beauty, seeks Mr. Right. If you're a handsome, caring, sincere professional man with a good sense of humor, who likes sports, traveling, movies, fine dining, theater, walks on the beach and romantic evenings, send note/photo. 6995 ☐

Dark-Haired Beauty—5'8", funny, smart, creative and athletic. Original Manhattanite, relatively literate, Jewish, just about ready, adore moving images, 41 years, an open heart. Call or write (photo) - either would be lovely. 6892 ☐

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Make My Day—Here are the facts ma'am: CT-based federal law-enforcement manager, divorced Jewish male, 40s, allegedly handsome, athletic, commitment-ready, quick-witted, seasoned and honest. Attempting to identify and apprehend elusive counterpart. **Wanted:** single female, nonsmoking, 35-40, attractive, fit, unpretentious, with warmth and sensitivity. Interests vary - include movies, dining out and other simple pleasures. Criminals/con artists need not apply. Photo/fingerprints optional. 6891 ☐

Successful Eye Surgeon/Inventor—An incurably romantic, passionate, dynamic man with warm heart and smile, good looks, tall, funny, 40, seeks upbeat, smart, sexy lady under 37, tallish, sincere, for now and forever. Note/photo/phone necessary. 6991 ☐

Seasons Greetings—Tax season is over and this 6', 29-year-old male, Jewish, accountant, is ready to spring into action and find that summerone special. I could really fall for a smart, sensitive, funny female. Let's not wait until winter to begin sharing all of life's funny little moments. Note/photo. 6938 ☐

Wanted: Single Attractive Male—38-48, nonsmoker, by very attractive, slim female, 40-something (looks 35), health professional. I enjoy exercise, outdoors, adventure, travel, rock and jazz concerts, dining, Scrabble. Note/photo. 6916 ☐

Tall, Elegant Blond—Successful businesswoman seeks intelligent Christian male, 37-55, who has a sense of humor, is well-educated and worldly, and ready for a serious relationship. I'm down-to-earth, and like good food, wine, theater and sports. Phone/photo. 6950 ☐

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Marriage-Minded Male—MS, handsome, youthful 40, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 195. Enjoys music, exercise, dining out, television, excellent sense of humor. Seeks attractive, honest white female, 25-36, for long-term relationship. Photo. 6967 ☎

Beautiful LI Female—Professional, Italian, 28, seeks handsome, single Catholic male, 28-35, ready for marriage/family and all that life has to offer. Note/photo. 6889 ☎

Reluctant New Yorker—30, professional, intelligent, witty Jewish woman, attractive, passionate, seeks honest communicator who is emotionally available, 35-40, to escape from the city or to learn to love it with. Note/photo. 6895 ☎

I'm Looking For—A Jewish woman who is beautiful, intelligent, with a great personality and sterling character (age approximately 35-40), who wants to get married and have children. I am a Jewish physician, psychiatrist and Renaissance man who has passed his 50th birthday, and who believes that life within the family is where the meaning of life is found. Note/photo appreciated. 6980 ☎

Hopeless Romantic—Single Jewish man, 26, 6', handsome, athletic, professional. Loves running, movies, travel, sports and long walks. Seeking attractive and caring, single Jewish female, 23-27, with similar interests. Note/photo/photo. 6906 ☎

Handsome, Intelligent, Kind—Very fit and health-conscious single man. I'm 5'8", 155 lbs, with hazel eyes and light brown hair. I enjoy working out, theater, museums, jazz music and movies. Seeking an attractive, fit, sensitive and romantic single woman, 28-35, with similar interests - for lasting relationship. Send note and phone. 6890 ☎

Sailor With Sloop Sought—By beautiful PhD, who just stored her powder skies and is airing out foul weather gear. Can trim sails, tie bowlines, scrub decks, and also be passionate about arias pirouettes and water colors. You're early 50s (your boat late 30s plus). 7047 ☎

Can't Meet A Good Man In NYC?—Interested in living with your best friend, with romance, marriage, family and adventure? Seeking a single white female, 33-40, cute/pretty, slender, honest and communicative. A good-looking, slender, fit, successful, educated, single, white professional male, 5'8", who lives close by, enjoys the outdoors and life's daily adventures...would like to meet you. Note/photo/phone. 6936 ☎

Mr. Destiny—Searching for his better half. Handsome, romantic, easygoing, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 27 - enjoys working out, dancing and writing poetry. Seeks slim, attractive, single Jewish female, nonsmoker, 23-29, for possible relationship. Note and photo. 6965 ☎

For Keeps—Beautiful blond equestrienne, 26, green eyes, sophisticated country girl, seeks financially/emotionally secure gentleman, 40 plus. 6961 ☎

Soft And Sensitive Female—42, Italian, Gemini, looking for a monogamous relationship - to share candlelight dinners, romantic limo rides, long walks...to a quiet evening at home with popcorn and a video. I enjoy concerts, plays, antique shopping and a lot of laughter. Phone/photo/note. 6957 ☎

Beautiful, Sensual Lady—Desires gentleman, late 40s, 6', confident, affectionate and divorced, for friendship, love and commitment. Note/photo. 6963 ☎

Wanted: Witty, Wry Jewish Nice Guy—To 40, well-educated, with integrity, by warm, keen, upbeat Jewish woman, young 37, 5'3", slender, for wedded bliss. Photo helpful. 7020 ☎

Seeking Someone Special—For walks, talks, movies, theater, impromptu outings. Compatible partner will be Jewish man, 56-68, who enjoys classical music, values loyalty, intelligence, warmth and humor, and is open to friendship/relationship based on both shared and independent interests. Letter/phone, please. 6946 ☎

Handsome And Sexy—(I'm told), single, Jewish professional male, 39 and 7/8th years, 5'8", 160 lbs, blond/blue, financially and emotionally secure, physically fit, fun-loving, romantic, caring and affectionate, with multifaceted interests - seeking single Jewish female, 28-36, very attractive, with similar qualities, for friendship, love, commitment. Recent photo/note/phone. 6893 ☎

Woman Artist—Talented, educated, attractive, late 40s, seeking a patron of the arts. 6998 ☎

Successful Businessman—44, Jewish, 5'9", enjoys walks on the beach, suburbs, movies, travel, romantic settings with wine, museums. Seeks honest woman, 30-39, who wants a partner and wants children. Phone/photo. 7000 ☎

Great Recipe For Romance—Single Jewish male, 34, 6'2", blue eyes, very sexy, health-conscious, athletic - lacocca drive, Seinfeld humor. Enjoys comedy clubs, movies, travel, CD 101.9, Sunday brunches. Seeks a very special, stunning, self-assured, sexy, sensitive, spontaneous woman who desires to fall in love. Let's simmer together. Photo a must. 6992 ☎

My Irish Eyes Are Smiling—I'm a tall (6'), slim, attractive 43-year-old woman who lives and works in NYC. I like music, travel, nature and quiet times. Looking for a man who's tall, caring, warm, intelligent and fun! 6997 ☎

Life Without Ms. Right Is Wrong—Handsome, successful exec, Jewish, divorced dad, 43, seeks best friend who is sensitive, loves children, laughs with me and enjoys sports and fun. Our goal: to achieve a loving family life - begins with your response (include photo). 6898 ☎

Professional—Late 30s, looking for smart, sexy woman, 28-38, with heart and a creative bent. Photo/note. 6959 ☎

Adventure Anyone?—Consider a trip for two this summer. Seeking a wife who has integrity and wants several (4) kids. Must be child-free, college-educated nonsmoker (prefer 28-32, buxom). I'm 6', 165 lbs, divorced (no kids), educator. Photo a must. 6941 ☎

Enchanted April—Exotic brunette, 38, Ivy MBA, with great smile, firm body, warm heart. Loves: travel, culture, working out. Admires: integrity, confidence, curiosity. Seeks: laughter, love, commitment. 6993 ☎

High-Voltage Russian Princess—Concert producer, 37, 5'6", in-shape, seeks intellectually curious, loving and successful mensch for fun, friendship, family. A taste for other cultures, languages, bad puns and strong communications appreciated. Phone/photo. 7006 ☎

Beautiful, Bright—Professional woman, 54, 5'8", size 8, seeks emotionally and financially secure man, 50s-up, to share life's pleasures and perils. Note/photo/phone. 6911 ☎

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Seeking Beautiful Dancer—Handsome, witty, fit, intuitive gentleman, 44, of the financial world, who loves ballet and modern, seeks relationship with dancer (ex-dancer) who is bright, warm and emotionally available, 30-50. Photo. 6956 ☎

I'm Perfect For Husband—Gorgeous brunette with long hair, big brown eyes, model type, 27, educated, wants to meet a successful man, 35-45 years, for marriage and family only. POB 747622, Rego Park, NY 11374

Extremely Successful—European background, blue-eyed, handsome executive for worldwide operating company - seeking attractive, mid 20s-early 30s female for long-lasting, rewarding relationship, because I'm sure that you deserve the best. 6955 ☎

Dynamic Asian Producer—40s, trim, 5'9", into fine dining, theater, world travel, resorts, yachts, night clubs - seeks gutsy starlet for action. Photo. 6982 ☎

Great Catch—33, 5'7", fit, attractive, happy, kind female. Enjoy travel, sports, beach, comedy clubs. Seeking attractive, mature man, 33-40, smart, athletic, fun. NJ/NYC. Note/photo. 6972 ☎

Seeking Nice Girl With Great—Personality. Attractive, slim attorney, 33, seeks that special someone. You should be between the ages of 25-32, warm, kind, and cute as a button. Note/photo. 7049 ☎

Home Alone—Are you home alone too? Attractive professional female, early 40s, laid-back and easygoing - seeking male partner for movies, arts, dining, travel, fun, laughter, companionship. Note/photo/photo. 6887 ☎

Meditative, Self-Made, Multifaceted—Millionaire, 41, seeking female, 27-36, for friendship, love, family and commitment. Must be happy, healthy, curvaceous, affectionate, beautiful and Jewish. Photo/brief bio, please. 6904 ☎

Sweet, Petite—And looking to meet... you. Pretty Jewish female, 30, with big brown eyes, seek handsome, professional Jewish male, 30-37, who is sincere, honest, intelligent and relationship-oriented, to share quiet times, fun, romantic dinners and a good movie. Nonsmoker please. Photo/photo. 6931 ☎

Cute, Slim, Smart—Jewish gal seeks male counterpart, 45-53. 6978 ☎



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I Can't Believe I'm Doing This—Very attractive 50-something lady seeks single white male, 50-65, with integrity, who knows it's not a perfect world and still enjoys the journey. Photo/photo. 6964 ☎

Is There A Pretty—Honest skier, runner, who has the time to fall in love, has the ability to accept as well as give? I am 50, handsome, emotionally and financially stable. I want to fall in love and marry a woman who can participate in life with me. Photo a must. Note. 6903 ☎

Warm, Bright, Pretty—Fit Jewish female, 37, 5'2", artist/designer, into the Web - seeks very smart, playful, vivacious Jewish male, 35-47. Photo/note. E-mail: dotcom@inch.com. 6885 ☎

Truly Exceptional Woman Sought—By upscale Jewish lawyer, 38, 6'2", with JFK Jr's looks, Einstein's mind and Cary Grant's charm. Note/photo. 6975 ☎

Jewish Man's Dream—Sexy professional female seeks mensch, 42-55. 6923 ☎

Country Gentleman—40s, gainfully employed, publicly presentable, fit, seasoned with wit, wisdom and humility, seeking LI lady with similar qualities. 6940 ☎

NYC, Handsome MD—47, Christian gentleman, blond, blue eyes, sensuous, warm, athletic (ski, tennis). Likes opera, modern theater, jazz, travel to Europe (speaks five languages), excellent broad (nonmedical) education. Would like to meet an energetic, educated, tall, blue-eyed lady of Nordic or Slavic descent, 35-45, for relationship/marriage. 6920 ☎

Handsome, Fit Exec—Well-educated, Jewish, 38, fun-loving, seeking smart, professional female counterpart. 6971 ☎

Intelligent, Open-Minded, Sincere—Tall, athletic Jewish professional seeks a nonsmoking Jewish woman under 35, who is sweet, caring and playful, for a special relationship with great hugs, laughter and more. Let's plan picnics and walks in the park, biking, dining, concerts, trips to the country and the beach. Photo appreciated. 6999 ☎

Writer/Producer—Handsome, fit, Christian, looking for dancer/actress/model for friendship/romance. Photo/photo. 6977 ☎

Everlasting Desires—Gorgeous, thin, bright lady with vivid imagination, seeks marriage to successful man with exotic tastes. Be fun-loving, 50 plus. 7014 ☎

Energetic, 48, Divorced White Female—Who enjoys fun on the slopes, in the kitchen, at concerts and while on travel adventures...seeks active professional man to share similar interests and explore new ones. 6984 ☎

Consider The Possibilities—This cute, determined male, 32, 5'7", enjoys tennis, working out, dancing, theater, mountains and exotic travel. Seeks athletic, bright, nonsmoking Jewish lady, 24-31, to be my only one. Photo. 6948 ☎

Psychologist—Warm, attractive, creative, very young 64, seeks sensitive, truly pretty, petite, youthful woman who enjoys music and ideas. Photo a must. 6933 ☎

Gay White Male—5'10", 165 lbs, 50s, healthy, trim, handsome, sensitive and sincere, who values partner and home. Enjoys music, theater, ballet, gardening and Hamptons weekends. I seek a good-looking, affectionate, financially secure companion who has the capability and desire to share our lives. Note/photo/photo, please. 6908 ☎

Darlin' Companion—Beautiful, sexy, cool lady seeks in-the-40s darling. We love wearing black, Angelika, Italian pastry, surf, martinis, home. PS - I love your mind (and ponytail). Note/photo. 7015 ☎

Blond Beauty And Brains—Seeks chemistry with handsome, fit, young 50s, refined gentleman to enjoy finer things in life: Hamptons, world travel, golf... 7003 ☎

Young Wife Wanted—By 73-year-old, wealthy, good-looking, active man, 5'8", 150 lbs. Please be under 45 years old, pretty, slim and shapely. Let's rock and roll! Full-length recent photo necessary with reply. 6934 ☎

Washed Out—Need Jewish guy to recover, who is warm, kind, hard-working, funny, fit and sexy, 36-42, for petite, fit, energetic, creative, independent Jewish mom, 36. 6952 ☎

Sweet Brown Eyes—Professional, seeks Jewish MD/DDs, 45 plus, who wouldn't mind a shiksa. 6924 ☎

Elegant, Mature, Very Attractive—Blond, seeks intelligent, energetic, well-adjusted gentleman, 65-75. 7011 ☎

Ivy League Latina—Single, cute professional, 34, 5'4", seeks young (27-40) preppie/professor/scientist type with whom I can retire to the suburbs. You should fall on the direct, honest, sexy, chivalrous end of the male spectrum. Steel-rimmed glasses are a plus. Note/photo, please. 6973 ☎

Very Beautiful Woman—5'6", slim, with long black hair and heart of gold, seeks handsome, fit, romantic, tenderhearted, fun male professional, 5'10" plus, 35-45. No reply without photo. 6917 ☎

Charming, Caring, Pretty, Spunky—Asian woman seeks kind, compassionate, sincere, healthy, handsome (inside and out), intelligent gentleman for healthy, monogamous relationship. Enjoying tennis and skiing is a big plus (performing, not just watching). 6' and under, 35-45, please. Photo/note. 6902 ☎

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You'll Be Surprised—I really am very handsome, intelligent and kind. I'm 32, 5'11", Ivy-educated, with a Wall Street career but broader, more varied interests and goals. It's hard to list what I want because I know that is not how love works. Nonetheless, my best guess is that the woman I marry will be confidently intelligent, soulful (approaching religious), artistic, athletic (a dancer?), happy, attractive, caring and 25-31. But, hey, I could be wrong! Note/photo, please. 6640 ☎

Attorney - Handsome, Successful—Fort Lee area, divorced white male, 44, 6', sincere, passionate, generous, charismatic, enjoys travel, dining, music, films... Seeks beautiful, intelligent, caring, classy, passionate white female, 25-35, for serious relationship. Note/photo. (201)/(212)/(914). 6894 ☎

White Jewish Male—48, 5'11", 165 lbs, fun-loving, attentive, Manhattan resident - enjoys movies, restaurants, city living. Seeks attractive, white Jewish female, 30s; relationship/matrimony. 6986 ☎

Slim, Seductive, Leggy Lady—Seeks elegant, successful, charming man. I'm 48, 5'8", red hair, blue eyes. You are smart, refined, good-looking and affectionate. Note/photo preferred. 6905 ☎

Ready For Love And Marriage?—This 42, attractive, intelligent Jewish woman may be for you. 6979 ☎

Auburn-Haired, Blue-Eyed Beauty—Young widow, 51, seeks special man to share my life. I am stunning, vivacious, intelligent - you should be similar, as well as widowed or divorced, 55-65, successful businessman, at least vaguely Jewish. I am seriously looking for someone special to spend the rest of my life with. If you're seriously looking too, please respond with note and photo. 6901 ☎

Tall, Trim Jewish Woman—Funny, genuine, seeks relatively sane/solvent, bright, attractive man (40s), to share beaches, inns, arts, more. Photo? 6886 ☎

Vivacious, Pretty Brunette—Seeking man, 40 plus, with sense of humor, kind and successful, for committed relationship and cultural pleasures. 6930 ☎

Partner Sought—Smart, funny feminist lawyer, 30, tall, pretty, fit, literate, stylish, passionate, seeks interesting, appealing, secure man. 6974 ☎

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Nobody's Perfect, But...—Marriage-minded, secure Jewish businessman: fit, attractive, 5'8", 40s - seeks attractive, educated, warm, slender and stylish Jewish woman: nonsmoking, 33-38, a gentle soul, from background with solid family values. Life's short - let's enjoy it! Please send note and photo. 6962 ☐

Female, 43 Years—International lawyer, varied interests, seeking male companionship. 6947 ☐

Wanting You Near—Alluring, single Jewish female, 32, caring, compassionate and passionate, pretty, 5'4", slender, professional, has various interests. In search of handsome, professional, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 30-40, 5'7"-6'2", who possesses good values and a kind heart - for a loving and hopefully lasting relationship. Note and photo please; will reciprocate. 6929 ☐

Today Could Be The Lucky Day—For the man who contacts this pretty, slim, professional black female. Be 35-43, nice, educated and successful. Nonsmoking. Any race. Letter/photo/phone. 6988 ☐

CT Professional, PhD—Mid 60s, great sense of humor, bald, Catholic, fit, spiritual - into travel, cooking, gardening, walking, dancing, theater, antiques. Are you intelligent, honest, attractive, loyal, comfortable in jeans/gown, classy/special. Letter with photo a must. 6955 ☐

CT/NY—Vivacious, pretty, 42, intelligent and fit, with playful and upbeat personality. Seeks partner in crime: a great guy/professional who enjoys travel, quiet seaside escapes, country weekends. Please be romantic, caring, fun-loving and adventurous... You won't be disappointed. Note/photo a must. 6943 ☐

Dear Single Dad—I am a writer/teacher, hoping to share child-raising and loving with you. I am pretty, petite, lively. Please be 45-55, kind, generous, fun. 6922 ☐

Slim, Beautiful, Bright—29, seeks striking, intelligent male, 26-32, with style and character. Note/photo. 6919 ☐

Attractive Asian Lady, 44—Seeks decent, financially secure man. 6996 ☐

Summer In Europe—Tall professional male, 60s, seeks attractive female for travel and possibly more. Manhattan only. Photo imperative. 6960 ☐

I Want To Eat Lunch—In this town again. Attractive, fit, gay white male, 26, 5'9", 155 lbs, aspiring producer, seeks intelligent, successful, sincere mate who has the ability and desire to help me accomplish career goals while sharing in a romantic and creative relationship. 7021 ☐

Share Sesame Noodles With Me—Pretty, smart, warm, fun, successful, professional Jewish woman, 40, great figure and smile. Besides noodles, I enjoy Miles Davis and Mozart; tennis, cycling and skiing; Paris and Tibet; West End Avenue and Sagg Road. I'm looking for my professionally and emotionally secure male counterpart (38-50) - someone who really enjoys people and life and wants a committed, loving relationship. Note/photo, please. 7013 ☐

I Enhance The Man I'm With—Lady with beauty, brains and breeding. NYC and south FL homes. Seeks refined Jewish gentleman, 55-65, financially secure, for relationship. 6966 ☐

Nurse - Cultured, Attractive—5'9", 32, Christian, athletic, one child. 6925 ☐

The Voice Of Your Eyes—Is deeper than all roses. I'm 40, a shy, sensitive and sincere financial professional. I long for a relationship hopefully leading to marriage with a white, Christian professional woman, 40 or younger. Please send me a recent photo and write to me. 6985 ☐

Literate, Lovely Lady—With grown children, looking for likeable gentleman, nonsmoker, who loves life and laughter. Jewish a plus. Please send photo and note. 6909 ☐

Priority Male—College grad, 5'10", fit, early 60s, secure, seeks slim, pretty professional woman under 55, to share NYC, theater and restaurant delights. Note/photo/phone. 6907 ☐

Athletic, Attractive Gay Jewish Male—38, professional, seeks down-to-earth, nice guy, 25-40, with ideas and sense of humor. Note/photo. 6921 ☐

Soul Mate And Prospective Dad—Sought by attractive, warm, playful Jewish woman, 37, civil rights attorney, still an idealist. Enjoys eclectic NYC lifestyle (e.g. independent films, spicy food, museums, bookstores, variety of live music), weekends Upstate (long walks, swimming, cooking, reading, reflecting), world travel and intimate relationships. Looking for sensitive, self-aware, politically progressive Jewish man, 30-45, slightly irreverent, funny and very communicative, for marriage and child(ren). 7017 ☐

Gay White Man—58, 6'2", handsome, healthy and fit, assured, literate, loving, truthful and true, with successful career and full hair - seeks same. Interests in travel, reading, movies, jazz, ballet, gardening, architecture. 6970 ☐

High-Spirited, Green-Eyed Brunette—Wall Street exec with sparkling good looks, 43, athletic, looking for sharp-witted, mildly urbane, clean-shaven man who is kind, generous of spirit. He enjoys both his work and sport, as I do, and shares a taste for playful repartee. I value family and friendship. Love the ocean, literature, films, design and cooking at home for intimate evenings. Photo please. 7016 ☐

Are You Ready?—For loving relationship with nice Jewish guy, 38, 6', fit, to enjoy theater, sports, beach. All nice Jewish women, 30-35, welcome. Photo/note please. 6937 ☐

European, Christian—Attractive, 32, 6', successful MA/MBA, seeks attractive, intelligent, marriage-minded lady. 7002 ☐

Ready For Act II—Attractive, accomplished, creative, early-50s widow, 5'4", in great shape, Jewish - nonreligious. Seeking to share stage with sensitive, bright, funny, fit, successful man, for good conversation, the arts, long walks, cooking (or enjoy keeping me company while I do), and happy ending. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 6928 ☐

Gay Male—Late 30s, 6', 185 lbs, likes all-night diners (the nicer ones), Nick at Nite, The New York Times and Liz Smith, good storytellers, and running with my Walkman and no dogs chasing me. You? You just better be funny. 6900 ☐

It's Not Easy—To find a naturally attractive, sensitive and intelligent woman who enjoys life. White male, 31, German, who enjoys travel, the arts, movies and NY, seeks relationship. 6969 ☐

Hungarian/Cosmopolitan—Classy, cultured, kind - seeks spirited, loving man, 50-65, for marriage, good life. 6976 ☐



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Very Pretty, Shapely Brunette—36, warm, fun-loving, seeks professional, attractive male, 5'8" plus, athletic, family-oriented, intelligent, with sense of humor. Phone and photo a must. 7018 ☐

European-Born Businesswoman—Tired of feeling guilty or apologizing for being busy. Looking for a friend in early 50s, married to his profession, who enjoys the free time at the opera, a good show or a beach. Nonsmoker and sense of humor essential. 6987 ☐

I'm An Interesting Professional Man—56, handsome, fit, divorced, with great educated kids and an eye for the arts. I like Coen brothers movies. Am seeking an expressive and imaginative woman with warmth and sense of humor, for lover and friend. Jewish/note/photo. 6926 ☐

Elegant Gay Man—Young 55, 6'1", 200 lbs, CEO international organization, well-traveled, well-read, comfortable in jeans or tux, healthy mind, body, spirit. Seeks handsome, financially secure, muscled man traveling without baggage. Photo/photo a must. 6888 ☐

CT RN—48, blond, trim, bright, seeks handsome, successful gent, 50-60, bright, with personality, sensitivity. 6990 ☐

The Real Thing—Attractive, slim, kind, funny, smart Jewish widow, (908), values simple pleasures. Want grown-up, introspective, nurturing man, 48-58, who is humorous, patient, sane and successful. Note/photo/phone. 6945 ☐

Born Again—I'm the answer to your prayers. Beautiful, creamy-smooth skin, long dark hair, hazel eyes, curvy 121 lbs, 5'5", sexy legs. You are the Jewish or gentle man, born-again, white, 55-65, over 5'7", with cultured tastes and interests. I'm financially secure; you must be too. You are a nonsmoker, good-natured, intelligent, fun-loving, in good health, passionate, marriage-minded. Photo with response. 6915 ☐

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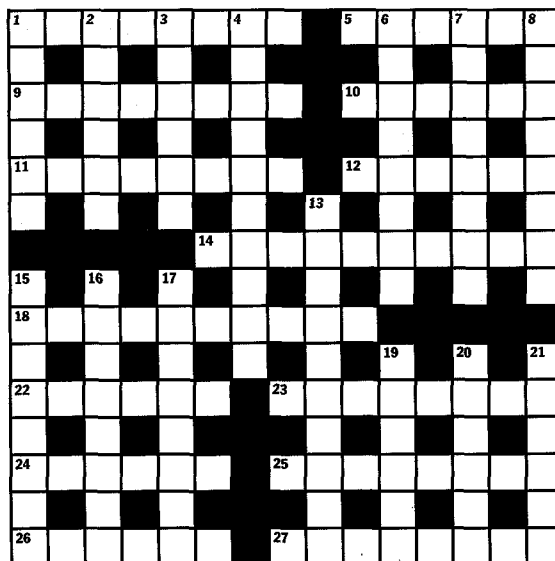
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The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 Note pamphlet put around is to beguile. (8)
- 5 "Money is like muck, not good except it be —," according to Bacon. (6)
- 9 Hard-working bosses accepting financial commitment. (8)
- 10 Value a steamer—oriental steamer. (6)
- 11 Set price being fixed, proceeds. (8)
- 12 Duck a North-countryman presented to the queen. (6)
- 14 Infer game can be a let-down. (10)
- 18 Relaxed about the endless artifice if kept within limits. (10)
- 22 One may be surrounded by celebrities in flight. (6)
- 23 Need a little time? (8)
- 24 Some American GIs never back an old officer. (6)
- 25 Wins support when opposed. (8)
- 26 Intend possibly getting canned. (6)
- 27 A swimmer in pain and stiffening. (8)



DOWN

- 1 Abandon land that's too dry to raise crops. (6)
- 2 Start reading of course. (6)
- 3 Such fruit is available in the fall. (6)
- 4 Conflict with the law concerning retail outlets? (10)
- 6 On which to write after a vehicle number. (8)
- 7 Steady flow when the day's over. (8)
- 8 Instruction given following underworld rumpus. (8)
- 13 Dear sweater—the new fashion. (10)
- 15 A good chance to check out. (8)
- 16 Dope doubly favoured, though a killer. (8)
- 17 Stop meeting professional scoundrel. (8)
- 19 Fruit—a round variety. (6)
- 20 An expedition afar is out of the ordinary. (6)
- 21 The experienced sailor goes aloft without publicity. (3-3)

'Negative Reviews': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 How to sing with Mitch
- 6 Refer indirectly to
- 12 Oscar-winner Tomei
- 18 Bottle size
- 19 Cars' innards
- 20 As stubborn —
- 22 Putdown of an O' Neill play
- 24 Putdown of "The Cherry Orchard"
- 25 Plural of is
- 26 Kennel resident
- 27 Cleo's killer
- 28 Method
- 29 Coup d'—
- 30 Go formal
- 33 Given a commendation
- 35 Cow of commercials
- 36 Putdown of "If I Were King"
- 42 Cognizant (of)
- 43 1988 Tom Hanks film
- 44 Main dish
- 45 Mail HQ
- 48 Abominable
- 49 Region of Hungary
- 51 A miss — as a mile
- 53 Preside at a meeting
- 56 Baseball great, and family
- 59 More than eager
- 60 Putdown of a southern song
- 67 He loved Lucy
- 68 Named before marriage
- 69 British rocker Brian
- 70 Ticked off
- 71 Louis Quatorze, e.g.
- 73 Blight
- 74 Wilson's predecessor
- 76 Putdown of "Harvey"
- 80 East of the Urals
- 81 Second Grimm word
- 82 Gone from the plate
- 83 Strong inclination
- 87 One of the Washingtons
- 90 Phrase in a ratio
- 94 Compass letters
- 95 "Northern Exposure" locale
- 98 Boathouse item
- 99 King Arthur's father

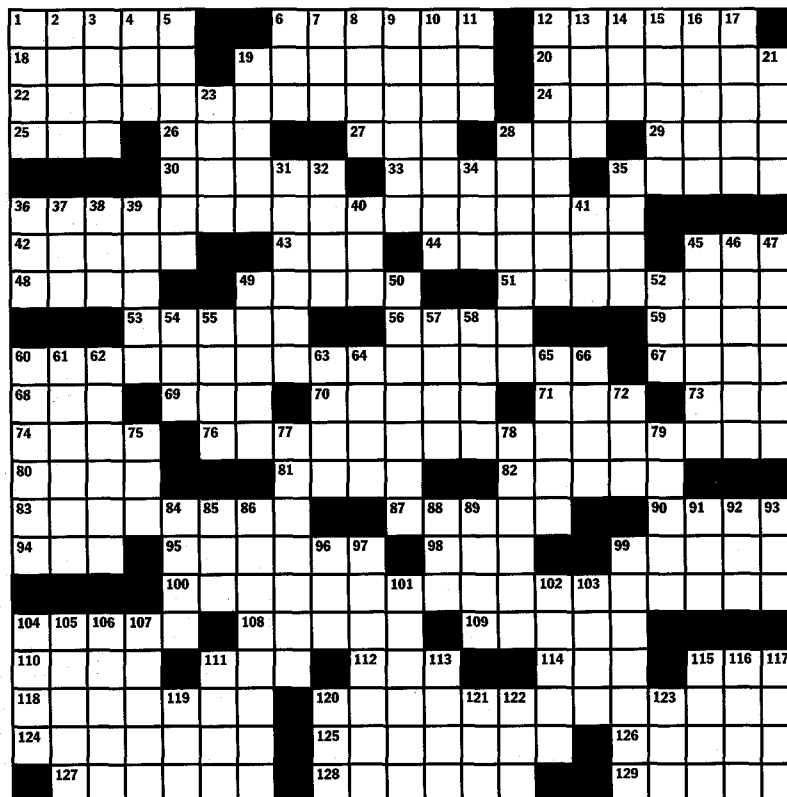
- 100 Putdown of "The Man in the Iron Mask"
- 104 Analyze grammatically
- 108 Velvet-voiced Mel
- 109 Innsbruck is its capital
- 110 Mental flash
- 111 Catch on
- 112 Hear here
- 114 After an aitch
- 115 La-la's go-with
- 118 Putdown of "Our Man in Havana"
- 120 Putdown of "The Kingfish"
- 124 Well-read
- 125 Geologic time period
- 126 Uptight
- 127 Made a dele

- 128 "Gunsmoke" star
- 129 Bygone shoe coverings

DOWN

- 1 Goya's duchess
- 2 False witness
- 3 Will—wisp
- 4 Just-bought
- 5 Pancake pan
- 6 Ending for meth or eth
- 7 Not as small: abbr.
- 8 Director Wertmuller
- 9 International ed. agcy.
- 10 Really hate
- 11 Sibilant consonant
- 12 Bullring heroes
- 13 Like an incinerator
- 14 "Norma —"
- 15 Induce forward motion
- 16 Befits
- 17 Mongolian range
- 19 Peripheries
- 21 Borgia in-law
- 23 "Wonderland" bird
- 28 Somewhat moist
- 31 Auto from Japan
- 32 Washer cycle
- 34 Bolivian export
- 35 Gives the once-over
- 36 Possibly will
- 37 Palindromic sheep
- 38 Stool pigeon
- 39 Modern-dance pioneer Hawkins

- 40 Org. for Trevino
- 41 Actor Stephen of "The Crying Game"
- 45 Administer laws
- 46 Deadly substance
- 47 Unusual object
- 49 "A — all right!"
- 50 Place for Victor Herbert's "Babes"
- 52 Flit about
- 54 Half a bray
- 55 Memorable Magnani
- 57 "And — There Were None"
- 58 Taylor's third
- 60 Magnetically recorded
- 61 Rental agreements
- 62 State the meaning of
- 63 Farmer's reward
- 64 Metric measure, for short
- 65 Dickens's Heep
- 66 The majority
- 72 "May — excused?"
- 75 Middle of a game name
- 77 Surpassed on the rifle range
- 78 Partner of 84-Down
- 79 Join forces
- 84 In robust health
- 85 Pub quaff
- 86 Prattled, in Piccadilly
- 88 Debtor's chit
- 89 Condé of publishing
- 91 — Na Na
- 92 Slang for a sleuth
- 93 Unwrought metal
- 96 Wine-cassis aperitif
- 97 Instrument for measuring current
- 99 Elevates
- 101 Apply logic
- 102 Seeing red
- 103 Don't-do
- 104 Ponderosa
- 105 Really love
- 106 Happen again
- 107 "You — mouthful!"
- 111 Swinging entrance
- 113 Olympics event
- 115 Sushi fish
- 116 Take ten
- 117 Nays' opposites
- 119 Army Joes
- 120 Balin or Claire
- 121 Bandsman Brown
- 122 Light-switch settings
- 123 Wise to the jive



950

PURE STATEMENT.



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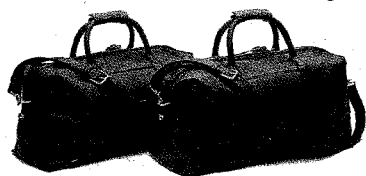
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